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J. Blanco White

THE LIFE

OF THE REV.

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF;

WITH

PORTIONS OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

B 2653

EDITED BY

JOHN HAMILTON THOM.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

THESE Memoirs are the materials of an Autobiography, rather than the completed work. Mr. White had drawn up two accounts of himself, neither of which was carried later than the year 1826. The first of these, Part I. of these volumes, is mainly a Narrative of the Events of his Life up to that period. The other, Part II., is entitled, 'A Sketch of my Mind in England.' This was an after-thought, and required that some of the circumstances previously given should be restated in connection with the principal object of the Sketch, the history of his religious experience. Hence in a small portion of the first Volume an occasional redundancy, a repeated fact, though in new relations and with a fresh interest, which it was found impossible to avoid, except by losing the Autobiographer in a recast of the materials, a loss for which nothing affecting external form could compensate. To the cursory reader, indeed, the defect now mentioned will not very distinctly appear, whilst those who love the earnest, intimate, and affectionate study which the full comprehension of such a mind as that which is

here unfolded demands, will not complain of any thing which keeps it faithfully before them, and multiplies the opportunities of insight.

The sources from which the remainder of the Work, Part III., has been derived, the whole of the two last volumes, and a considerable part of the first, are his Journals; the Note-books in which he recorded reflections on his reading, and thoughts suggested by his own Life; such portions of his Correspondence as were accessible, and chance entries in pocket-books and almanacks. The beautiful passage at the commencement of the second volume, on the Menai Bridge as the subject of a Poem, was found pencilled on old tablets long disused and forgotten. It would have been easy to give to this Part more of the appearance of continued narrative, by placing the Extracts from such various sources in a cement of connecting observation; but, considering the familiarity with the recording Mind which the reader will have acquired in the first two Parts, this did not appear necessary for their full and ready comprehension; and admonished by his remembrances of the unhappy effect in biography of unneeded helps, the Editor has abstained, wherever it was possible, from interposing himself between the Subject of these Memoirs and the eye of the reader.

The Letters of Mr. White which the Editor has been able to obtain, will cause the reader to regret that they are not more numerous. The greatest deficiency of these volumes, as a biography, is in the

want of his Correspondence with the familiar friends of the middle period of his life. It is only in this way that a solitary man, without domestic relations, can unfold his heart. The Journal and the Note-book record chiefly the studies and meditations of the recluse.—There are rich stores of such Letters, and it was his wish that whatever illustrated the character and history of his mind, where there would be no abuse of confidence, should be freely given. In some cases they have been withheld, because it was found impossible to separate what was proper for the public from matters strictly private and personal; in some, from the openly-avowed feeling that their owners would not supply a line to the biography of a man whose latest theology was deemed so dangerous, though what they had to contribute must, in their estimation, have been of a corrective nature; in others, perhaps from a tender feeling that, as they could not identify themselves with the whole of his mind, nor yet accompany their contributions with an analysis of what they deemed his infirmities or errors, they would keep sacred to themselves those relics of his former sentiments and views, in which they loved him most.

Amid the artificial difficulties which, under every disguise, beset simplicity and freedom in religious intercourses, it is next to impossible for even the noblest and most truthful to have no secret, perhaps unsuspected, dread of the man who has shared their most intimate confidence, and then widely parted

from them on every question involving practical interests in the *profession* of Religion. It is a heart-felt pleasure to record that his persuasion of the rectitude of his friends, in connection with endowed Articles of Belief, was in no instance disturbed;—but those who freely open their hearts to one another will have some natural fear of him who, starting from the same principles, cannot stop where they stop, and whose self-sacrifice and practical fidelity to conviction must be ever awakening, in conscientious natures even morbidly, whatever unresolved doubts may lurk within them. It is hoped, when it will be seen in these Memoirs how earnest was his regard, how tender his respect towards those who ever had his love, and how little differences of opinion altered his affections or estimates of character, that no feeling will be left but the desire to perfect this his true Monument, and that a time may come when a fuller picture of the life and intercourses of his Heart will complete the 'Sketch of his Mind in England.' It is true that he did not himself attach importance to his private Letters as biographical materials, but this judgment must have proceeded from that earnest unconsciousness which renders of an unknown value the issues from the heart.

Some of the records in these volumes, referring, once or twice in a bald way, to the society in which he mingled, more frequently to circumstances of health and the condition of an invalid, may appear not to be of a kind to serve the best purposes of bio-

graphy, to picture the life of the individual, and exhibit whatever was characteristic in his form of mind. Such passages, which if brought together would occupy but a few pages, have been preserved in connection with that which is more truly his history, sometimes for the sake of marking the contrast between the inward directions of his own nature and the influences around him,—sometimes as showing the origin of Thoughts which otherwise might not appear to have grown from any roots either in his inward or outward being. The notices of health, especially, are frequent in the latter parts of the Work, because a totally false conception of character would be the result, if a tinge of morbidness, which was only the hue of suffering, should be attributed to the permanent mind. Indeed, in these records, which are as the disclosures of the Confessional, he describes himself, as all will do who closely examine their own mental states and daily register them, as more morbid than he was ever seen to be. The happiest and most vigorous times of his mind have often no record here; and it may well be conceived that a solitary man in sickness and debility, turning to his Journal to relieve a weary hour, will, ere he closes it, open the fountain of his sorrows, and let the bitterness flow away. And though these records are never without proof that over the suggestions of anguish his love, his reason, and his piety were always ascendant, it is yet right that those who had constant intercourse with him should openly witness that he describes

himself as at times more morally disaffected by pain and distress, than they ever knew him to be. It is true, that with one who loved to carry on daily a common mental life with his friends, who believed that the highest exercise of our faculties could have no end so worthy as to enrich the intercourses of the heart, and whose natural temperament overflowed with sensibility, Solitude must have added to his habitual sufferings a pang which could not be witnessed; but the nearest approach that can be remembered to the impatience under disease which he confesses and prays against, was when crippled and motionless, so that he had to be fed by another, some expression of irritability or weariness which he could not stretch forth a hand or move a limb to relieve, would escape from him,—and he would add with a tone and countenance difficult to analyze, but which along with a playfulness apologetic to the distressed witnesses of his discomposure, conveyed self-reproach and yet conscious dignity,—'Now that is not *me*,—that comes from the *lower* man, I altogether disown it.'

One word respecting his solitude: it may appear during his residence in Liverpool to have been greater than it was,—not from his sighings after more of domestic sympathy and support, but from the absence of more frequent notices of the visits of his friends. They are omitted because they would be of no general interest, and would have to make mention of those to whom publicity would be a penalty which

no biographical necessity exacted. The Editor had no choice but to strike out almost every reference to himself, or to be open to censure for an egotism which could not show, in its defence, that such notices were of any value as illustrations of character. Still there is in these pages the plaint of solitude, 'the sighing of the prisoner,' which it now wounds and sinks the heart to read. The impossibility of effectually tending an invalid who is in another house, and at a distance, or the engagements of a life pledged to other persons and duties, will not remove all self-reproach from the sorrow which now contemplates any unrelieved grief and pain of such a spirit. These records of the sufferings of solitude are fully given in the hope that other lonely minds, in whom high culture and moral refinement only quicken the desires of the affections, may be spared some of the misery that is here revealed, and others learn, ere it is too late, the necessities of such natures.—One practical reflection here offers itself. It was a subject of frequent regret with Mr. White, that the habits and notions of respectability, prevalent in England, did not permit the prosperity of such Institutions as the Sanatorium lately attempted to be established in London, in which an invalid of education and refinement may find the domestic comfort, the medical care, and watchful nursing which in private houses moderate means cannot command, and for the lonely not wealth itself can purchase.

The full value of this Autobiography is only for

those who will *study* it as the religious history of an individual man, endowed with the noblest qualities of Intellect and Heart, but placed in circumstances the most fitted to suppress and limit the natural character. Of the countless thousands similarly situated, how few have burst their original chains, or, if they have seen light, have come forth out of their circumstances to announce the truth of their souls! The history of one who stands out, and by *individual veracity* attracts the notice of mankind, should, and on grounds altogether apart from religious dogmas or doubtful controversies, be as precious to the world as Martyrs' blood. How much is disclosed by the fact that Mr. White's religious experience is perhaps an unparalleled case! What must be the amount of deadness, disguise, unfaithful conformity, violence, falsehood, and wounded self-respect! On the other hand, there are honest minds whom Nature exempts from doubt or necessity for any movement, and to whom such a man as Mr. White is an absolute mystery. So little, indeed, did some of his former friends who had stereotyped their minds, understand his true nature, that they commonly described him as a man intellectually unsteady, fickle, and apt to change. It was a libel. Every page of these Memoirs will disprove it, and show that his affections would have made him a Conservative in every thing,—that *Honesty*, not speculativeness, enforced each change,—that he never stepped off any old ground of Faith, until he could no longer stand upon it without moral

culpability, and that he never moved away from old friendships at all.

Some apology perhaps is needed for the introduction of Passages which may seem to belong rather to the Student's Journal than to Biography. But the Thoughts of a man like Mr. White are his Life, and it is believed that nothing is presented here that is not impregnated with his individual character, and shaped by his peculiar form of mind. His Meditations are uttered as *Experiences*, rather than as studies or speculations, and seem parts not so much of his writings as of himself. The Editor hopes that he has not deceived himself in the belief that this personal and living interest will, throughout, manifest itself,—that without the necessity of obtruding any remark, more will be apparent to every reader than the intrinsic value of such Passages as those in which Mr. White, embittered and insulted by Church-theology, records the elevation of heart which some view of *divine philosophy* has inspired, or when he enters in his Journal a little Disquisition on the *Fools and Clowns* of Shakespeare, neighboured on each side by the sad memorials of distress and pain.

It is possible that his great love and admiration may, in some cases, have unfitted the Editor to be a discriminating guardian of the literary reputation of Mr. White. If he has erred in giving any of these Journal thoughts to the world, let the censure be his, and no injury be done to the fame of his friend. But indeed a mere literary standard can with no justice

or adequacy be applied to a Work of this nature. It is an unreserved unveiling of the inward being, of a true-minded man. It is spirit and truth.—Mere literature, if what is devoured with avidity deserves to be so ranked, might have tempted him into much wrong. With regard to the many persons whose actions, opinions and characters familiarly appear in the Papers confided to him, he trusts he has yielded to no temptation to abuse the trust.

Some of the Letters printed in these volumes, both his own and of his friends, were entered by himself as parts of his Memoirs, and consequently appear there by his own act. Among others, this was the case with the Letters to the Provost of Oriel, and those at pp. 71, 155 and 156 of the Second Volume.

It may be mentioned here, that 'The Mark in the Forehead, a Tale,' is inserted, and made to close the work (Appendix VI.), because it was evidently designed to be an Allegory of his own Mind and Life.

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PART I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE OF HIS LIFE IN SPAIN.

[1775—1809.]

Oxford, January 9th, 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,*

Born July 11, 1775. You induced me some time ago to begin a detailed account of my life. The task grew irksome to me soon after I undertook it, and I despaired of bringing myself to it again. Yet my strong conviction of the necessity of leaving my friends in possession of every important fact relating to myself, in order that they may refute the calumnies and misrepresentations of my enemies, when I shall be no more, has acted on my mind till I feel ashamed of my indolence. But as this indolence is the effect of a weakened constitution, and want

[* This part of the Memoir is in Letters originally addressed to Dr. Whately, the present Archbishop of Dublin.—ED.]

of spirits, a mere act of the will cannot be sufficient to overcome it for any length of time. Without some additional motive, some stimulus which may be repeatedly applied, I cannot expect to complete a narrative, scarcely any part of which I can hope to write without pain. One such stimulus, however, has offered itself to me—namely, to address the narrative to you, making it a point to send a portion every week. The power of that stimulus lies in this. Of the many friends for whose kindness in a foreign land I am indebted to Providence, you alone seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of my character. The rest had to study me; you read me without preparation. We understood each other as if our friendship had begun at school. I know that, in some cases, you have defended me from charges relating to subjects in which you had nothing to guide you but the knowledge of my character; and yet your answers have been identical with those on which my consciousness of rectitude depends. I should, therefore, prove myself indifferent to a posthumous good name, if, having such an able and warm advocate in you, I neglected to furnish you with as complete a *brief* as the various and difficult circumstances of my life demand. I owe you this acknowledgment of esteem and friendship; and trust that the sense of my being employed in paying a debt of gratitude will lighten a task, which, otherwise, would soon become too painful and fatiguing to my mind.

The first information I can give you is contained in the adjoined pedigree and testimonials.* Of the historical accuracy of the former, as it rises in search of noble connections, I am not able to judge. But I have every reason to believe that my ancestors were persons of note in their country, and only reduced in wealth and influence in consequence of their adherence to the Roman Catholic religion. The first spoliation (I believe it fell upon a very large fortune) which one of my ancestors suffered, was under Cromwell. The son of the sufferer, my great-grandfather, was obliged to follow his father from Dublin to Waterford, where it seems they became merchants. My grandfather was one of five children; four of whom were sent abroad to escape the oppression of the penal laws. His only sister married a Protestant, named *Archdekin*. She was still living, I believe, in Dublin, when I was a young man. From the manner in which that lady was spoken of in my family, or rather from the little that was said about her, I infer she had become a Protestant, and so deprived my grandfather, her brother, of some landed property. He, however, had established himself at Seville, under circumstances which made that loss of little consequence at the time when it took place. Mr. Philip Nangle, a brother of my grandfather's mother, had made a large fortune, as a merchant, in my native town. Having no children, he left the

[* These are here omitted, as not being of any public interest.—Ed.]

whole mercantile establishment to his nephew. My father, an elder brother (who died young), and two sisters, were born and brought up, while that establishment flourished. They lived in the best style then known in that part of Spain. The king of Spain granted to our family all the privileges of the Spanish *Noblesse*, in perpetuity. The king's Patent, which is in my brother's possession, is, I believe, the only Spanish document relating to us that does not mention our popular name *Blanco*: It is granted to *Don Guillermo White*, a native of Waterford, and his descendants, in consideration of his having proved the high respectability of his family in Ireland. My father was sent to Waterford when very young, and having spent there some years, he travelled, for instruction and amusement, in France, before he returned; a rare thing in a Spaniard, at that time. My grandfather died soon after: an Irish clerk took the direction of the mercantile concerns, and the house failed. The remnant of the fortune was just enough to save the family from such poverty as might have entirely changed their condition in the world. I remember, however, that my grandmother and her two daughters lived in a large house, and every way comfortably. An Irishman, Mr. Thomas Cahill, a man whom I remember with feelings of esteem and affection, and whose natural talents and respectable information have left a very favourable impression on my mind, married my father's younger sister, and joining in partnership

with him, carried on the mercantile concerns, which are still supporting my brother and Mr. Cahill's grand-children. It is curious enough that another Irishman (Mr. Beck), brought up as a clerk in the establishment, married my cousin, Mr. Cahill's only child, and joined partnership with my brother after my father's death. My family, in fact, may be considered as a small Irish colony, whose members preserve the language and many of the habits and affections which its founder brought to Spain.

My mother's family is connected with the old *noblesse* of that part of Andalusia where I was born; a connection which has been increased by the marriage of my brother with a cousin of ours, on that side. My mother's father, whom I recollect, had, in his youth, deserted his wife, and led a strange wandering life. He found a refuge under my father's roof, when, old and infirm, he returned after many years' absence.

Before my mother's marriage, her deserted mother and herself had lived upon a very small entail, such as are common among the Spanish gentry. By means of this income, and by the assistance of a brother of my grandmother, who held, for many years, high military rank and a government in Spanish America, they had always lived respectably. A very small income will, however, keep up the respectability of the Spanish gentry. Nothing but extreme poverty lowers them from their hereditary rank; and even when obliged to beg, the law of the

country considers them entitled to their privileges. In our case, however, there was a sufficiency for what may be called all the decencies of life. I was accordingly brought up without any distinct impression of our being either rich or poor; yet with deeply-inculcated ideas of *gentility*. In the account I have given of the *Spanish Clergyman*, in Doblado's Letters, I have stated the circumstances which led me to the Church. I will briefly recapitulate what I have there said upon that point. My mother had the weakness to dislike the occupation of a merchant. She, at first, submitted to my being brought up to that line of life. My father's business, that of exporting the produce of the country, such as fruit and wool, to England, was prosperous. His brother-in-law, Mr. Cahill, had the larger share, but had I pursued my original destination, there was a great probability that the whole would have come to me.

1783. Ætat. 8. When eight years old, I was regularly made to attend the office, where an Irishman (the clerks of our establishment have generally been of that nation) taught me to write and cypher, with as much of mercantile arithmetic as he was master of. My apprenticeship was severe. As soon as I could write with ease, I was made to copy the correspondence of the house. By this time I had learnt English so as to speak it with some fluency among the four or five Irish clerks with whom I passed the greatest part of the day. The correspondence and the accounts of the house being both in

English, my copying the letters improved my knowledge of that language. My father's brother-in-law was a man of some information. He was an excellent performer on the violin. Perceiving the decided taste for music which nature had given me, he taught me the first rudiments of that art. After the long and irksome labour of the office, my reward was a lesson on the violin.

But I could not endure the fatigue of writing so much. My mother fretted under the impression (certainly a correct one) that the method employed to make me a merchant would injure my health, and not at all improve my mind. She could not bear that I should be brought up in absolute ignorance of Latin. With considerable difficulty, she settled that a private tutor should be engaged to teach me the Latin Grammar in the evening; for which purpose I was to be released, at an early hour, from copying letters and invoices, bills of exchange and bills of lading. My utter dislike to those important, but not very entertaining, documents, made the Latin Grammar a source of great pleasure to me. But I had not time to prepare my lessons. The two branches of my family, the Irish and the Spanish, (as different in character and notions as can well be conceived,) could not agree upon the subject of my studies. Those who wished me to be a merchant were jealous of every kind of knowledge which could draw my attention from business. I myself perceived the real state of the case; and, though only twelve

years old at that time, and more ignorant of the world than an English child of eight, hit, as it were instinctively, upon the only expedient that could release me from my mercantile bondage. I declared I felt a strong inclination to be a clergyman. My mother seized immediately on the opportunity which this declaration afforded her, to indulge her own wishes. Grave divines were consulted, who gave it as their opinion that I had a *true call.* There was no resisting such authorities. Still the mercantile party contended, that, as I might change in the course of two or three years, it was desirable I should continue to attend the office in the morning, and employ the afternoon at the school kept by the person who was giving me lessons at home.

My joy at being allowed to attend a school of about thirty boys was great. Hitherto, I had never had the least intercourse with those of my own age; and though all acquaintance with my schoolfellows, except during the two hours I remained with them in the presence of the master, was interdicted, I felt happy in the company of other boys.

I believe that, considering the disadvantages under which I attended the school, my progress was satisfactory to the master. But I had hardly attained my fourteenth year, when, persevering in my determination of being a clergyman, I was hurried into the study of Philosophy, for which the priests, who directed my parents' consciences, declared that no great knowledge of Latin was neces-

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sary. I could hardly construe Cicero and Virgil when I left school.

My ignorance, in other respects, though not greater than usual in those of my age and circumstances, was complete. I had never read any book but the lives of Saints, contained in the *Année Chretien,* a devotional book, translated into Spanish. A music master, who attended me at this latter period of divided attention betwcen the mercantile office and the Latin Grammar, lent me a copy of Don Quixote, which I read by stealth. I do not recollect any enjoyment equal to that I received when, concealing the history of Don Quixote from all the family, I devoured it in a small room which was allotted to me that I might study my lessons undisturbed. Even Don Quixote was considered a dangerous book by my father.

The only object which that truly excellent man had in view was to make me *religious,* in his own sense of the word, and in perfect deference to the opinions of the Priest who directed his conscience. My mother acted in strict conformity with these views: yet, being a person of great natural talents, she could not but, now and then, wish for something less gloomy and contracted than the system imposed upon her by the divines of her church. Of the excellence of my parents' hearts, of their benevolence, their sincere piety, it is impossible to speak too highly. I have drawn their characters, to the best of my power, in *Doblado's Letters.* Their

misfortune and my own, as far as my happiness depended on their influence, was their implicit obedience to the system of religion in which they lived and died. In accordance with what that system established as Christian perfection, they endeavoured to bring me up consistently with the models proposed by the Church of Rome. By keeping me from the company of other children, they imagined they could preserve my mind and heart from every contamination. They thus made me a solitary being during my childhood. I well recollect how I looked on the children of the poor who were playing in the streets, and envied their happiness in being allowed to associate with their equals. Had my two sisters, who were younger than myself, resided with my parents when they had grown up to be my playmates, my lot would not have been so hard. But they were sent to a convent, (where my mother had a sister,) to receive their education. This indeed was, in a great degree, a measure of necessity; for my mother, about that time, was taken ill, and continued suffering for many years, so as not to be able to pay the attention she wished to the education of her daughters. But I am losing sight of myself and my elementary education.

The theoretical part of that education was confined to the knowledge of the Catechism, with theological explanations in the jargon of school divinity. In such explanations of mysteries I certainly became an adept for my age. The practical part consisted in

a perpetual round of devotional practices, of which I still preserve the most painful recollection. I absolutely dreaded the approach of Sunday. Early in the morning of that formidable day, when I was only eight years old, I was made to go with my father to the Dominican convent of *San Pablo*, where his confessor resided. Twice in the month was I obliged to submit to the practice of confession, which my father went through every Sunday. In the church I had to wait for nearly two hours before breakfast. A short time was then allowed for that meal; after which we went to the cathedral, where I had either to stand or kneel (as there are no seats) a couple of hours more. Many times did I faint through exhaustion; but nothing could save me from a similar infliction on the succeeding Sunday. At twelve we returned home: dined at one; and set out at three for another church, where we spent about two hours. After prayers, if the season allowed it, we took a walk, which generally ended in visiting the wards of a crowded and pestilential hospital, where my father, for many years, spent two or three hours of the evening, in rendering to the sick every kind of service, not excluding the most menial and disgusting. He was twice at death's door, in consequence of infection.* But nothing could damp his philanthropy.

* I will add here, as a curious fact, that my father, who had neither been inoculated, nor had had the natural small-pox, continued his attendance during seasons when the hospital was crowded with cases of the most horrible description of that disease, yet he never caught the infection.

My entering the school of philosophy at fourteen released me in a great degree from this cruel discipline. Till that time I had never been allowed to walk out alone: now I might go to lecture without an attendant.

The first place where I began the study of logic was a College of Dominicans. In *Doblado's Letters* I have stated the circumstances which led to my emancipation from a system of education worthy of the thirteenth century. I must, however, recapitulate those circumstances in this place, that the narrative may not be disconnected.

Ætat. 15. My father's confessor was a Dominican, who naturally patronized a college of his order, founded in the sixteenth century for public instruction at Seville. The Jesuits had been its great rivals. Upon the extinction of that order, the government, then chiefly in the hands of a Minister who had a smattering of modern philosophy, had separated the university from the college, called *Mayor*, (where I afterwards obtained a fellowship,) and deprived the Dominican College of the power of granting degrees. The system pursued at the *new* university, though very imperfect, was free from the absurdities of the Aristotelic schools. It was, on this ground, charged by the Dominicans with a tendency to produce heresy. To save me from that tendency, I was sent to the Dominican College. Totally unprepared for the dry speculations of the voluminous Logic that was put into my

hands,* I gave up the class-book in despair, after some unsuccessful efforts to understand it. At that time, one of my father's sisters, who, I might take upon myself to say, was the only lady at Seville possessing a small collection of books, allowed me to read the works of Feyjoo, a Benedictin, who, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, made a bold attack on the scholastic system, and recommended experimental philosophy on the Baconian principles. Feyjoo had derived his knowledge from French books, and was supported by the Ministers of Ferdinand VI., all of whom were trained in the anti-christian schools of France. The cautious Benedictin kept always on the safe side when he had to touch on the established religion; but, in the attack of popular errors, he gave full play to his wit, which was considerable. His principal work consists of ten or twelve closely-printed Spanish quartos. These I read with the greatest avidity; yet, in spite of the rapid perusal I gave them, I fully entered into the spirit of the work, and, if my recollection does not flatter me, I understood the principle of the Baconian philosophy. Now, the very sight of the friar, who lectured on logic at the Dominican College, became odious to me. One day he gave me a reprimand, before the class, for neglecting my studies. I rose from my seat, and told him

* As a curiosity, I have lately procured a copy of the whole work: *Goudin, Principia Philosophiæ Aristotelicæ, ad mentem Divi Thomæ Aquinatis:* 3 vols., 4to.

plainly, those studies were not worth my attention, and should never have it. I repeated a number of remarks against the Aristotelic Philosophy, which I had learnt from Feyjoo. The friar was enraged: and I wonder I escaped a beating from the other students. Frightened at my own boldness, I ran home, and told my mother all that had taken place. She disliked the Dominicans, and secretly regretted that I was under their tuition. I do not know how it was, but she managed my being sent to the University. There I learnt, in less than two months, the whole of what the logical class had been employed upon during the preceding course. My removal took place about the beginning of the long vacation, during which the Professor had an *extra* class for a few weeks, to bring up those who had lagged during the regular course. I received a public compliment from the Professor on my industry and success, and at the beginning of the following course, in October, obtained a place among the foremost.

1790. A great love of knowledge, and an equally great hatred of *established* errors, were suddenly developed in my mind, at the period of my quarrel with the Dominican. I may say, with perfect truth, the spirit which then started up has never been laid in me. Nearly fifty years have elapsed, and now, more than ever, I recognise, and rejoice in, my intellectual identity with the boy of fifteen. But I had not then any proper means of mental improve-

ment. A slight tincture of Geometry, and a very superficial knowledge of Newton's *Principia,* was all I derived from my studies during the second year of Philosophy.

In the course of that year, however, I had the good fortune of becoming acquainted with a student of divinity, named Manuel Maria del Marmol. He was a sober, industrious young man, four or five years older than myself. He always evinced the most benevolent and public-spirited disposition. His love of knowledge was ardent, and it has continued unabated during his whole life. To improve the studies of the university of Seville may truly be said to have been the only object of his ambition. His heart's delight was to communicate whatever knowledge he had acquired. Without the most remote idea of remuneration, he undertook to act as my private tutor. At a subsequent period, he acted, for many years, in the same capacity towards my brother (ten years younger than myself), and has continued his bosom friend to this moment. Marmol taught me some geography, and the use of the globes. He made me acquainted with some of the old Spanish poets; and put into my hands Bacon's *Organum,*— a work unknown to every one else at Seville. It was optional to employ a third year in the study of metaphysics. My father decided that I should proceed without further delay to the study of divinity. I was now between sixteen and seventeen years of age.

The book on which a class of about forty students, almost all of whom were three or four years older than myself, were to be employed that scholastic year, was *Melchior Canus, De Locis Theologicis:* a work of considerable merit, written in very good Latin. It was composed about the time of the Reformation; and the author, though violently opposed to the Reformers, was far from being a friend to the Schoolmen. In the interval between my leaving school and this period, I had improved my knowledge of Latin, and was now nearly competent to value the elegance of the language used by our author. The accurate study of that book was in itself a very effectual means of improvement in Latinity. I entered upon the study of divinity with great spirit, and distinguished myself soon after the beginning of the course. This circumstance produced an event of great importance in the history of my mind.

Among my fellow students there was a young man in the humble condition of a *page* (such is the name given to a certain class, somewhat like the Oxford *servitors*) whose master was a Fellow of the *Colegio Mayor*. The latter was a native of Osuna, a gentleman of high connections, who had studied Civil and Canon Law at the university of that town. Don Manuel Maria de Arjona, the newly-elected Fellow of the *Colegio Mayor*, was at this time in his twenty-first year; his talents were of the highest order. At so early an age Arjona had succeeded in establishing

a new plan of examination for a master's degree at Osuna, which raised the qualifications required in the candidates, while it relieved them from much useless labour. Aware of the great imperfections of the public studies in Spain, Arjona conceived the benevolent idea of improving the minds of a few undergraduates, by reading and conversing with such as he might find worthy of that trouble. No emolument was expected. With this view he desired his *servitor* to mark among the members of his class two or three of the most industrious, and offer them the above-stated assistance. I was chosen with two others. We waited on our volunteer tutor, whose friendly manners won my heart. It was settled that three days in the week we should meet in his rooms for the purpose of studying Rhetoric. Quinctilian was to be our guide. I entered upon this plan with alacrity; but my two companions dropped off in a few weeks. During that time, however, I had become so attached to Arjona, and he so willing to allow me the benefit of a frequent intercourse, that every moment I could spare was spent in his rooms. As my new friend was known to be a young man of great piety, my parents highly approved our growing intimacy. Arjona was indeed an exemplary young man, but there was that at work in his mind, which, at some future period, could not fail to place him in a state of jarring dissonance with the religion of Spain. In the study of Canon Law he had met with a class of books which, in the spirit of the Jan-

senist party, aimed at the reduction of the Papal power, without questioning the Pope's right to the centre of Christian Unity. As many of those books were in French, my friend had cultivated that language so as to read it with perfect ease. He advised me to do the same.

But here I must return to a much earlier period of my life, which I do the more willingly, because I shall have the opportunity of correcting a lapse of memory, in regard to the books which I read in my childhood. When mentioning that subject I forgot a Spanish translation of Fenelon's *Telemaque*, which my father had among a very small collection, perhaps not half a dozen, of books. I read it indeed so often, when only six or seven years old, that I knew it almost by heart. The effect it had upon my imagination was very powerful. Nor did it confine its influence to that faculty. It is a curious fact, that my first doubt of the truth of Christianity originated in that book, before I was full eight years of age. My recollection of every circumstance connected with that transient doubt is quite perfect; my delight in the descriptions of the sacrifices offered to the gods was intense. I felt besides a strong sympathy with the principal personages of the story; the difference between their religion and my own struck me very powerfully, and my admiration of their wisdom and courage suggested the question, why should we feel so perfectly assured that those who worshipped in that manner were wrong? I dwelt upon this argu-

ment for some time, but when the day arrived to go to confession, and I had to look at the catalogue of sins which is contained in the book of *Preparation*, I perceived the necessity of accusing myself of doubts against the faith. At the moment I am writing, the place where the confessional stood is clearly before my mind, and I see the countenance of the Dominican who used to shrive me: his name was *Padre Baréa*, a fat, rosy, good-tempered man, who nevertheless held the office of *consulting Divine* to the inquisition, and hated heretics from his heart, as in duty bound. In accusing myself I fairly stated my argument. The friar's astonishment made him fall back in the confessional-box: yet using the kindest expression which the Spanish language affords for addressing a child,* he asked what kind of books I read. I answered him with great simplicity, that I read no books but *Telemaque*. On hearing this the friar smiled, and desiring me not to trouble my foolish head with such subjects, absolved me of all my sins, and did not even interdict the book which had been the innocent cause of my scepticism. I believe he would have been inclined to twist my neck, had he possessed any prophetic spirit, so as to foresee that the time would come when even the *Heretics*, whom he would have burnt with exultation, would find me too much a heretic for their taste.

I am aware that my narrative has wandered from

* *Angelito, qué libros lees?* Little innocent, (literally, little angel), what books do you read?

the immediate subject in hand; yet, like all *extempore* narrators, I have my own reasons for digressing, though those reasons may not be either very obvious or satisfactory to others; the secret link in this case lies in the influence which my early acquaintance with a translation of Fenelon's romance had in my obtaining a knowledge of French. Some time previous to my being introduced to Arjona I had borrowed *Telemaque* in the original. Without grammar or dictionary, and guided only by my acquaintance with the story, and the analogy of French to Latin and Spanish, I found that I made out the sense of most passages. My friend's recommendation to learn French, so as to read it with ease, found me already acquainted in a slight degree with that language, but now I determined to master it. Arjona had an odd volume of Racine's tragedies, which he lent me; the interest of the story on which each play was founded, and which I used to make out before I entered into the details of the dialogue, induced me to read them frequently. At each reading I increased my knowledge of words and phrases; in like manner I availed myself of every French book which I could borrow, till I became thoroughly acquainted with the language. I never had sufficient inducement, nor indeed means, to learn to speak it well; but at the time when I left Spain I had read French so constantly for many years that I could write it tolerably well.

My next acquisition in languages was Italian. I undertook that study in the same manner at the

suggestion of my friend. He had a copy of *Muratori, Della perfetta Poesia.* The first volume consists of speculations and criticisms; the second is a collection of specimens of the Italian poets. A Spanish writer, Luzan, who wrote an Art of Poetry about the middle of the 18th century, borrowed so freely from Muratori, that his work, which in the course of my literary conversations with Arjona had frequently afforded us a subject of discussion, was to me of great assistance in reading the Italian treatise. The knowledge, however, which I acquired of that language falls short of that which I obtained of French. I acquired a taste for the Italian poets, but the few prose writers that came to my hands did not engage my curiosity.

You will easily perceive from these facts that what my friend chiefly cultivated in me was taste and imagination. He himself was an excellent Spanish poet, rather cold but brilliant. I had attempted some small pieces in my native language at a very early age; under his direction I attempted more serious and difficult compositions.

By this time, and through my means, two other students of divinity were introduced to Arjona; one of them was my senior in the university by only one year, the other my junior in the same proportion. Their names were Reynoso and Lista. Both were young men of extraordinary talents and had a natural taste for poetry. Arjona's rooms were now our favourite place of resort. These frequent meetings for literary amusement (such name indeed may be given

to studies which, compared with those we were pursuing in the university, had the character of a delightful recreation) suggested the plan of organizing a private academy for the cultivation of eloquence and poetry. About a dozen more whom we picked up among our fellow students were invited. Arjona was elected our president, a place which he retained but a short time, owing to the difficulty he found in regularly attending our meetings. These were held every Sunday at the house of one of the members, who could spare a large room without inconvenience. According to our rules, each member was obliged to read a certain number of papers in the course of the year; there was besides a regular course of lectures in poetry and eloquence by members appointed by the academy: these lectures were delivered from notes. Reynoso, Lista, and myself were the only lecturers appointed in rotation during the four or five years that the academy continued in existence. At the end of that period we had a public meeting, which was numerously attended: it was held in the Hall of my College a short time before I was elected Fellow. Arjona, who was resident at that time, and had again become president, occupied the chair.

It cannot be denied that our endeavours to improve our minds were attended with success; that success was for the greatest part due to our individual exertions. Arjona had left us to ourselves when our sources of general information were scanty. By chance I met with a work of *Batteux* on *Belles*

Lettres, and another lucky accident introduced me to the useful work of Rollin on the same subject. These books, and most of all *Barthelemy's Voyage d'Anacharsis,* greatly extended our view of the world of literature. It is also a fact, that our example was not lost upon the university. A taste for literature developed itself gradually among the under-graduates, and though the University as a body took no interest in the promotion of such studies, yet a professorship of *Belles Lettres* was established a few years after, through the influence of a chartered Association, called *La Sociedad Patriotica.* The poverty of the country at that time being so great, that all hopes of pecuniary assistance from the government were out of the question, I was invited to help the society in the furtherance of their plan, by accepting the professorship without emolument. I held the office two years; but this belongs to a subsequent part of my narrative. I must observe, in justice to myself, that the voluntary tasks which I performed during this period did not prevent my going through the university exercises and examinations with credit.

I must now resume the moral and religious part of the narrative. As soon as I left the Dominican schools for those of the university, I chose a confessor (every young person piously brought up is expected to have a regular director of his conscience), at the church of the *Oratory of St. Philip Neri.* The character of that society is of a peculiar kind; the members are *secular* clergymen, i. e. are not

bound by religious vows; they live nevertheless in a building somewhat resembling an English college, with a *public* chapel attached to it. Their constant attendance in the confessional, the number of Masses which are daily celebrated in the chapel, and the splendid services which they perform on certain festivals, attract a great number of religious people. These Fathers of the *Oratory* were supposed to preserve by uninterrupted tradition the true method of directing consciences, for which the Jesuits had been in high repute. As a natural consequence of this notion, the large religious party who had been friendly to that order had transferred their spiritual allegiance to the small society of Priests, who were considered the successors of Loyola's sons. I had imbibed from my mother a great respect for the Jesuits: and as many of the better sort of students at the university frequented the Oratory, my first independent choice of a confessor fell upon one of the members of that establishment. The church of the Oratory had, moreover, another very great attraction for me. Music was so constantly performed in it, that St. Philip Neri might be called the spiritual Opera-house of Seville. The good fathers of the Oratory had, however, contrived that their music should cost them nothing. They courted the acquaintance of the best professional musicians, and had their services in return for spiritual advice and temporal countenance. As there were a considerable number of amateurs in the town, whose gratuitous assistance might add

strength to the orchestra, the Fathers had a gallery in the church, concealed by lattice-work, where the gentlemen performers, on different instruments, might mix with the professional musicians, unseen by the congregation. Far from people of rank looking on this kind of performance as derogatory, they considered it as an act of devotion. As I was already no mean performer on the violin, my musical services were highly acceptable to the Fathers. To me, the frequent opportunity of joining in a large orchestra was a source of great enjoyment. I could, indeed, reckon on an hour's practice every Sunday in the afternoon; and during the three or four great festivals, as the music was nearly incessant from early in the morning till sunset, I used to play till my fingers were ready to bleed. But I will describe my regular occupations on Sundays during this period of my life.

Very early in the morning, i.e. about seven in winter, and six in summer, I repaired to the Oratory, of course without breakfast, as having to receive the communion. The church was, indeed, full at the dawn of day; and though each individual quitted it when his private devotions were over (which would take an hour and a half, on an average), the constant succession of new comers kept it in a crowded state till about ten. I believe there were ten confessional boxes in the church, and nearly as many altars. Every one of the confessionals was surrounded with a crowd of expectant penitents; the men kneeling in front, the women squatting at the sides, where the

confessional is furnished with the tin or brass plates, pierced with numerous small holes, through which females speak to the priest. It would probably take half an hour before my turn to confess arrived, and, as kneeling was always a very painful posture to me, I considered that the hardest duty of the day. After confession, I received the communion without delay; for a priest in his surplice and *stole* was in waiting, in the early part of the morning, to give the consecrated wafer to as many persons as were ready to receive it. A fresh administration of the sacrament took place every five minutes. After this, I attended one of the private masses—i.e., was looking on while the priest went through it—which is all that the Church of Rome requires, *on pain of mortal sin,* on Sundays and festivals. By the words *sub pœna peccati mortalis,* which I translate "on pain of mortal sin," you are to understand condemnation to eternal suffering, unless the sin be forgiven. After mass, I went home to breakfast. The rest of the morning was passed with some of my fellow students, and (after the establishment of the academy) in the literary exercises which I have described. Dinner was at one o'clock, and did not employ more than half an hour. At three, I walked again to the *Oratory* of St. Philip Neri, to join in the music, for the sake of which I endured a sermon of an hour, or an hour and a half. A walk with some of my friends, who attended the same church, concluded the day.

From the age of fourteen, however, I had a daily

task of devotion to perform, which was exceedingly irksome: I mean, reading, in an audible voice, the whole service for the day out of the Breviary. Though I read it very rapidly, it was impossible to repeat the whole in less than an hour and a quarter. This duty (as I was made to believe) could not be omitted without incurring the guilt of *mortal sin.* Nothing could be more injudicious than to lay this burden on a boy of my age and temper. But my mother wished to see me attached as early as possible to the clergy, by the ceremony called *First Tonsure,* which is publicly performed by the bishop. A *title,* called a chapelry, scarcely worth four pounds a-year, was soon after obtained for me, and I received what in the Church of Rome are called the four *minor orders.* These circumstances placed me under the law which enjoins the daily reading of the breviary. I might still quit the clerical profession; but as long as I continued a member of the clergy, to omit that reading would have been as heinous a sin as any in the long list of actions which (in the language of the Romanist divines) exclude from a *state of grace.* From my fourteenth to my seven-and-twentieth year —the age at which, for a time, I became an unbeliever in Christianity—I never omitted this most burdensome practice, except under serious illness. I had, besides, to submit to another devotional task, scarcely less burdensome. Among the Roman Catholic *pietists* (I use the name of a German party, because I fear I should give offence by applying a

more English denomination), the most approved remedy for all spiritual evils, the most certain method of rising to perfection, is what they call *Oracion Mental.* Were I to render that name by the words *mental prayer,* I should not give an accurate notion of its meaning. To call it *mental prayer* would give the idea of petitions conceived by the heart, but unexpressed by words; but that is only a part of the lowest stage of the practice. The name *Meditation,* by which also it is known, embraces more fully the true notion of this spiritual panacea. The person who is about to go through this exercise shuts himself up in a room, or retires to some dark corner of a church, and, having read a kind of skeleton sermon, of which a great variety is found in the Spanish books of devotion, kneels down, closes his eyes, and tries to spin out the three or four points proposed for meditation into sundry mental ponderings, interspersed with appropriate internal ejaculations. To be able to move oneself to tears is considered a most satisfactory sign of Christian progress. This is not a mere popular fancy. The Church of Rome looks upon a constant propensity to shedding tears as a peculiar gift from heaven, the existence of which is one of the proofs of sanctity admitted in the trial for canonization. It is called, technically, *donum lachrymarum.* But to proceed with the *oracion mental*: during that process not a word is spoken, except when a whole congregation engage in it, with a priest at their head, who now and then breaks out into devout exclamations

intended to move the hearts of the *meditants*. I myself, soon after I was ordained a priest (what, indeed, have I not done to be *good*, according to the various systems of spiritual quackery?)—I myself was several times the leader of this mystical farce. But, during a great part of my boyhood and youth, my confessor required that every day I should employ a whole hour—half of it in pious reading, and the other half on my knees—in *meditation*. It is impossible to describe the annoyance which this practice gave me. With the watch before me, and alternately leaning on either knee, in order to relieve myself from pain (observe, that nobody uses a hassock), I tried to think on the proposed subject; yet all I could do was to reckon how many minutes still remained. Nevertheless, being sincerely desirous of doing my duty, I continued this practice many years. It is, indeed, a matter of surprise to me, at this moment, how I could, for so long a period, submit to such a series of fatiguing practices, and yet find time and mental strength for my studies. To feel indignant, at this distance of time, may be absurd; but it is with difficulty that I can check myself when I remember what I have suffered in the name of religion. Alas! my sufferings from that source are still more bitter in my old age. No wonder that I utterly dislike that vague name, and prefer to use that of *true Christianity*. RELIGION may mean every mischievous absurdity which still degrades and afflicts mankind: *true Christianity* alone is its antidote.

The yoke laid upon me was, however, too heavy to be borne with uninterrupted patience. Between the age of fourteen and one-and-twenty, at which I was to take Sub-Deacon's orders, binding myself for life to the church, I twice felt inclined to leave it. An artificial separation from the world, a life spent among a very small set of individuals, all of retired and ascetic habits, kept me from day to day in the direction of my parents' views. But an ardent imagination had, at an early period, been developed in me, with a decided love of every enjoyment that kept it in play. An habitual stranger to amusements, the slightest draught of social pleasure turned my brain with joy. I believe that this circumstance made me a favourite with all young people, and especially in a South American family, consisting of a wealthy widow, with four sons, whom she had brought to Spain for their education. They were excellent lads, and would probably have been very useful men, but all were cut off by consumption before they reached the age of five-and-twenty. It was the custom of this family to pass the summer near the sea, at a town called *San Lucar,* about thirty miles from Cadiz. With no inconsiderable difficulty, the *Pastorizas* (that was their name) obtained me a furlough of a few weeks, to be spent with them near the sea—the sea! that wonderful object on which my imagination constantly dwelt, but on which I had never cast my eyes. I could hardly believe that such happiness was made for me. Of course, no

condition seemed too severe, no price too high, to obtain it. Had my parents required a whole year of fasting and penance in exchange for that boon, I would not have made the smallest objection. Few things, however, were demanded: that I should not omit going to mass daily, and to confession weekly. This was not very difficult, for my young friends were strict observers of these practices, and, being less volatile than myself, would keep me in the accustomed routine of devotion. Another article in the *protocol* was of a more difficult nature. Cadiz and old Babylon were classed in the same predicament by my father. Our town was, at that time, free from the abomination of a theatre, which the *devotional* party (I am obliged to coin names) had succeeded in keeping closed for many years. But going to the play was as regular a relaxation among the better sort of people at Cadiz as a walk on the *ramparts* (you will recollect that the town is nearly encircled by the sea) after the day's business. I was, therefore, to remain at *San Lucar* with the old lady, while my young friends would be spending about a week at Cadiz. They, it was said, were more steady than myself, and might be trusted: they, indeed, might be in the neighbourhood of a theatre, and yet keep themselves from defilement. But the voice of the Syren would turn my head. The safest plan was to keep me at a distance. Now, had I been fully trusted with the execution of this agreement, I believe I should have been faithful to it. But I was

in the old lady's keeping, and it was *her* business to decide whatever cases of conscience should arise during our excursion.

With a beating heart and a mind no less fired by the spirit of adventure than that of Columbus when setting out on the discovery of a new world, I committed myself to the quiet stream of the *Guadalquiver*, near the mouth of which stands the dull town of *San Lucar*. The river, however, at that point becomes a broad estuary, having the open sea within view. Such a view was a glorious one to me. But the sea itself, the interminable ocean, opened at the distance of some miles; and, alas! a nearer approach was forbidden. There was something very annoying in this restraint; yet I had no reason for regret, considering the accession of daily pleasure I had obtained. Mass, though a nuisance, was over in half an hour. Confession, a more serious annoyance, was only a weekly task; and my life was too happy, in innocent amusement, to be exposed to any thing that might be the subject of painful accusation. With the dawn, we were out on the shore, enjoying the pure breeze which regularly comes from the land in the summer mornings. We often took our guns and had a couple of hours' shooting in a wood not far from the town. In the heat of the day, we read, or amused ourselves at home. Thus the time flew rapidly, and the end of our excursion approached. My friends, however, had to pay the expected visit at Cadiz. It was quite inhuman (so, I believe, the

good old lady thought to herself,) to keep me a prisoner, and separate me from her own boys, who would not easily part with one, who, to say the truth, was the chief contriver and leader of their sports. Was it lawful to send me to Cadiz, by stealth, and against my parents' injunctions? A knotty point this; but in a country where every person's conscience is in the keeping of another, in an interminable succession of moral trusts, the individual conscience cannot be under the steady discipline of self-governing principle: all that is practised is *obedience* to the opinions of others, and even that obedience is inseparably connected with the idea of a dispensing power. If you can obtain an opinion favourable to your wishes, the responsibility falls on the adviser, and you may enjoy yourself with safety. The adviser, on the other hand, having no consciousness of the action, has no sense of remorse; and thus the whole morality of the country, except in very peculiar cases, wants the steady ground of individual responsibility. Though this observation is too serious to be illustrated by the puerile concern of my going or not going to Cadiz, yet the illustration may be, as it were, *translated* into events and circumstances of more importance. My father could not complain of any breach of trust, if the old lady consulted her priest, and her priest decided in my favour, not by strict law, but by the milder rule of equity—the ἐπιείκεια of the case, as the Manuals of moral Divinity, not otherwise abundant in Greek, technically name

this kind of decisions. Fortunately for me, the priest was in favour of a mild interpretation, and I was allowed to proceed to Cadiz, as a parcel of smuggled goods. My father was not to hear of it; and to avoid all danger on that point, I was not to visit some relations of mine who lived in that city. As those relations had never seen me, my not calling upon them was enough to prevent their finding me out. One thing, however, in the opinion of my gentle keeper, atoned for whatever guilt might attach to the deception. We were not to go to the Play. This was solemnly promised, and the promise was kept.

Cadiz is a most striking town, and might well captivate an older and more experienced traveller than I was at that period. My stay, though short, was productive of great pleasure to me, and perfectly free from any irregularity. I returned home full of self-importance, though obliged to keep the sense of it to myself; yet to have sailed a few miles on the sea, to have been alongside of a line-of-battle ship, and lived a whole week at Cadiz, had raised me (so I conceived) in refinement and knowledge of the world, not a few degrees above my less fortunate friends.

But though no moral evil had been connected with my summer excursion, I did not feel so well disposed towards my intended profession as before. This growing dislike might have altered the whole course of my future life had it not been for the well-

timed remedy of, what are called, the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius of Loyola. You will find that curious practice described in *Doblado's* Letters.

The system of these *Spiritual Exercises* is a masterpiece of church machinery. I do not mean that the Engineers, in whose hands I have seen it work, were acting in the full consciousness of deception. On the contrary, most of them partook of the delusion which they worked upon others. Yet they could not but be aware of the advantages which they derived from the system, and of the influence it gained to their party.

On an appointed day, late in the evening, forty or fifty men of different ages and professions, most of them from the higher and middle ranks, and sometimes a few of humble condition, who were either desirous of improving the effect of a former discipline, or were induced to try a regular course of that spiritual medicine for the first time, met at St. Philip Neri, and presented themselves to Father *Vega*, the head of the establishment, whose permission to attend the *Exercises* they had obtained some time before. This remarkable person had built an additional wing to the conventual house of St. Philip Neri, for the exclusive purpose of the *Exercises*, which were repeated at least six times a-year. He was unquestionably a man of talent. But his extraordinary influence arose chiefly from a deep knowledge of mankind, great self-confidence, and a rough, yet impassioned eloquence, united, as it appeared, with

the most ardent feelings of devotion. That he was sincere I have no doubt; but that he loved power, and sought it with the most consummate and successful policy, is equally clear to me. No eastern potentate could exceed him in that air of habitual command, which appals the most resolute minds when drawn within its sphere. During the period of six or seven years, when I frequented the establishment of St. Philip Neri, I have seen hundreds of persons presenting themselves to Father Vega. But even those who came against their will, and determined to remain unmoved (as was the case with many whom the Archbishop of Seville sent to prepare for orders), could not but feel awed in his presence. There was, however, a surprising variety of tone, of phrase, and of manner in his address; which so perfectly suited the character and condition of the person to whom he spoke, that one might have guessed who and what they were, from Father Vega's part of the dialogue. His countenance, besides, was very striking. It must be an interesting fact to physiognomists, and, perhaps, to phrenologists, that an excellent bust of Oliver Cromwell, which I had frequently before my eyes during two years of my residence in this country, forcibly reminded me of my old spiritual leader. That this was not a mere fancy, may be proved by the circumstance that a young Irishman, whom I knew intimately at Seville, and who, through my father's influence, submitted to the Spiritual Exercises, told me that from the

recollection he had of the portraits of Oliver Cromwell, he imagined he saw him alive when Father Vega stood before him. His voice was harsh and nasal; but in the private chapel, fitted up on purpose for the *Exercitants*, he could modulate its tones with a wonderful effect. During the performance of mass, he was daily affected to such a degree that a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, especially at the time of consecration. This may convey to some people the idea of perfect acting; but I knew the man very well, and having often reconsidered his character, I feel bound, in candour, to acquit him of that charge. The modifications of enthusiasm are, indeed, innumerable, and the manner in which the thoughts of things invisible, constantly dwelt upon with vehemence, can affect the nervous system, has never been thoroughly investigated. In Roman Catholic countries, the tendency to produce this *hysterica passio* (as I have before mentioned) is a fact perfectly familiar. Nor is this affection necessarily connected with what we call nervousness. The person in question was entirely free from that kind of weakness. Indeed, in sternness and boldness, he might be compared to Knox, the Scotch Reformer. It was on him that the pack of cowled bloodhounds, (less staunch than himself,) who attended the unfortunate woman, put to death by the Inquisition, within my memory, shifted the task of hearing her confession, when already bound to the stake. I need not, indeed I must not, repeat that horrible story. But you will

probably recollect, that fear and exhaustion made the poor wretch recant, when it was too late to save her life. But it is time to return to the *Spiritual Exercises.*

As the persons, previously admitted, arrived, in the evening when the *Exercises* were to begin, they humbly kissed Father Vega's hand, and after the exchange of a few words, each was sent to the room which he was to inhabit. These rooms were generally double-bedded. Into them, the whole company were distributed, generally in couples. But, according to the rules of the house, all conversation, except on indispensable subjects (which was allowed in whispers) was forbidden between the inhabitants of the same room, technically called *companions.* Soon after this domestic arrangement was over, a large bell announced the first meeting in the chapel. That place was kept nearly dark. A lantern, closed on all sides but one, threw its light on a statue of Christ expiring on the Cross. As the object of the sculptor was to strike the senses, without any regard to taste, the statue was as large as life, with glass eyes, and the body so coloured as to represent flesh sprinkled here and there with blood. After the congregation had taken their seats, in profound silence, one of Father Vega's assistant priests read the subject of *Meditation* for that evening. This reading generally lasted half an hour. At the end of it, all knelt. For about a quarter of an hour nothing was heard but the pendulum of the clock which was to measure a full hour

for *Meditation.* Aware, however, that most of his spiritual patients would lose themselves in reverie, if left entirely to their own thoughts, Father Vega assisted them, with what, in the language of ascetism, are called *ejaculations.* It seemed as if his thoughts, growing too big and vehement to be contained in his breast, broke out in spite of himself. At first, these ejaculations were short and came at long intervals; but they gradually grew more frequent and longer; till, near the end of the hour, and just before the congregation were allowed to rise from their knees, the monotonous chant of the ejaculations was changed into agonizing screams, accompanied with a loud smiting of the breast, in which the congregation joined, as they were moved; most of them repeating the words of the Director, and loudly calling for mercy.

But the effects of Father Vega's art were not seen in full force at the first meeting. He knew the human mind too well to attempt the application of a sudden impulse which might produce recoiling. As the same congregation were to remain under the operation of his spells till the tenth day after their entrance, he could operate at leisure. During that time, the *Exercitants* were not allowed to go out of the house, nor to see their nearest relations except for a few minutes, once or twice during the whole time. The time of rising was five o'clock in the morning. The employment of the day consisted of three hours of *Meditation,* at different times: one hour

of reading the life of a saint, to which all attended in chapel: and, lastly, just before supper and retiring to sleep, an *extempore* sermon by Father Vega, which lasted about an hour and a half.

Nor was this strict and uninterrupted discipline the only means employed to agitate and subdue the mind. There was a graduated scale of spiritual terrors, which, when raised to a certain pitch, made way to a gleam of affecting joy. The third day of the Exercises was known to be the most terrific. The subject appointed for that day was the eternity of punishment. I cannot give an idea of the ingenuity employed in striking the imagination by means of this awful subject. Whatever can be conceived to torture the body and agonize the soul, all was described in the most vivid colours. In the morning, the reading and meditation turned upon the consignment of a wicked soul to hell. The howlings of the evil spirits, as they celebrated their triumph; the first plunging of the wretched being into the flames; its cries of despair, its blasphemies against heaven; the applause with which the most horrible expressions were received by the devil and his angels—all were given with shocking minuteness. The *ejaculations* of the Director added touches of lurid light to the picture; and yet he would not conclude by imploring mercy. That word could not pass his lips. His voice gradually sunk, while sighs and sobs grew louder and louder around him. Perceiving the moment when terror was at the highest,

he suddenly assumed a composed and almost familiar tone, assuring his hearers that under the present impressions of his mind, oppressed and sinking as it was under the idea of sin and its appropriate punishment, it was impossible for him to speak of hope, of mercy, of forgiveness. He must, therefore, dismiss his hearers abruptly, and leave them to their own thoughts. He then clapped his hands (the usual signal for departure), and retired into the vestry. As the congregation crossed the small quadrangle before the chapel, on their way to their rooms, you might think you saw forty or fifty prisoners who had received sentence of death a few moments before. Some held their hands before their eyes, and scarcely could keep themselves from crying aloud. Others looked down on the ground in the attitude of utter despair. All seemed absorbed in grief.

The scene was, however, very different in the evening. The reading, preparatory to *Meditation,* was of hope and mercy. The ejaculations opened in a tone of voice which soothed the heart, so lately harrowed with terror. A fresh flood of tears was now seen to flow from the eyes of the congregation; but they were tears of gratitude, of tenderness, of love. A mere reaction of feeling might easily account for this change; but this reaction was not left to chance. The very aspect of the chapel secured it. It was not a gloomy vault, as before. There were wax candles upon the altar, amongst which a smiling picture of the Virgin Mary seemed to greet the dis-

tressed penitents as they came in. The Virgin was, indeed, the principal, the all-engrossing object that evening. It was through her that forgiveness was to be obtained: she was the *Mother of Mercy*; she was all that language can express of love, compassion, and sympathy. The Director's addresses to her, as the hour of *Meditation* was waning, were those of an enthusiastic lover wooing his sovereign princess. In the midst of these raptures, the sound of music was heard from a gallery at the furthest end of the chapel. Several voices, accompanied by instruments of different kinds, sang the praises of the Virgin, the *Refuge of Sinners* (*Refugium Peccatorum*). At the same time, Father Vega rose from his kneeling posture, and, taking up the picture, presented it for a holy kiss to every one present. I fear I shall be suspected of an attempt to exaggerate; but I have neither leisure nor inclination to write for effect. I state a mere fact, when I assure you that the music was generally drowned in the convulsive cries of the congregation.

This was the appointed time to begin the *General Confessions*. That name is likely to lead Protestants into a mistake; for it means, not a general acknowledgment of sinfulness, but a detailed account of the previous life of the person who is to make the *general* confession. Every thought, word, and deed, nay, every doubt, every uncertainty of conscience that can be called to remembrance, must be stated to the Priest, at whose feet the self-accuser kneels during

the long narrative. I say *long*, because the result of such a process of examination, as is carried on for four or five days, by the penitent himself, under the impression that any negligence on his part must involve him in guilt far exceeding that of all his former misdeeds, produces (in the sincere and sensitive) a morbid anxiety of which none but those who have experienced it can form an adequate notion. I will not stop to urge the grounds of a conviction, on which I have enlarged elsewhere—that auricular confession is one of the most mischievous practices of the Romanist Church. To those who are not totally ignorant of the philosophy of morals, it must be clear that such minute attention to individual faults—not to trace them to their source in the heart, but in order to ascertain whether they are *venial* or *mortal* sins, according to the judgment of another man—must, in an infinite number of cases, check the development of conscience, and may totally destroy it in many. As far as my experience extends, (and I have had fair opportunities of observing the effects of Romanism in myself, and in many others,) the evils of auricular confession increase in proportion to the sincerity with which it is practised. I know that what I am going to say, will sound extremely harsh and startling to many. But I will not conceal or disguise the truth. Many, indeed, were the evils of which my subsequent period of disbelief in Christianity (a disbelief full of spite for the evils inflicted upon me in its name) was the

occasion; yet I firmly believe that, but for the buffetings of that perilous storm, scarcely a remnant of the quick moral perception which God had naturally given to my mind would have escaped destruction by the emaciating poison of confession. I judge from the certain knowledge of the secret conduct of many members of the clergy, who were deemed patterns of devotion. Like those wretched slaves, I should have been permanently the worse for the custom of sinning and washing the sin away by confession. Free, however, from that debasing practice, my conscience assumed the rule, and, independently of hopes and fears, it clearly blamed what was clearly wrong, and, as it were, learnt to act by virtue of its natural supremacy.*

That a love of what is right, and an abhorrence of baseness, however sanctified by superstition, had been implanted in my soul, I remember with thankfulness and pleasure. A proof of this occurred at the time of my first *general* confession, which, as it is in some degree characteristic of the original temper of my mind, I will not leave unnoticed. My earliest

* Free at length (as I feel when copying, in 1835, my original manuscript) from the early and deeply-seated habits of that ascetic humility, which considers it a Christian duty to exaggerate one's own faults, I am bound to declare that very *few* of my actions, during that period, were such as now have my complete reprobation; and that even those had circumstances which greatly excused them. I do not justify myself before God; but *men*, such as they are, have no right to condemn me. The circumstances in which I was placed were very trying; yet I heartily thank God that his Providence watched over me, and prevented my preparing sources of remorse for my old age.

friend *Marmol* had lent me a Latin treatise of *Muratori*, orthodox on every point except where the author disapproves the solemn vow frequently made in Spain, binding the person who takes it to lose his life rather than admit that the Virgin Mary was conceived in Original Sin. The doctrine, as it is called, of the *Immaculate Conception* is not one of the articles sanctioned by the infallibility of Rome. It would have been added to her Creed had not the violent opposition of the *Dominicans* made that addition dangerous to the *unity* of the church. To stigmatise as heretics, (which would have been the result of that decision,) the founders and chief supporters of the Inquisition, was not consistent with the *cautious* inspiration of the pope and cardinals. Yet as, on the other hand, the belief in the *Immaculate Conception* had become very popular, and the whole Spanish nation was clamorous in behalf of her Patroness, Rome took a middle course, which, though not very intelligible to those out of her pale, yet gained the object she had in view, namely, to stop a dangerous controversy by means which showed approbation of the highest bidders in *belief*, without however casting disgrace on the party who had shown a less keen appetite for dogmas. An annual festival in celebration of the *Mystery of the Immaculate Conception* was granted by the Pope, who at the same time forbad all persons whatever to question Mary's total exemption from original sin. An order of knighthood was established, bearing a badge expressive of

the *sinless* Virgin Mary. The knights could not be installed unless they took an oath that they would assert the Virgin Mary's exemption from original sin even at the risk of their lives. This practice was adopted by every corporation and guild in Spain, so that not even a tailor could legitimately ply his needle without pledging his life to the defence of the Virgin's honour. The learned Muratori, with some French and Italian divines, had questioned the morality of that oath. The church was silent, but the Spanish Inquisition condemned the book. As the obnoxious paragraph did not occupy more than half a page, my friend Marmol, who approved the rest of the book, thought that the holy tribunal had been too severe, and took the liberty, not only of keeping Muratori's work, but of lending it to me. This fact could not escape my recollection under the terrors raised by the *Spiritual Exercises*. I had to prepare my confession by the assistance of a printed Interrogatory, containing a list of every species and variety of sin which casuistry has defined. Reading prohibited books was of course one of the heads of accusation. This was followed by another founded upon the duty of informing against any one who possessed them. The confessor I well knew could not avail himself for that purpose of a disclosure made during confession, nor was it necessary to name the person who had the book, but I knew also that I could not obtain absolution, unless I authorised him to carry the information to the Inquisition, or en-

gaged myself to be the informer. In the greatest distress of mind I laid the whole case before the Sub-Director whom I had chosen to be my confessor. He told me he could not absolve me unless I promised to accuse my friend of having lent me a prohibited book. I well recollect the sort of trembling yet resolute courage with which I told him, that I would rather "go to hell"* than betray my friend. The priest was not insensible to the character and source of this resolution; he delayed the decision till the last day of the Exercises, and I believe consulted Father Vega, who being a man of great penetration, and probably knowing that the book in question was not at all dangerous, advised him not to insist upon my accusing its owner. I was only desired to caution my friend against possessing a book forbidden by the Inquisition. I complied with the injunction, and so my trial ended.

I will not tire you with an account of the remaining part of the *Spiritual Exercises*. The system was essentially the same from beginning to end, yet with this modification, that as, during the first half of the operation, every spring was put in motion to strike the mind with terror, so, during the second half, the object in view was a revulsion of feeling, consisting in that peculiar state of the mind, that devotional tenderness, which renders the mental faculties powerless, and reduces the moral being to the weakness of infancy. The scene which the chapel pre-

* "*Mas bien quiero ir al Infierno.*"

sented on the last day of the *Exercises* cannot easily be described. The consecrated wafer was exposed to view, encircled with gold and diamonds in a frame of uncommon splendour and richness. The altar on which it stood was one mass of light, so numerous were the wax candles that burnt upon it. The sound of music was interrupted only to give way to the almost frantic strains of impassioned tenderness in which Father Vega addressed the Deity, in whose immediate *bodily* presence he conceived himself to be. I will not repeat any of the remarkable (it would be more correct to say *objectionable*) expressions used by the *spiritual* leader, most of them borrowed from the *mystic* writers and some of the fathers; but whatever be their source, I consider them not only as irreverent, but as bordering on indelicacy. To conclude this already too long episode of my narrative—before the dawn of the following day a high Mass was celebrated by the Director, at which all the congregation received the communion. They then *embraced* (such is the Spanish custom) Padre Vega, and set out for their different homes.

The effect of this *mystic* discipline upon my mind and feelings was certainly powerful, but there was a secret source of resistance which fortunately opposed the direct tendency of that part of my education, else my warm temper might have made me a perfect visionary. With the most ready will to obey the impulse, and the most sincere desire to

rise to that summit of devotional perfection which was so often and so forcibly marked out to me, I could never overcome my natural dislike to that cloying, that mawkish devotion. Though tears flowed from my eyes, and convulsive sobs were wrung from my bosom, my natural taste recoiled from that mixture of animal affection (I do not know a more appropriate name) with spiritual matters, which is the very essence of mysticism. This was a feeling of the most beneficial tendency during that period of my life, in which I performed the duties of a confessor, and enjoyed the dangerous privileges which the Roman Catholic priesthood possesses. God, to whom I render thanks for his especial protection in that respect, knows that both in a state of belief, and in the opposite, I abhorred to avail myself of religion for any immoral purpose; from such a stain I am pure. Now I will again take up my personal narrative.

The wavering I had felt as to my future profession was indeed removed by the Spiritual Exercises; but the necessity of their influence increased as the time approached when I was to bind myself to the Church for ever. The least relaxation from the usual tenor of my life, the slightest contact with any but the society in which I was kept by the active and sagacious mind of my mother, never failed to produce a coldness towards the clerical profession.

1795. Ætat. 20. The year before I was to take sub-deacon's orders I paid a visit to my relations at

Cadiz. This visit had the consent of my parents, but I think they must have regretted it, in consequence of the state of mind which I brought home. My fears of unhappiness in the Church had risen to such a degree that, though with inexpressible pain, I plainly spoke my mind on that subject. My mother received that communication with all the marks of distress which an ardent female character, encouraged by religious notions, is sure to exhibit when its decided will is opposed. From that moment she never raised her eyes to me without tears. It is not indeed in my own praise (for I reckon it one of the inherent defects of my character) that I mention my utter helplessness, my absolute weakness, in cases where I am called upon to give pain to any human being, and especially to those whom I personally love. A sense of duty has I believe supported me in many trying cases; as the intolerable sense of mental slavery supported me in tearing myself from my family and country. But I am convinced that of the things which I wish undone by myself, the greater part may be traced to that weakness. What then could be expected of such a being at the age of twenty, and with less knowledge of life than an English schoolboy has at twelve? Yet, in spite of my heart, I had courage to persist for about a month in my resolution. My father would have supported me, for his judgment was calm, and he never mistook his own wishes for religious duties, but he wanted resolution: I should say he had renounced all right to resolve. His

priest's judgment was the rule of all his actions. On this occasion, however, I suspect that my mother kept the whole business a secret, in order to manage it herself. My father's dry and retiring manner did little justice to the kindness of his heart, and I did not know him thoroughly till reflection gave me the power to decipher his character. I recollect that the day before I was to bind myself irrevocably to the church and a life of celibacy, he took me aside to assure me that it was not too late to change my determination: that if I disliked the profession to which I had been brought up, he would endeavour to settle me in another. Had he given me this assurance a year or two before, I should have been really free to choose. But it came too late. At that moment I was under the spell of my mother's affection. To make her happy was the only way, I conceived, of securing my own happiness. She had besides gained over to her views every person young and old who had any influence over me. *Arjona* was her most powerful auxiliary. I believe that at the time when I was made sub-deacon, he had taken priest's orders, and was already my confessor—an authority which he exercised over my conscience for about two years. All indeed who were concerned in the plot (for such it certainly was) of securing me to the church, acted from motives which I cannot blame. All loved me; all were sincere. Providence has overruled to my *real* advantage every thing they did; but, alas! what bitterness of heart my poor mother must have en-

dured since the day when intolerable distress of mind made me for the first time leave her house, and seek for a mere shadow of freedom at Madrid! What must have been her anguish when she saw me depart for England, strongly suspecting that I was resolved never to return! Yet this misery was the direct result of all her plans. But my head grows confused when I think on these transactions. I perceive that the mention of my father's tardy offer to place me in another profession, has made me break the narrative of my effort to quit the church, which was defeated by my mother. I shall conclude it in a few words. I had proposed to be sent to the navy, because at that time the Spanish midshipmen received a scientific education. I could not indeed endure the idea of being doomed to a life of ignorance. This was easily perceived, and (probably with the approbation of the Divines consulted on the subject) no alternative was left me. I was told I must return to the odious counting-house, from which I had taken refuge in the church. I yielded, and in yielding mistook the happiness of drying up my mother's tears, for a reviving taste for the clerical profession.

1796. Ætat. 21. On my coming of age, not a moment was lost to bind me to the church. Once placed under the inflexible law which makes the marriage of a person in sub-deacon's orders null and void, I was less watched in my intercourse with the world. I do not mean that my mother (the principal agent in

everything that related to me) was indifferent to the moral dangers that might lie in my way, but that, being relieved from her dread of my getting married, she relaxed considerably the precautionary measures which for years she had concerted, in order to secure me for the church. I cannot, however, proceed in my narrative, without endeavouring to clear the character of a most excellent and highly-gifted mother from the imputation of selfish worldliness to which her conduct in this business must expose her among my English readers. It is, indeed, impossible for any one, brought up in this country, to form even a tolerable notion of the influence which the religion of Spain exerts in modifying the moral views and sentiments of its inhabitants. Were it consistent with delicacy to detail the effects of that horrible law, which not only enforces celibacy on the clergy, but forbids their recovering their liberty by resigning their office, it might be proved to demonstration, that wherever such a law does exist, the standard of morality must suffer a certain debasement, even in the minds of those who (as in the case in question) might be held up as patterns of purity in their own conduct. There is not, there cannot be, a Spaniard, high or low, clergyman or layman, ignorant of the fact, that the celibacy of the clergy must be kept up at a certain loss of virtue in the country. None are more conscious of this fact than the clergy, both from their own experience, and from their accurate knowledge of other people's lives, which they acquire

through confession. Can all of them be supposed to abet this source of immorality, from an indifference to its evils? It would be unfair to charge so many people, indiscriminately, with a deliberate feeling of that kind; but the practical result (so far as the influence of public opinion is concerned) is the same as if they fully consented to the existence of such a state of morals. I will give *one* proof of the state of feeling prevalent among the purest and most irreproachable persons in my unfortunate country: that proof is contained in the fact, that *jokes* upon the celibacy of the clergy are considered unobjectionable, provided they do not go beyond general insinuations against the supposition that the ecclesiastical law is or can be strictly observed,—provided those insinuations are expressed without alarming delicacy. My mother (must I repeat that I never knew a higher model of female conduct?)—my own mother used to repeat the well-known saying of an old bishop to those that came to him for orders. Those who had received what are called *Minor* Orders, which do not bind to celibacy, the good-humoured prelate dismissed with this advice: "Beware of THEM." (You must recollect that the Spanish pronoun admits a feminine termination. The bishop's words, in Spanish, were: *Guárdate de ellas.*) When candidates had been ordained *sub-deacons,* he altered the words of the advice into "*Que ellas se guarden de ti:*" "Let *them* beware of you." The *holy* Roman Catholic Church practically sanctions the bishop's advice.

Can, then, her *fallible* subjects pretend to improve upon her views and practice? The celibacy of the clergy (they say to themselves) must be necessary, since the church supports it. It is, indeed, the cause of a certain portion of moral evil: let every individual avoid it as well as he can. Suppose he falls, he will probably recover soon from his error: after all, the evil is accidental; the advantages to the church are permanent.

Under the *security* (I adopt the old bishop's language) which ordination had granted me, my emancipation from the nursery discipline of my youth was now to take place. There were two roads to such preferment as my family wished for me—i. e., preferment above that of the parochial clergy—interest at court—and display of talent at the public trials of learning for a certain number of places reserved in the Church for literary merit. By the first of these roads I had no chance: the second offered a better prospect. Yet even supposing that my abilities might ensure a display of knowledge above the average of competitors on those occasions, literary merit was never so exclusively attended to as to make the candidates place their entire reliance on mental acquirements. Young clergymen, qualified for these trials, were expected to make their appearance more than once on the arena of disputation, as young knights, at the ancient tournaments, who had no higher ambition than merely to make themselves known. An *oppositor* (such is the name given to persons who enter

these scholastic lists) who should bring nothing to the contest but his abilities (unless he were a prodigy in the eyes of the judges and of the public) might travel from one end of the country to the other, and spend one half of his life in public disputations, without obtaining any thing beyond a complimentary certificate of his having given complete satisfaction. From this hardship the Fellows of the Colleges called *Mayores* had, till about thirty or forty years before the time I am speaking of, been universally exempted. A Fellow of those Colleges was sure of the influence and support of every one who had worn the *Beca*, the distinctive dress of his society: and public opinion considered him as fully qualified for the highest honours of the Church and of the Law. You will find in *Doblado's* Letters, the manner in which the *Colegios Mayores* of Castille were deprived of those privileges; and how that of Seville preserved a great part of its dignity in the public estimation. At the period abovementioned, the Colleges of Castille were compelled to admit Fellows from the unprivileged or plebeian class: that of Seville, which from the beginning of the 16th century had been to the University of Seville what the Head and Fellows of the Oxford Colleges are to the Members on their books, was deprived of that privilege. But as the Society was allowed to continue their elections on the same plan as before, their rank in public opinion remained nearly the same; and the kind of Free Masonry which bound all former Fellows to support the new

ones and consider them in the character of familiar friends, and almost relations, continued in full vigour. The value of the Fellowships was very small indeed, and might be considered as not above that of board and lodgings. Yet the advantages of being admitted a Fellow were by no means contemptible in regard to future prospects. It had besides a great attraction for any young man, owing to the importance to which he was suddenly raised.

The elections took place without a competition of Candidates whenever the College agreed to invite a young graduate whom they considered a desirable acquisition. It was not my intimate friend Arjona who obtained me the honour of that invitation. He had a short time before been elected to a stall in the Royal Chapel, to which I afterwards belonged, and in the same manner (i. e., by public competition) that I obtained it at a later period, when he had been promoted to a Canonry at Cordoba. Soon after his appointment the Archbishop of Seville, who was a Cardinal, being about to visit Rome, took my friend with him as his Chaplain. It was during Arjona's visit to Rome that the Fellowship was offered for me to my Father.

As the old forms and customs observed on the admission of a new Fellow, will probably amuse you, I will state them, though they are but slightly connected with the principal object of this biographical sketch.

The first step is called the *Summary Information*

concerning the *purity of blood* and family connections of the Candidate. Three Witnesses from among the principal inhabitants appear before the Rector of the College, to state upon oath whatever they know on that subject. The declarations are signed by the Witnesses and the Rector, presented to the College for approbation, and deposited in the Archives. This is a precautionary measure; lest when the Candidate has offered himself for examination in the Faculty, either of Divinity or Law (according to the nature of the vacant Fellowship), and been approved, the *public* enquiry as to descent, which is to follow, should bring out some almost forgotten flaw, on that point, and cover both him and his relations with disgrace, by precluding his admission. This is not an imaginary case. I have frequently amused myself by looking into the voluminous collection of documents relating to the purity of blood and honourable descent of the Fellows of my College. Notwithstanding the extreme caution that has always been used, in the process of admitting candidates to the public *trial* as to descent, the records of two instances of rejection, for *tainted* blood, were in existence in 1800, the year of my Rectorship, when I had the Archives under my care. The rejected candidates were men of good connections; but it came out, in the examination, that one of their ancestors had been a Jew. This was enough to put an end to their hopes of admission into the honourable society of a *Colegio Mayor*. It would equally have excluded them from the humblest

fraternity (*hermandad*) of mechanics. The only difference is that the enquiry, in the latter case, being infinitely less strict than ours, the imaginary stain would not have come to light. It is impossible to conceive how much real and unmerited misery the prejudice of the purity of blood has produced in Spain. Such an exclusion as that which I have mentioned, would be one of the heaviest calamities that could overtake a family.

After the *Summary Information*, there followed the examination in regard to knowledge. Next came the long and expensive process of collecting the proofs of honourable descent. One of the Fellows, appointed by the College, had to go to the place or places where the Candidate's father and mother, and the fathers and mothers of these, were born. When, as in my case, one or more of the ancestors were born out of Spain, the enquiry takes place at Seville. Thirty witnesses must be examined on oath, and their answers to a long printed interrogatory, which is part of the Statutes, must be recorded in the Commissioner's own hand. The slightest hearsay of the slightest taint of Jewish, Moorish, or African blood; of punishment inflicted by the Inquisition on any of the most distant relations; of any of them having been a menial servant; or exercised what are called *low* trades; of having been publicly punished in the manner which the law reserves for plebeians; any report of this kind would be followed up with the utmost eagerness, and unless it were disproved in a satisfactory manner,

would cause the rejection of the Candidate. I once acted as Commissioner, and shall never forget the annoyance I had to undergo, during the examination of witnesses. There was, however, one advantage in having gone through this ordeal. Any Fellow of my College might be received without any further trial, as to purity of blood, in all the Chapters of Cathedrals, and Collegiate Churches.*

When the necessary documents were ready, and the day was appointed for the admission of the new Fellow, he was made to undergo an absurd and ludicrous trial of patience: a piece of nonsense which I believe was abolished soon after my time. Every day of the week preceding the admission, the Candidate was obliged to walk for an hour in the principal quadrangle of the College, attended by one of the Servitors, and his own servant or *page*—a needy student who for the sake of board, lodgings, and the cast-off clothes of his master, was glad, in that humble capacity, to go through the course of studies necessary for the profession—Divinity, Law, or Medicine,—which he intended to follow. In this perambulation (known by the name of *Caravanas*) the Candidate submitted to be the butt of the rabble who

* I fear that the troubles of Spain have entirely ruined the College. I heard five or six years ago that only one Fellow—a lineal descendant of Pinzon, one of Columbus's companions of discovery—was inhabiting the building. I received this information through Mr. Washington Irving, who visited this gentleman when he was at Seville. I had known his father who had also been Fellow of my College.—Note in 1835.

never failed to attend. Provided they did not hurt the person thus delivered up to them for a trial of patience they might do or say whatever they pleased; but the Candidate was not allowed to utter a word. An answer to any jest, an angry complaint on any account, exposed him to a ducking in the basin of the large fountain which occupies the centre of the quadrangle. Ladies attended these exhibitions. On one of the days of my trial a large party met in the Rector's rooms, into which I was led by my tormentors in the most absurd garb—a coat which had been part of a splendid court dress three generations before, and a wig and hat of about the same age. On the very morning of the admission, when the Rectoral Hall was full of the people who had been invited on the occasion, the new Fellow was brought to the Hall door, by the College servants, led by a long rope which one of the scullions affected to pull at with all his might. Delivered from this noisy escort, who remained gathered at the door of the Hall, the Candidate stood in a cloak and cassock of black baize—the usual dress of Under-graduates—while one of the Fellows amused the company at his expense by reading a paper called *Vexamen,* in the style of the old *Terræ filius* at Oxford. After this last trial of temper, the Rector administered the usual oaths to the Candidate, and stripping off the black baize dress, which he threw among the Servants, invested him with the distinctive gown of the College. From that moment every mark of respect

was shown by the College servants to their new master; and the preceding *Saturnalia* were entirely forgotten.

According to the statutes of the College the Fellows should always appear in their gowns; but, as in that case they must go out in couples, or have one of the servitors to follow them, the peculiar dress of the Society is not used except on formal visits and other occasions of ceremony. It is therefore understood that, except on such occasions, they go about incog. The College dress is indeed very cumbrous, as it consists of an enormously full gown of black cloth, closed in front, and having two slits for the arms; and a slip of blue cloth (which is properly the *Beca*), the form of which, and mode of wearing it, I find difficult to describe. This slip of cloth is about one foot in breadth, and between eight and nine feet in length. Folding it in the middle, so as to form an angle, and holding the fold on the breast, the two halves are thrown over the shoulders so as to fall on the back nearly reaching the heels. The portion thrown over the left shoulder widens, at the distance of about two feet from the end, having, where it begins to widen, a circular wooden rim, about an inch high, covered with the same cloth. I was never able to learn either the etymology of the word *Beca*,*

* The word *Beca*, must have been introduced into Spain from Italy, for it was from *Bologna* that the plan and constitution of the Spanish Colleges were taken. *Becca*, it appears to me, must have signified a *Scarf*. The *Beca* must be a Doctor's Scarf, and the *white glove* which hangs out from the fold, confirms this notion.—Note in 1835.

or the origin of this strange appendage. All I can say is that a white kid-glove in the fold of the *Beca*, together with the circular rim and triangular end, called *Campana* (Bell), are the badges of a *Colegial Mayor*.

In this dress, and in company with one of the Senior Fellows, I was introduced to the dignitaries of the town, and to many of the families who kept a kind of open house in the evening. It was understood that, when once thus introduced, you were to contribute to the never-ending small talk in which the better class of Spaniards employ most of their time. Instead therefore of increasing my knowledge by study I much relaxed my reading during the three or four years which I spent at College. Besides, it is a melancholy fact that the very best Spanish society is full of snares for a young Clergyman. Nothing but settled, selfish, cold-hearted profligacy can save him from great misery and mental distress. I thank heaven my happiness was not protected by such means.

A sincere and determined effort to resume the retired life of my early youth, and obtain some peace of mind by tearing myself away from the objects that had robbed me of it, succeeded long enough to allow me to take Deacon's orders in a state of feeling not unsuitable to the occasion. I believed for some time that I had reconciled myself to my profession; but that happy delusion was soon dispelled. It revived, however, as the time approached when I was about to

be ordained a Priest. I had an awful sense of the dignity of the priestly office, and trembled at the idea of profaning it. Led by these feelings I once more bent my whole soul upon being faithful to my duty.

1799. My friend *Arjona* returned from Rome some time before I was to take priest's orders, and I again made him my regular Confessor. My affection for him, and the delight I had in his society, revived all my religious impressions; and as my friend was at that time (I fear it was the last) highly active in the promotion of religion, I gave myself up entirely to his guidance, and hoped that, on my elevation to the priesthood I should closely follow in the steps of my model. There was one circumstance in Arjona's devotional temper, which had a peculiar attraction. He was never morose and gloomy. We lived on terms of the greatest familiarity, and yet the authority which he exercised over my mind, as my spiritual director, was not in the least diminished. *Arjona's* study, where *Lista* and *Reynoso* spent nearly as much time as myself, was to me a sure refuge from all the allurements of the world; and when I considered that, in a few months, I should be raised to the highest spiritual dignity which a man could reach, namely that (as I then firmly believed) of having the power to convert bread and wine into the living body and blood of Christ,—I could not entertain a doubt but that my struggles were now at an end, and that I should be able to spend my life in purity, in benevolence, and peace.

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE OF HIS LIFE IN SPAIN.

1800. Ætat. 25. IN *Doblado's Letters* I have described my feelings during the performance of my first Mass, and, as age has added painfulness to these recollections, I must be excused from drawing up a second account of that deceitful but affecting scene. My ordination took place at Christmas, and on the first day of the year, I was elected Rector of my College.* In consideration of this rank, the Archbishop granted me the full exercise of the powers of priesthood at the Confessional, very soon after my ordination. In order to understand the nature of this personal privilege, you must know that, according to the Roman Catholic doctrine, the power of a Priest to absolve sins, is twofold. By virtue of his Ordination, that power is unlimited; but, in consequence of the divine jurisdiction which, as some will have it, was *directly* given by Christ to Bishops over their respective Dioceses, or (as others think) is conferred on them through the authority of the Pope, as the representative of Christ on earth—a Priest, in com-

* The headship of the College was held in rotation by the Fellows.

mon cases, cannot absolve the spiritual subjects of a Bishop without his leave. A regular license is accordingly obtained after Ordination, which being originally limited to hearing *Men* at Confession, is afterwards enlarged, according to circumstances, to hearing Females, not under religious vows, and last of all to Nuns, the direction of whose consciences is supposed to require the most consummate skill. The favourable opinion which was entertained of my qualifications, and the character of my office, procured me the whole of this authority in a few months, and I soon found myself more than fully employed in my new ministry.

In a town where according to the lowest calculation which I can make from general recollections, there are always about five hundred females shut up for life in convents, having no object to occupy their minds but the practices of a complicated and formal religion, the appearance of a new confessor who starts into notice, is an event of considerable importance. *Arjona* had daily applications from Nuns, which he was obliged to reject, from want of time. As I was known to be his favourite pupil, all these distressed petitioners applied to me, and generally, through *Arjona* himself. In a short time I found myself obliged to spend about two hours a-day (beside the time required to walk to distant convents) in listening, sometimes to the minute and anxious narrative of a nervous recluse, who scarcely deemed herself safe from the crime and punishment

of an insincere confession, when she had stated every thought, word, and deed, however innocent, which had occurred in the even tenor of her dull life, during the preceding week;—sometimes to really painful tales of hopeless misery.

Of all the victims of the church of Rome, the Nuns deserve the greatest sympathy. The early age of fifteen at which they are allowed to sacrifice their liberty; the inflexible cruelty with which they are forced to keep their vows, during life; the direct tendency of their confinement and mode of living to produce lingering disease, and, not unfrequently derangement, are evils which must excite compassion in the heart of every one, whom bigotry and superstition have not hardened. These poor prisoners, in the dull monotony of their lives, in the agitated state of a soul troubled with all the fears of a morbid conscience—perhaps with the remorse of such guilt as can only increase their despair—have no one to whom they may confide their sorrows but the priest, whom they choose as their Confessor. Yet even this poor consolation is often rather nominal than real. Old priests generally grow indifferent to the anxiety of this kind of *penitents* (such is the correlate name to that of *Confessor*) and treat them harshly. Sentimental fools (a class, if not numerous, never extinct) increase the existing malady, and expose themselves and their spiritual charge to very serious dangers. When therefore a sensible woman thus confined for life, meets with a priest, who being on his guard

against even the remotest risk of a hopeless, and, in those circumstances, dishonourable affection, proves his real interest by listening patiently, and establishes his authority by deciding promptly and confidently; she cannot but look upon him as the last support of her wrecked happiness, or rather as the last help against complete misery. In all cases whatever, a confessor who does not torment the poor prisoners, must become their dearest friend, as being the only person to whom they can freely communicate their sorrows. Hence the eagerness with which such Nuns as have not *engaged* themselves to a confessor; such, as death, absence, or some other accident has deprived of a spiritual director whom they liked, and lastly, such as, deprived of other means of change and novelty, seek for these gratifications in the Confessional, beset every member of the clergy, who, enjoying some reputation for learning, does not decline that employment.

It might be supposed, from the value which the Church of Rome sets on the female part of the Religious Orders, that public opinion, at least among the truly *believing* Romanists, would regard the Directors of those holy recluses as men entitled to the highest praise for their pains. But this is not the case. Nuns are at once sacred and ludicrous objects in the eyes of the public. The IDEA of a Nunnery (as Coleridge in his Platonic language would call it) is most exalted, pure, and poetical—in a Sermon, or a work on Divinity. The *real* Nunnery is a byeword

for weakness of intellect, fretfulness, childishness. In short, NUN is the superlative of *old woman*. A secret sense of ridicule lurked therefore under the zeal with which I accepted the charge of directing the consciences of a few Nuns, chiefly recommended by *Arjona*, and my good mother. Some of them were women of superior good sense, and models of that fortitude which, having to contend with evils unknown to all but the sufferer, is never supported by the admiration or sympathy of others. One of these excellent persons seemed so much to depend for mental relief on my assistance that, for a considerable time after my religious belief had totally deserted me, I could not prevail on myself to leave her. The continuance of her esteem to me, in spite of a long absence from Seville, during my residence at Madrid; in spite of my declining to resume the charge of directing her when I returned from that capital, and of my final removal from Spain—deserves this acknowledgment of my respect at this distance of time.* My love of truth, however, and the importance of recording facts which bear on the character of institutions which I deem most pernicious, demand a brief, yet explicit declaration, of my acquaintance with minds of quite an opposite stamp, among the inhabitants of the Nunneries. I have, in the course of my life, come in contact with

* The last letter which I received from this Lady, inclosed in one of my mother's, reached me at Oxford in 1815. Her name was *Dolores Constañeda*; she had been born in the first ranks of the *noblesse* of Seville.

characters of all descriptions; I have seen the human mind at various stages of elevation and debasement; but *souls* more polluted than those of some of the professed Vestals of the Church of Rome, never fell within my observation. It is but justice to add, that the undisguised disclosure of this melancholy state made to me by the wretched victims, convinced me that their moral condition would have been much superior had not the tyranny of their church been relentless. I say thus much, under the fear of alarming delicacy. But as the policy of Rome reckons on those very feelings of delicacy as a security against the publication of facts which would raise a formidable cry of indignation, in countries not completely under the Pope's authority, I feel bound to bear witness, in this manner, to the horrible results to which that church shows itself utterly indifferent.*†

1800.

The awful calamity with which Seville was visited in the summer of 1800—the year to which the present part of my narrative relates—will make my Rectorship memorable in the history of my Spanish College. You will easily understand that I allude to

* Let those who may think it their duty (but not otherwise) read the Life of *Scipio de Ricci*, Bishop of *Pistoia*, in the *original* French. Roman Catholic parents, at all events, are inexcusable if they close their eyes to the evidence contained in that work.

† All this has been read again in December 1840, under a most severe illness, attended with the persuasion that my departure from life is very near. Under these circumstances it is my duty to declare that I exaggerate nothing.—J. B. W.

the ravages of the Yellow-fever, minutely described in *Doblado's Letters*. I will here state only what belongs to my personal history. But in order to give locality to the events I must look back to a former period.

Two or three years before I finished my studies at the University, and was elected to my Fellowship, the younger of my two sisters, then about seventeen years old, had resolution enough to express her desire of returning home from the convent, where, at the early age of six or seven, she had been placed for education. The elder had taken the veil not long before, in the same convent. The presence of an amiable girl had dispelled a great part of the gloom which my mother's ill health, and my father's peculiar turn of mind, had, for many years, cast on the home of my childhood and early youth. I was not now totally dependent on my university friends for cheerful society. Even my father felt the influence of a daughter's presence, and our small family circle showed indications of happiness of which, at a former period, I could not even have dreamt. But an unforeseen event disturbed this happiness soon after I obtained my Fellowship. My father had been for many years, British Vice-Consul at Seville, by which office he was the only representative of the British interest in that town. The Spanish Government having made peace with Republican France, and being in great terror of her power, adopted a most servile tone towards that nation. A French mer-

chant who, during the short and disgraceful war which Spain made against the Republicans, had been infamously treated by the Spanish authorities, attributing his own sufferings and those of his own countrymen resident in Spain, to English influence, availed himself of the sudden turn of Spanish politics, to take revenge on the English Vice-Consul, and thus show the complete ascendancy of his nation. He applied to the French Government, who soon procured an order from that of Spain, obliging my father to retire to the interior of the country, at the distance of sixty or eighty miles from the coast. This was a severe blow to him. The ascetic habits of his mind had deprived it of all energy. Ever since his marriage, the possibility of quitting the immediate neighbourhood of Seville had never been among his thoughts. He felt, besides, most bitterly the injustice and wantonness of this insult: he imagined that it implied a suspicion of his having been guilty of some improper conduct. There was however no help, for the present. Being highly respected by the authorities of the town, he was advised by them to obey without delay: to remove at first to the distance prescribed in the order, and, after a certain time, to return to some of the small country towns near Seville, where they promised not to molest him.

It happened that, at that time, I had been appointed by the College their Commissioner for enquiring into the *Purity of Blood* of a Candidate—a native of *Olvera*, that wild district which I have

noticed in the (I fear) too often quoted work, *Doblado's Letters.* A Clergyman, distantly related to my mother, lived in the less savage part of the mountainous district just mentioned. Taking advantage of this combination of circumstances, my father determined to avail himself of my company, and retire for a few months to the house of his relative. In the mean time arrangements were made for the removal of my mother, my younger sister, and my brother, who was then a boy, to the small town of *Alcalá,* distant about twelve miles from Seville, where my father was to go with the connivance of the authorities at Seville. At the period of which I am about to relate the events, my whole family had been at *Alcalá* for more than a year without ever venturing to appear at Seville except on the day when I performed my first Mass. The distance, however, being inconsiderable, and the situation of the place most beautiful, both myself and the Fellows who had become intimate in my father's house, paid frequent visits to the exiles, and were delighted to find them much the happier for the necessity which had forced them out of Seville into the pure air and cheerful scenery of that romantic spot.

1800. Ætat. 25. Such was the state of things, in regard to myself and my family, when, about the end of May, I was seized with a tertian fever which, from the ignorance of the physicians, went on gaining strength till I could hardly rise from my bed. The origin of that illness has become evident to me in

consequence of the knowledge which my residence in England has given me on subjects totally disregarded by my Spanish contemporaries. My College is at a short distance from the *Guadalquiver*, which, having in the course of years raised its bed, and being, in the rainy part of the Andalusian winter, subject to great floods, threatens almost annually to inundate a great portion of the town. To avert this formidable evil, another, less in degree, but similar in kind, must be endured. The numerous large sewers which open from the town into the river are stopped in order to prevent the rush of the waters, which on such occasions are confined between stone dikes, at a level of between fifteen and twenty feet above the plain of the town. The rain which descends with almost tropical violence, accumulates to such a degree in the lower parts of Seville that boäts are employed in the streets to carry supplies to the inhabitants. One of these great floods having taken place in the winter 1799—1800, we had all the ground floor apartments of the College completely swamped. No precaution being customary in such cases, I removed to the lower or summer Rectoral rooms as soon as the hot weather began. The heat however had produced a *Malaria*, and this brought on the fever. There were none of the fellows resident at this time of the year. I was alone. The College physician employed the usual remedies, without effect; nor indeed could they have any as long as I remained in those infected rooms. It was through the Doctor that I first learned the awful

progress of the epidemic fever which had made its appearance in the suburbs, on the other side of the river; and was now rapidly advancing into the town. Had I remained where I was, I must have perished; for, with the exception of the Porter (a very old man) all the servants, in the College, died.

From this danger I was rescued by the kindness of one of the Fellows.* Hearing of the state of Seville he came from some distance in the country, to urge me to quit the College and join my family at *Alcalá*. Had he given me time for deliberation I should probably have objected. But he came suddenly upon me: a Post-chaise was at the door, and illness had reduced me to that state of helplessness which weakens even the powers of the will. I followed the impulse which had thus unexpectedly been given me, and in a few hours, found myself among my family.

I have elsewhere minutely described the progress of the yellow-fever at Seville, as I learnt it, day by day, at the distance of a few miles. The melancholy

* I am sorry to be under the necessity of withdrawing my thanks from one whom I have reason to believe one of the false friends of my youth. His subsequent conduct convinced me that his apparent kindness arose from interested and dishonest motives. As he was next to me for the Rectorship, my absence from the College made him, as a matter of course, Vice-Rector. He knew that a considerable sum belonging to the College had been paid in, and being aware of the miserable state of my health, hurried me away to my family. At the same time he took possession of the money, without receipt—for such is the custom of Spain among friends. The money was never accounted for.—There is unfortunately nothing strange in this conduct.—Note, 1840.

events which I heard daily, made a deep impression upon my spirits, depressed as they were by the obstinate ague which preyed on my constitution, and gave a gloomy cast to my religious feelings. Expecting hourly the infection at *Alcalá*—which as it provides Seville with one half of the bread it consumes, never interrupted the communication with that market; and fearing the final result of my complaint which the country practitioner who attended me thoroughly mismanaged, I gave up all hopes of life, and resigned myself to an early death. Whenever I could leave my sick-room, I went to the Church of a Nunnery which stood at a short distance from our house. The Church, according to general custom, was open the whole day, but after nine or ten in the morning, scarcely a soul was seen in it. The Nuns were heard, at stated hours, behind the double grating which separates their choir from the body of the Church, chaunting the Breviary; the monotony of their voices encreased the melancholy solemnity of the place. There, seated near one of the graves, I continued for hours, trying to familiarize myself with the idea of death. But though my constitution was never robust, it seems to have been more than moderately endued with the principle of life; for in spite of the ignorance of the physician, and the frequent loss of blood to which he made me submit, the ague left me at the approach of autumn, and my strength returned in a few weeks.

By this time the number of daily deaths at Seville

was fast diminishing. In December there were scarcely any new cases of infection among those who had not quitted the town. But as people ventured in from the country, it was observed that change from a purer atmosphere was frequently fatal. The existing danger was not however of sufficient magnitude to excuse me from venturing to College for the purpose of resigning the Rectorship into the hands of my successor, on the first day of the year. On the 31st of December I returned to Seville, and slept at College, where, besides myself, there were only two other inhabitants. I can hardly conceive a more dismal scene. The streets of Seville were nearly deserted. Haggard looks were still on the countenance of every one you met. Words of congratulation at meeting were forbidden by every thing you saw. I had but little time to see my friends on that day. In the solitude of the College, in the unfurnished Hall of the Rectoral apartments, where hardly a human being had entered during the six preceding months, I determined to pass the night. A truckle bed was set up, and having desired one of the College servants to get another for himself in the anteroom, I tried, but in vain, to compose myself to sleep. Early in the morning the new Rector, who had not ventured to sleep in the town, arrived at College for the purpose of going through the forms prescribed by the Statutes. A superannuated Fellow of the College was the only one whose attendance we could procure at the installation. The new Rector, however, was

too fearful of infection to remain in the town beyond the time absolutely necessary for the ceremony, and he left to me the care of the College. In the course of a week I had lost all apprehension of the yellow fever. The cold season put a complete stop to the disease, and the town began slowly to resume its former aspect.

1801. Early in the spring, the vacancy of a Canonry was announced in the Cathedral of Cadiz, to be filled up by that kind of public competition which in Spanish is called *concurso*, and *concours* in French, though in Spain it is more frequently denominated *oposiciones*, in allusion to the arguments with which the competitors *oppose* each other: indeed the true denomination in Spanish is *concurso de oposiciones*. My friends advised me to show myself on that literary arena, and I felt very willing to enter the lists. I was now going to visit Cadiz in a state of mind very different from that which had made it to me a place of gaiety and amusement. I had therefore to arm myself against the allurements of a dissipated town; and as I could not avoid taking my residence at the house of a relative, with whom I had spent many a merry hour, I knew that my devotional feelings and resolutions would be exposed to a severe test. But I have seldom, if ever, wanted resolution to do that which I conceived to be my duty. My errors in action have generally proceeded from errors in judgment.

On my arrival at Cadiz, and among my old friends, I boldly proclaimed the principles according to which

I had determined to live; and it is but justice to those friends to say, that, with the exception of a few good-natured jokes, they did not trouble or disturb me.

A public trial of learning for a prebendary stall is a matter of general interest in every Spanish town where there is a Cathedral Church. Having more than once been a party concerned in those public exhibitions, I conceive it necessary to describe the nature of a transaction so closely connected with some of the principal events in my life.

A vacancy to be filled up by public competition is announced throughout Spain by notices affixed to the doors of every Cathedral, Collegiate Church, and College. Persons who have taken the degree of *Licentiate* (i. e. who have undergone the examination required for a Doctor's Degree) and Doctors in Divinity or Canon Law, are respectively invited to offer themselves for trial—Divines, for Theological, Canonists for Canon-Law Stalls. Such as wish to stand the trial present themselves to the Members of the Chapter, where the vacancy is to be filled; and are classed by what in Spanish is called *Trincas*—sets of three who are to try their skill against each other.* The members of each *Trinca* are said, in regard to each other, to be *Contrincantes*. On an appointed day the Senior, according to the dates of the degrees, repairs to the Chapter House, at about ten in the morning,

* I have sometimes thought that the word *Tripos*, used at Cambridge, may have originated in a similar custom.

where in the presence of the Dean and the Secretary of the Chapter, he drives a silver knife between the leaves of a closed book, at three different places. The book used for Theological candidates (to whose exercises I mean to confine my account) is, in most cases, the *Master of the Sentences, Petrus Lombardus;* in rather rare instances, the Bible. The pages, on both sides of the three openings of the book are recorded. The Candidate looks over these *lots* (Latinè *sortes*) and chooses one of them for his subject. Having returned to his house, he sends, with scarcely any delay, one or more propositions, in Latin, which he undertakes to defend the next morning. These *Theses* are immediately communicated to the two opponents, and soon after circulated in print.

As the Candidate who is to *lecture* must deliver, in Latin, and from memory, a dissertation of an hour's length, his labour during the intervening four and twenty hours, is hard and incessant. The difficulty however arises chiefly from the custom which forbids having even manuscript notes before you. Were the use of a manuscript allowed, men of common ability might prepare themselves with no great labour. The reason is clear when you consider the course of studies which is required to qualify a man for these competitions. For five consecutive years, a student of Divinity must attend two lectures a day. The class book is in Latin and the lectures themselves are generally in the same language. He is frequently obliged by the Professors to give, *extem-*

pore, an abstract of the portion of the class-book marked out for the day. He has also frequently to oppose or to maintain the doctrines of the class-book; which is done syllogistically and in Latin. Any one who, in spite of this long discipline should not be able to express himself with tolerable fluency, in the language of those theological works, would prove himself either hopelessly dull, or incurably indolent. It is the custom nevertheless, for the sake of some elegance in language and arrangement, to prepare for the public trials, a dissertation in writing, and to take it by heart, during the four and twenty hours allowed for preparation. An amanuensis is therefore in waiting when the candidate returns from choosing his subject. It might be suspected that such an amanuensis would sometimes be procured as could assist the candidate, or even write the dissertation for him. But a person who could take another's composition by heart, in so short a time, and be ready to defend it against his opponent's objections, must be too well acquainted with the subject to need such assistance. The trick would besides soon be known. I will not assert that unfair advantages are never taken in these trials, but this is practised by men who come before the public merely for form's sake. A dunce is not unfrequently tempted by the wish to add the title of *Oppositor* for Prebendary Stalls, to his *Testimonials;* but his chance of success will nevertheless remain as bad as if he had never appeared in public. On the contrary, if he repeats the experiment, he is likely to

become the notorious laughing stock of these meetings; which, indeed seldom fail to afford a day of merriment to the public, at the expense of some confident blockhead.

At the expiration of the four and twenty hours, of which the Candidate seldom gives more than three or four to rest, he appears in the Cathedral, where the members of the Chapter are assembled. A pulpit, exactly like those still used in the Oxford Schools, is placed at one end of an oblong amphitheatre enclosed with benches, at the other end of which is a table, with a silver bell for the President. The area within the benches is generally unoccupied: but, at Cadiz, the gallantry of the Canons, makes it a privileged place for ladies, who, disregarding the circumstance that the greatest part of the exercises is in Latin, attend in great numbers. The Lecturing Candidate, having ascended the pulpit or chair, and the rest of the competitors being seated under it, the exercises begin with the Latin discourse, which must be continued till the President's bell announces the expiration of the hour. After an interval of two or three minutes the bell rings again, and the Senior opponent presents himself in the middle of the amphitheatre. A third signal announces the beginning of the half hour, which he must occupy with his argument against the proposed Theses. Having repeated the words of the proposition which he intends to oppose, he proposes his first syllogism. As the *defendant* has to repeat every syllogism of his opponent, *twice*, first

in order to consider it; the second time to grant, deny or qualify its propositions, accuracy and quickness in this process, have a surprising effect. The proposition denied must be proved by another syllogism, and so on till the end of the half hour. When the junior opponent has gone through a similar exercise, the business of that day is over. If in the course of these arguments some explanation should be required, it may be given in the vulgar language; but conversation which materially interrupts the chain of syllogisms is not creditable.

When all the Candidates have been *Lecturers* and *Opponents*, in turn, the second trial begins. It consists in a Sermon, in Spanish, which must last an hour. The time for preparation is four and twenty hours. Preaching from a Manuscript is quite unknown in Roman Catholic Countries; and the general custom of preaching without that assistance is, of course, followed on these occasions. The *lots*, for subjects, are given as before: the book used for that purpose is an *Evangeliarium*, i. e. a separate collection of the Epistles and Gospels throughout the year.

I would not say anything about my own exercises at Cadiz, were it not for a circumstance which threw me into great trepidation on the day when I was to lecture. I dictated my dissertation without difficulty: but when I attempted to take it by heart, I found, to my great dismay, that my powers of verbal memory had been impaired either by my late illness or by the discontinuance of that practice for some time. Of

course my alarm increased the evil; and, an hour before I was to appear at the Cathedral, in the sight of a great concourse, I could not repeat the first paragraph of my Lecture. To shrink from the trial was irrecoverable ruin to my literary character: to be obliged to stop in the pulpit was a disgrace that would have driven me to distraction.

My relatives and friends, from whom I did not conceal my state, were in the greatest alarm, but urged me to trust my previous knowledge of the subject, and the stimulus which the trying circumstances of the case would most probably give to my mind. My resolution not to shrink was immoveable: my only way to come off without breaking down, was to renounce all idea of recollecting what I had written, and to lecture *extempore*. While I was waiting in the Vestry my knees shook, and my whole frame, exhausted by labour and a bad night, seemed ready to sink; but as I passed through the crowd, on my way to the lecturing seat (Hispanié *Cáthedra*) my fear abated. The signal was given and I began my Lecture, in some alarm; but, before five minutes had elapsed, the whole order and matter of my dissertation, stood clear before my mind's eye. I had certainly to express myself in words which differed from those I had used in writing; but as I perceived that I readily found others, my alarm was changed into confidence. As for answering the arguments which were to follow, habit had given me a dexterity on which I generally grounded my fairest chance of

advantage over my opponents. I believe that upon the whole I came fairly out of my difficulties that day. The Sermon gave me little trouble. I wrote a skeleton of it, which was filled up in the pulpit. As the decision of the Chapter had been taken before the trial, and no one except the successful candidate had any idea of getting the Stall, I was satisfied with the usual compliment, of being made honorary Theological Examiner of the Diocese, and was glad to have made my first appearance as one of the thoroughly educated Clergy, who look up for preferment to these exhibitions of learning.

Neither the picture of my own character, nor that of the country whose opposite religious aspects were, at two different periods, most vividly reflected on my mind, would be complete, without a brief notice of the *devotional* party, then existing at Cadiz; and which, as connected with that of Father Vega at Seville, recognised me as a brother.

The head and leader of the Cadiz Pietists was a clergyman called *Padre Santa Maria.* This was his family name. I must here observe by the way that the addition of *Padre* which all over Spain is peculiarly bestowed on Monks and Friars, was given at Cadiz to secular clergymen who either officially, or by choice, devoted themselves to the cure of souls, i. e. preaching, and the confessional. The father of *Padre Santa Maria* had been a wealthy merchant, whom the king raised to a rank corresponding to that of the English Baronets, with the title of *Marques*

de las Torres. I must also inform you that the styles of Marquis, Count and Viscount, do not imply the rank of Peer or Grandee, though the Grandees themselves use these titles in preference to that of *Duke,* (which is confined to Grandees) if the latter happens to be of a comparatively recent date in their families. *Padre Santa Maria* having inherited his father's wealth and title, devoted the whole influence of both to the promotion of *Pietism** in his native town. In the pursuit of this object he purchased a subterraneous chapel which from its situation, was called *La Cueva,* i. e. the *Den* or *Cave.* I believe that such *Crypts* are found in other Spanish towns, where, as it happens at Cadiz, they afford a suitable locality for ascetic exercises. Women are excluded from such places; but the number of laymen who frequented the *Cueva* amounted to some hundreds. *Santa Maria,* when I became acquainted with him, had been many years at the head of that congregation. He was a man of affable manners, and very polite to all who visited him; but extreme corpulency had afforded him a fair excuse for never returning visits. Close to the subterraneous chapel, he had built an excellent house, for his own dwelling. Having great wealth at his command, he next purchased the buildings which stood over the *Cueva,* and, on the site, erected one of the prettiest chapels I ever was in.

* I propose henceforward to avoid the use of such words as *Religion, Piety* when I speak of the very imperfect, not to say vicious, forms of external behaviour and practices to which those names are usually given.

It was a small *Rotunda,* of the finest marble, receiving all the light through a *cupola.* The entrance from the street was contrived to shew that the building was not entirely public. Females, those great disturbers of the peace of all Roman Catholic Saints, were totally excluded; and, though men of all classes were admitted, few but the frequenters of the *Cueva* ever came there but once, to satisfy their curiosity. None indeed but people deeply impressed with religious notions could have endured the profound silence of the place, and the sameness of the religious ceremonies there performed. Roman Catholics are accustomed to music, in all their places of worship; here there was none. The chapel was exclusively used for Masses, performed in whispers scarcely audible to the Priest himself, and for private confessions. These practices continued from six or seven till about ten every morning. Four priests sat continually in splendid confessional-boxes to hear those who wished to prepare for the communion, which, contrary to common use, but more in conformity with the original practice of the church, was administered immediately after the celebrating priest had received the *elements.* From the very entrance of the place to the vestry behind the altar, there was an air of repose which irresistibly won the mind from the turmoils of the world. Yet every object that met the eye was of such a character as to check the tendency of *Pietism* towards gloom and fear. At the top of the second flight of steps which led from the

porch to the body of the chapel, there stood between two side doors of the most elegant Greek form, a statue of Jesus, as large as life, in the character of the Good Shepherd, bearing a sheep on his shoulders, and looking mildly on those that approached. The marble that covered the interior of the *Rotunda*, and the columns of the same material which supported it, were of that variegated kind which combines richness with delicacy, and is especially suited to buildings of small dimensions. The Priestly vestments were of the most costly description, and the Sacramental plate was embossed with precious stones. All people present knelt on the marble floor in an attitude of the profoundest devotion, and meditation. There was no preaching in the chapel. Every one might come in, and depart at his own discretion. Every thing appeared as if the munificent founder of this spiritual recess had intended to copy the plan of the ancient mysteries. It was in the upper chapel that those who had passed through the gloom of the *Cave*, were to enjoy the contemplative repose for which they had been prepared by a severe discipline of penance and terror. But this similarity was not the result of design. *Santa Maria* was an ignorant person, who probably had never heard any thing about the ancient mysteries. A greater or less likeness will always be found in the expressions of the same natural tendencies of the human mind, which assume various forms under various circumstances. Modern devotion is only one of the infinitely varied

exhibitions of that combination of mental phenomena which the Phrenologists (very conveniently for the purposes of language on such matters, though probably without any sound physiological foundation) attribute to the organ of VENERATION.

The *Cave* was indeed the very reverse of the building I have described. Having descended about twenty steps below the street, you entered a long gallery supported by two rows of dwarfish columns. At the farthest end from the entrance there was an Altar with a large Crucifix upon it: a small space was railed in, in front of the Crucifix, and another near the door: in the latter recess there was a large wooden seat and a desk for the director. The people sat on several rows of benches; placed lengthways between the priest and the Crucifix. Lamps were so sparingly used that, from the director's seat, even the faces of those nearest to him were hardly distinguishable. The meetings at this place were held three times a week, after sunset. The devotional exercises were exactly the same as those in use at St. Philip, of Seville: meditation, preaching, and *self-flagellation*—the most absurd and disgusting of all Roman Catholic practices. Two priests were in attendance, sitting in the confessional boxes to afford people an opportunity of accusing themselves of sins which they would feel reluctant to acknowledge where they might be known by the priest.

Though fully determined, at that time, to conquer my natural distaste for those ascetic practices, yet I

could not so completely prevail upon my natural prejudices, as to be a frequent attendant at the *Cave*. I attended there but once, and that was for the purpose of preaching. Father *Santa Maria* had requested me to perform that part of the Service, and I could not properly decline the invitation. After the usual time employed in meditation, during which he uttered from time to time the short sentences called *ejaculations* (*Jaculatorias*), I took his place in the chair. To preach in a sitting posture is unusual, and to address an almost invisible congregation, without manuscript, for nearly an hour and a half, is so like speaking to one's self in a dream, that wanting previous practice, I must have given very little satisfaction. But whatever may have been the soporific tendency of my discourse (for the length of which, however, I was not answerable, since I only followed the rules of the place), the good people there assembled had a most effectual method of rousing themselves after the Sermon. I will describe the flagellation as far as it bears description.

Directly after the Sermon, two Priests, each bearing a large bundle of knotted scourges made of whipcord, paced up and down the subterranean Chapel, furnishing every one present with one of those instruments of penance. After this, all the lights were extinguished, except a small taper, which was concealed in a dark lantern. When perfect darkness had been produced, one of the Priests chaunted in a wailing voice a short narrative of Christ's sufferings.

The devotees were in the mean time removing that part of the dress which stood in the way of the lashes which they intended to inflict upon themselves. Previous however to the intended revenge on the sinful flesh, the pious self-tormentors interrupted their invisible stripping, to give themselves a sound slap on the face, when the singing priest mentioned a similar blow inflicted on Christ by the High Priest's servant. The narrative being ended, the *Miserere* was set up in a louder voice, and the whips, clashing quickly and loudly against the bare flesh, accompanied the melody with the strangest Thorough Bass imaginable. The zeal of the flagellants waxed hot as the operation proceeded; I have, indeed, seen the walls sprinkled with blood in churches where this practice prevails. The noise of the lashes might be supposed to grow less as the Psalm (the verses of which are alternately chaunted by the congregation and the Priest) approaches to the conclusion; but it is not so. I confess that at the recollection of that conclusion, feelings of scorn, pity, and indignation are strangely mixed in my breast. The frantic clamours raised all at once by two or three hundred voices, in such screams as the sight of the bottomless pit yawning before them might wring from the creatures who saw the first undeniable evidence of their eternal misery; the increased violence of the blows, the sighs, loud sobbing, and cries for pardon—all this wild noise re-echoed in perfect darkness by the walls and vaults of the chapel, surpasses in horror,

everything which the Novelists have imagined for the purpose of terrifying their readers. A repeated loud clapping of the priest's hands, puts an end to the flagellation. After a pause of about five minutes, allowed for clothing, the dark lantern is opened, and the lamps rekindled.

I have described this shocking and disgusting practice without exaggeration. It is by no means unusual. The *Pietists* (the class which corresponds to our *Evangelicals*)* in every town of Spain, consider it as indispensable; the Confessors prescribe it; and the Church gives it her sanction by praising the *Saints* who have most immoderately used the scourge against themselves.

But it is time to end this episode and return to the narrative of my life.

Soon after I returned to Seville, a vacancy took place in the Chapel Royal of St. Ferdinand. This vacancy was to be filled up according to the same method of public competition as that which I have described. My family were strongly in favour of my offering myself as a Candidate; but that was not to be done without some opposition on the part of my College.

As the chief strength of that Society lay in the influence of such of the Fellows as had obtained high situations in the Church and the Law, the most intimate connection was studiously preserved between

* [Perhaps more nearly to the Oxford School of *Anglo-Catholics*.—Ed.]

the actual and the former Members of the College. Hence the practice of calling to the College Meetings, on business connected with the general interests of the Society, every former Member who happened to be at Seville. At the time of which I am speaking there were two of them settled at Seville—the Senior Judge of all the Spanish Tribunals (a man of great authority and powerful connections), and a Canon of the Cathedral, who, some years before, had obtained one of what we might call the *Literary Stalls*, during his actual Fellowship. The latter partook of a feeling of jealousy common to all the Chapter of the Cathedral against that of the Chapel Royal. It will not be uninteresting to give some account of the origin of that feeling.

A Chapter consisting of a President and twelve Chaplains was founded by king Ferdinand III., called the *Saint*, immediately after the conquest of Seville from the Mahometans, in 1248; and that body of clergy were installed in a part of the Moorish Mosque (now consecrated into a Christian temple), which was divided from the rest as a chapel for the king and his family. A body of Statutes, and grants of tithes and other property, were secured to this establishment by a Royal Charter, which conferred several privileges on the Chaplains. About the beginning of the 14th century the Chapter of the Cathedral, who had greatly increased in wealth by a rapid rise in the value of land and its produce, undertook to erect the present building on the site of the

Moorish Mosque, and connect the famous Moorish tower with the body of the new Cathedral as its steeple. Before they pulled down the old edifice they engaged to erect a splendid chapel at the east end of the new church for the exclusive use of the Royal family and their Chaplains. The building of the new Cathedral, however, was carried on so slowly that it occupied full one hundred years. In the mean time, the office of Chaplains to the King being discharged by the Prebendaries, the promised separate building was forgotten, till the Crown demanded the fulfilment of the engagement long after the new Cathedral was finished. It was, I believe, in the early part of the 17th century, that the Chapel Royal was built—a structure of large dimensions, though not in the best taste—and the separate and independent Chapter of Chaplains restored to their office and privileges. This independent body within the precincts of the Church, became, from that time, an eye-sore to the Chapter of the Cathedral; and it was with difficulty that this spirit of rivalry was kept from breaking out, especially in my time, when one of the Prebendaries had resigned his stall to be appointed President or Dean of St. Ferdinand's Chapter. When therefore the opinion of the College was taken as to the propriety of my appearing as a Candidate, for the vacant Chaplainship, our former Fellow, now Canon of the Cathedral, opposed it on the ground that the place in question was not quite adequate to the rank which the College had hitherto demanded

for its Members. The objection was however overruled, and I began to prepare myself for the day of trial, in great confidence of success.

In the mean time two other Candidates appeared, who, in different ways, made that success doubtful—the one from his real, though overrated abilities; the other from his influence at Court, and his intimate friendship with the Dean of the Royal Chapel, a man of consummate abilities for intrigue which, under the cloak of the most ardent zeal for religion, he employed most unscrupulously for his purposes. Fortunately his *protégé* was a young man of no talent and of rather low connections; but his Father held a situation, at the *Alcazar*, i. e. the Royal Palace at Seville, and had apartments in it, which during a visit of the Royal Family, a few years before, had been occupied by the Queen's First Lady of the Bed Chamber. This circumstance had enabled the family of my rival to obtain a promise of support whenever the young man should be of sufficient standing for preferment.

My other opponent was a person of so peculiar a character, and, at one time, so intimately connected with me, that, though in the preceding part of this narrative, the order of events required my noticing him, I nevertheless thought it best to delay the mention of him till I could give his picture at full length.

Don E. V. made his appearance at the University of Seville the very year when I began the study of

Divinity. He was a native of Cadiz, and had made his study of Philosophy at the Episcopal Seminary of that city. Having incorporated his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Seville, we were matriculated as students of Divinity, I believe, on the same day. V—— was two or three years older than myself, and had already received the order of Sub-Deacon. His appearance was engaging, his conversation lively, his manners those of a man of the world, and his style of living showy and fashionable, rather above the common standard of the other students, not natives of the town. But who he was, no one knew. Both his Christian name, and his surname denoted a foreign extraction. His mother, we heard, was a widow. But had his father been a merchant, a tradesman? No one could answer these questions. Even natives of Cadiz could not, or would not tell: I was myself at Cadiz and could not learn anything about my friend. He came, however, highly recommended for his abilities; and as he knew how to make the most of whatever advantages—external or internal—he possessed, the whole class, of which both he and I were members, agreed to consider him as unquestionably the first man among us. I believe that envy does not enter into the catalogue of my faults. At the opening of the course V—— was appointed *Bedel* (Beadle) of the school (a title of distinction, in the Spanish Universities, which places a student at the head of the whole class immediately under the Professor): the secondary honour of *Sub-*

Bedel was allotted to me. I was however so far from taking offence, that I thought myself highly honoured in acting as V——'s second. My only ambition was to gain his esteem and friendship. Besides the daily opportunities of attaining this object, his speaking a little English became, for a time, a kind of link between us:—I say, *for a time*; for (as my subsequent acquaintance with the true character of the man convinced me) no sooner did he perceive my superiority on that point, than he carefully avoided all mention of English. It is indeed evident that V—— conceived a strong jealousy of me from the moment we were brought near each other. But, as nothing could be more sincere than my admiration of him, the effects of that jealousy were somewhat kept in check for some years.

When our private studies in classical Literature were established, at Arjona's rooms, V—— was invited. Here again, I have reason to believe, he had a fresh subject of mortification. *I* became Arjona's favourite; *V*—— continued only his acquaintance. I could write some Poetry; V—— had not a grain of poetry or taste in him. He was supposed to write very good Latin; and yet he seldom used it; I did not pretend to come up to him, but did not miss any opportunity to improve myself, in that originally neglected part of my education. V—— perceived and weighed all this with uneasiness; as to myself, the superiority which I conceived he had over me never raised in my breast the least feeling of jealousy.

When the private Academy of *Belles-Lettres,* already mentioned, was established, V—— assumed the same precedence which he had claimed at the schools of Divinity, and which I never thought of disputing. But though his art and policy were perfect, the good opinion of the other members began to fail him. It was indeed impossible that when the talents of *Lista* and *Reynoso* were every day asserting their high rank, a man who had not a particle of genius could by any kind of artifice maintain a post which he owed entirely to our simplicity and ignorance of the world.

While V—— was gradually declining in the estimation of others, my affection for him made me quite blind to all his faults. At an early period of my acquaintance I had introduced him to my family, where by means of his insinuating manners he had gained my mother's esteem. During the last year of our attendance at the Divinity class, V——, now in Priest's Orders, had found himself in difficulties about lodgings. I seized this opportunity to prevail upon my mother to allow him to share my bed-room (a practice very common in Spain) and make use of my study; and for several months I lived with him as if he had been my brother. But this intimacy only contributed to embitter that evil spirit which from the beginning of our intercourse had taken possession of his mind. Had not the deep-seated wickedness of his heart—I actually stop to consider whether it be possible to treat the memory of that unfortunate man with more tenderness—had not his

evil passions betrayed him into a complete exposure of himself, I should never have thought it possible that any man could harbour such malice in his breast against me. His first object was to deprive me of my mother's love by all manner of falsehoods and misrepresentations; all under colour of watching over my spiritual safety. Another part of his plan was, to divert me from every study in which he feared I was likely to surpass him. Thus while I expected that his company would contribute to my improvement, I never passed a more unprofitable period.

But what seems to have driven him into the highest paroxysm of envy was the probability of my obtaining a Fellowship at the College which I have frequently mentioned before. The moment this was proposed he applied (as I afterwards learnt) to the then Rector of the College, who had been our first Professor of Divinity, to try whether he also could obtain admission. This was however impossible. Unjust, and highly vexatious as the objection was, public opinion, and the welfare of the College, which entirely rested on that opinion, made the objection insurmountable. Nobody knew who V—— was; he seemed to have sprung from the earth; he certainly did not belong to the Class out of which the vacancies in the College were filled; and to admit him under such circumstances would have lowered the rank of the College: no gentleman, by birth, would, after that, have offered himself as a Candidate.

It happened during the interval of more than a

year which elapsed between my being appointed and actually admitted, that, while the documents relating to the various branches of my family were collecting, V—— left us for Cadiz, where he was to spend his long vacation. He was requested to bring, on his return, some papers which were in the possession of some of my Irish relations on the side of my paternal grandmother. The papers were delivered to him; but we were not made acquainted with the fact. It was during this interval, that V——'s real character came to light, in the manner which I am about to state, and as, on his return, he did not venture to show his face among us, we did not think of asking for the documents which he had undertaken to convey. Fortunately they were not particularly wanted. Had they been essential to my admission, V—— would have had the satisfaction of preventing it; for it is clear that he destroyed them.

The time of his exposure was now arrived. Had he not complicated his plans beyond his power of directing the result—had he not attempted the blackest villany, as a mere episode to his plot, he might have indulged his malice much longer. But there was not one of my intimate friends whom he had not secretly calumniated, in order to have no rival in my mother's esteem. He wished to enjoy the most complete ascendency over her mind; for he had designs which required her being utterly blind in regard to him, at least for a time. My younger sister, a timid young woman, who had been brought up in a convent, and

had mixed little in society, was living at home. In spite of her extreme modesty, in spite of a high sense of principle, which appeared in all her words and actions, V—— formed a plan to assail her virtue. How soon she discovered his real designs, I know not: but no sooner had he quitted our house than all the truth came out against him. On his return to Seville he hid himself from us, and from all the friends of our family, in a retired part of the town.

By this time he had exhausted his pecuniary resources. Fallen from his ambitious hopes, he now turned to a Curacy for subsistence. The Archbishop of Seville was, at that time, endeavouring to raise the *working* Clergy of his Diocese to a respectable rank: and, having contrived to encrease the salaries of Curates, he also demanded higher qualifications for that office. With this view he established public trials of theological knowledge, somewhat on the plan of those which I have already described. V—— offered himself as a Candidate, and obtained a Curacy in one of the twenty-five Parishes into which Seville is divided. His Church was nearly in the suburbs, a circumstance rather in accordance with his position, as it enabled him to live in obscurity.

I cannot exactly recollect the time that elapsed between this appointment and his appearing as my opponent for the *Magistral** stall in the Chapel Royal. I had not, however, met him since the time

* This word is derived from *Magister*, and alludes to the office of preaching which belongs to the person who occupies that stall.

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when, self-accused, he absconded from my family and friends, till the day when we appeared in the Chapel, as rivals. We had to wait together in the Chapter House till the Chaplains assembled. I addressed him a few words of common civility, and we proceeded to our exercises.

Of the relative merit of our performances I cannot, of course, give any opinion. But I believe we were nearly equal in the Latin exercises and disputations. The other competitor was so decidedly inferior, that it would have been useless to establish a comparison. Several of the Chaplains had requested the attendance of persons considered eminent Divines, in order to have the benefit of their opinion. I believe I owed my final success to their favourable report. But there remained the last trial—the Sermon, which as I stated before, was to be prepared in four and twenty hours. My turn came before V——'s. *Lista* was my amanuensis, and I faithfully dictated to him a discourse long enough to last an hour. I did not attempt to learn it *verbatim*; but read it so often that I had the whole of it plainly before my mind. The 5th chapter of the Acts was my *lot*. As I had for some time been reading French books on the Christian Evidence (a subject on which, at that period I had begun to have doubts) I took for my text the speech of Gamaliel to the Jewish Council, and endeavoured to prove the truth of Christianity from the circumstances of its establishment. This was rather new at Seville, and I believe the Sermon was well

received. But as Sermons, in Spain, are generally taken by heart, the hearers are accustomed to a terseness of periods which an *extempore* delivery can seldom attain. I could certainly speak without hesitation; but it was out of my power to give the character of an elaborate speech to a discourse so hastily prepared. My surprise was therefore very great when, two days after, I heard from V—— a discourse of great merit not only as to matter but style. The periods were always perfect in structure; sometimes they were eloquent. I knew, however, that he had always laboured under a want of mental power to arrange a subject. I had witnessed, on one occasion, that after spending a whole month in writing the introductory part of a Dissertation, he gave it up in despair, having found, after trying many starting points, that the more he wrote the farther he found himself from the main subject. Here therefore was a most extraordinary change in this man's mind; but, strange as it was, it might be true; and I had no ground on which to charge him with foul play. He might indeed have enjoyed his ill-obtained triumph but for one of the audience (I do not remember who it was) who, having a taste for French Sermons, happened to recollect that the one which V—— had preached was to be found in a Spanish translation of Bourdaloue which was not much read at Seville. With a zeal for fair dealing, which is as general among the audience at these trials, as in the rings formed in England for two chance combatants,

this person hastened to a Fellow of my College with the volume from which V——'s discourse had been borrowed. He could not have placed it in better hands, for *Peñaranda* (who, according to our Statutes, had been *superannuated* some years before) enjoyed for life a set of rooms in the College and, having nothing to do, passed his whole time in visiting and being the grand vehicle of all the chit-chat of the town. With the volume of Sermons under his arm, he dropt in upon one of the Chaplains who was as idle and as fond of gossip as himself—showed him the plagiarism as a mere matter of curiosity, and laughed at the trick. The next day, however, the fact was known all over the town; and the unfortunate V—— had to endure this fresh defeat on the side of the man he had constantly endeavoured to injure by unfair means, and whom he might have fairly rivalled in a long race of emulation.

The judgment of the Chapter in Churches of *Royal Patronage* is not final. The names of two Candidates are submitted to the Crown, as best and next best. It is, however, almost a settled point, in practice, that the Candidate who is proposed in the first place is to be appointed. My friends were now sure of a decided majority in my favour; and the public was on my side. But there was an underhand intrigue going on which placed my final appointment in jeopardy. The President or Dean of the Royal Chapel, finding himself unable to uphold his dull *protégé* against me, cajoled the Chaplains into

the following arrangement. Out of twelve votes, I was to have *ten*, as first Candidate; the unfortunate V—— was to have the two remaining, merely that he might not be turned adrift unnoticed. But as the President's friend was a good young man, he urged that it was of importance to his future prospects that he should be *unanimously* proposed in the *second* place. The result of the judgment was published in conformity with this plan; and there was no doubt entertained but that the Royal Patent would be sent to me in the course of a few weeks. But in the mean time, the crafty President of the Chapter had forwarded a private remonstrance, which was to be put into the hands of the Queen. My friends fortunately received an intimation of this base intrigue, and I believe that the Minister, (who, being a native of Seville, knew all the parties,) having informed himself of the circumstances, dissuaded my rival's patrons at Court from insisting on such a glaring act of injustice as they were urging upon him. My appointment put an end, for the present, to the hopes of my dull rival. But the strange results of the political convulsions, at the time of Napoleon's invasion, raised him suddenly to a Canonry in the Cathedral. He enjoyed it, however, a short time, having died soon after my quitting Spain.

The end of the unfortunate V—— was truly melancholy. Distressed in pecuniary matters, harassed by violent passions, and unpractised in restraining them by a sense of duty, he involved himself in fresh

difficulties every day. His conduct became offensive to his parishioners, to whom it was no secret that he lived on terms of intimacy with his Clerk's wife. Without friends, without means of decent subsistence, he continued in wretchedness for about a year, at the end of which he was suddenly seized with a violent fever which soon put an end to his unfortunate life.

My pity for his misfortunes made me appear at his funeral—a mark of sympathy which the customs of the south of Spain demand even upon a slight acquaintance with the deceased, or with the *mourners*. I do not recollect who acted in that capacity, for he had no relations, and his old friends had disowned him. But the common feeling, on such occasions, is kind and generous. The University of Seville considers itself bound to assist in doing the last honours to every one of its members. V—— was a *Master of Arts*. A high structure of wood covered with black baize, and lighted up with large Wax-torches was, as usual, placed in the middle of the Church. The Silver Maces of the University were laid crossways on the top of this temporary *tumulus* (the Spanish name is *tumulo*) at the height of about twenty feet. The *Mourners*, placed on the right hand, rose at the approach of every one who, having attended part of the service, came to express his condolence by a bow. As I stood for a moment paying this act of respect to the memory of a person whom I had loved, and never ceased to pity, my feelings were so

excited, that an accident, trifling in itself, which took place at that moment made me tremble with superstitious horror. One of the Maces, at the top of the structure, gliding off from its place fell within a few inches of the back of my head. It could not have hurt me much, unless it had fallen upon my uncovered head; but there was something horrible in this, as it seemed, posthumous act of hostility, this manifestation of inextinguishable hatred.—*Requiescat in pace.**

* Aware as I am that it is more difficult to understand foreign *manners* than foreign *languages*, I think it necessary to add a few words respecting the conduct of the Priest V—— in my own family. It will, no doubt, be a matter of surprise to English readers that my sister did not expose the villany of the false friend whom I had made our inmate, the moment she had a sufficient ground to suspect his design. This surprise, however, would arise from their ignorance of the effects which the established celibacy of the Clergy produces on the feelings even of the most strict persons, in exclusively Roman Catholic countries. A man who, at the age of one and twenty, has incautiously placed himself under an inflexible law which dooms him to perpetual celibacy, may, in spite of many efforts, conceive a strong attachment for a young woman whom he honours and respects, and to whom he would offer marriage if, at any risk or by any sacrifice, he could be released from the tyranny of the Ecclesiastical law which the civil Magistrate supports with all his power. Under such circumstances, every honest man will, of course, feel it his duty to conceal his attachment, and fly from the person whom his love cannot but injure. But suppose him deficient in the heroic devotion to duty which this conduct demands: suppose him betrayed into a declaration of his hopeless passion. Can such a declaration be taken as an *insult? He* unquestionably insults a woman who, being free to marry her, proposes only to degrade her; or who talks to her of love when a previous solemn engagement must make that love an act of base treachery. In such cases a modest woman will be moved with bitter indignation, by a kind of instinctive feeling. But in the case of a Roman Catholic Priest (unless wanton profligacy be quite apparent) all that can be expected from female virtue is stern discouragement

1802. Ætat. 27. I might now consider myself at the age of seven and twenty not only in possession of what might afford me an honourable and comfortable subsistence, but also within the reach of higher preferment by the same fair and independent means which had procured me that which I possessed. Indeed my advancement to the highest dignities of the Church would have been almost a matter of course had not my mind gradually conceived a decided aversion to the Clerical profession, or had the temper of my mind allowed me to conceal that aversion.

The history of my change from a sincere belief of

and strict caution. Such are the natural consequences of the law of *Celibacy*—that most wicked and mischievous part of the Romanist system. Besides (as if to add evil to evil and danger to danger) the practical books on Morality abound in strong invectives against every word or action that can tarnish the reputation of a Member of the Clergy; and the Clergy themselves, in the Confessional, are the advisers of females who feel distressed between a growing danger to their virtue, and the fear of exposing a Priest by the measures which may be necessary to stop his importunities. But I will not dwell any longer on this painful subject; though the truly angelic purity of my sister, of one who sacrificed her life to the perverted notions of Christian perfection prevalent among Catholics—would give me confidence to proceed without the least fear of raising any individual suspicion by the description of the imminent danger to which Spanish females are generally exposed. The Church of Rome—her clergy, high and low, are fully aware of the evils which the law of celibacy produces. Their support of that odious law is not a sin of ignorance. Nothing I might say would be new to them; and nothing, I can foresee, will ever induce them voluntarily to stop that abundant source of demoralization. If the Government of Spain should become sufficiently independent of the Priesthood, it might pass a law, allowing all persons to marry; leaving it to the Members of the Clergy to settle with themselves whether they wished to obey or not the law of the Church.

the Roman Catholic Creed to a total disbelief of Christianity, has been faithfully recorded in my works on Romanism. I do not feel disposed to repeat that narrative here, and much less to accuse myself of that rejection as of a grievous crime. My rejection of Christianity was the necessary result of a free examination of that spurious, but admirably contrived, form in which I had received it. I did not deny Christianity in order to live without a moral law. My change was not the effect of vicious inclinations, or immoral practices. My conduct was perfectly correct when in spite of the most earnest efforts to resist conviction, I found conviction irresistible. In rejecting Christianity as an imposture, I was certainly wrong; but I cannot discover how it could be possible, in *my circumstances*, to have separated pure Christianity from the mass of error and deceit which concealed it from my eyes. The attentive study which for a quarter of a century I have made of the subject has only within a few months before the time when I am copying my original Manuscript* enabled me fully to separate the erro-

* I am copying the original MS. which I wrote at Oxford, in my residence at Liverpool about ten months after the resolution which produced my separation from the Archbishop of Dublin and his family. I feel every day more convinced that as long as I submitted to the yoke (lightly though I bore it) of a Church Creed, I was not in a fair condition to take a correct view of the complicated and much obscured subject of Religion. Let no one who calls himself Member of an establishment think that he shall be able to judge correctly of such matters. A single pledge given invalidates our judgment.—[Note in 1835.]

neous from the true portion of what is called Christianity among us. And what a portentous mountain of deception, superstition and prejudice have I had to remove! How then could I have been able in Spain to go through such a delicate and laborious examination, especially under the deep seated impressions received in the course of my education, that either the Roman Catholic system was a pure, unmixed, unerring Revelation from heaven, given to man as a whole and perfect system of Supernatural Truth, or Christianity itself must be false! But let us proceed.

On my being elected to the Royal Chapel I went to live with my parents; an arrangement which delighted them, and saved me the trouble of keeping house. My younger sister continued at home, and was to me a delightful companion. But by this time the health of my other sister (who had now for several years been a professed Nun) had been rapidly declining, evidently in consequence of the sedentary and confined manner of life to which her vows restricted her. It is however a consolation to me that she never repined. I saw her on her deathbed three days before she expired. The recollection of that interview brings still tears to my eyes. She was calm and cheerful: yet she was not supported by enthusiastic feelings. She saw death approaching, but she did not fear. No doubts agitated, no raptures emboldened her. I parted from her nearly choked with suppressed feeling: a tear glittered in her beautiful eyes as she smiled her last to me.

My then surviving sister was, by the constitution of her mind, doomed to severer trials. Under a placid manner she had very acute feelings. Though she had left the convent, her earnestness in regard to religious subjects had not suffered the least diminution. Hitherto however, she had given no indications of morbid anxiety upon religious topics, but about this time her health began to decline; hysteric symptoms appeared, and she seemed to be gradually drooping: still there was no ground for serious alarm, and our family circle continued tolerably happy.

Who could have thought that in these circumstances, and just at the period when I was most seriously and conscientiously employed in the duties of my profession, a moral and intellectual storm would fall upon me, which would at once sweep away all the religious impressions so industriously and so long inculcated on my mind; which was to make the prospect of honours and emoluments in the Church odious to me, and a residence in my native country perfectly intolerable? Yet, so it was, in spite of a most determined resistance on my part.

At length the moment arrived when, by the deliberate admission of the fact that the *Church had erred,* I came at once to the conclusion at which every sincere Roman Catholic, in similar circumstances, must arrive. I concluded that Christianity could not be true. This inference was not properly my own. The Church of Rome had most assiduously prepared me to draw it.

When I recovered from the trepidation which this violent change had produced, my thoughts were turned to the difficult circumstances of my situation. How was I to act? To be a hypocrite, Nature had put out of my power, even if it had been my wish to act in that character. To relinquish my profession was impossible: the law of the country forbids it, and construes a voluntary relinquishment of all priestly offices into a proof of heresy, punishable with death. Unless I quitted the country, my acting as a priest was inevitable. But how could I expatriate myself without giving a death-blow to my parents? Could any thing justify a step which must be attended by such consequences?

Agitated by these conflicting views, my mind and heart clung to the idea, that the most worthy men of antiquity must have found themselves in a case analogous to mine. "If (said I to myself) they conformed to the external rites of their country, and worshipped God in their hearts, why should I not do the same?* I will not put myself forward in the Church. I will not affect zeal; whatever trust is put in me, as a Confessor, I will conscientiously prove

* This was a false analogy. The ancient religions were not proposed as *true*, but as *the best* for the country which professed them. Christianity, on the contrary, in all its forms, is presented as a collection of divinely authorised truths. Whoever professes it must be supposed to be sincere in this belief. If the Law of a country demanded certain external acts (not immoral in themselves) as the religion of that country, an honest man might obey the Law in this as in many other points, on which the Law is far from perfection. But when a man is required to declare his belief in the truth of certain propositions, he is dishonest unless he really believes what he professes.

myself worthy of. I will urge people to observe every moral duty. I will give them the best advice in their difficulties, and comfort them in their distresses."

Such were the resolutions I made, and which indeed I *always* kept in regard to the confidence reposed in my priestly office. In that respect I may positively and confidently assert that I never availed myself of the privileges of my priesthood for any thing immoral. But the theory on which I built my hopes of philosophical devotion was doomed to be soon upset.

My acquaintance had been enlarged a short time before this period in consequence of a Sermon which I had preached in the Royal Chapel, on an occasion of peculiar interest at Seville. The Brigade of Royal Carabineers (a highly distinguished cavalry corps) had been quartered at Seville. Their patron Saint was St. Ferdinand, whose body (real or pretended)* was worshipped in the King's Chapel. This circumstance induced the Carabineers to request permission to have a high Mass performed at the Altar where the body of the Saint is kept. The request was granted, and the officers of the Brigade invited me to preach the Sermon. Being at that time troubled by

* There is no reason to doubt the identity of the skeleton. The deception lies in the solemnly asserted preservation of the whole body. I am convinced that this was originally a wilful *imposture*. Now the imposture is perpetuated by fear, which prevents examination, and by the connivance of those who are aware of the imposture. The latter is the case, I believe, with the inferior clergy of the chapel, who come nearer the body when lighting candles, &c. than the chaplains.

doubts against Christianity, I endeavoured to confirm my wavering belief by directing my discourse against religious Scepticism. But little real good could be expected from such a Sermon as my studies had prepared me to write. Most of the defences I had read were declamatory, or sentimental, such as the *Genie du Christianisme*. Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Flechier, were my models for eloquence. They are certainly admirable writers; and I had learned from them the art, at least, of ornamental composition. Instruction was not my object, nor would it have been acceptable to my audience. My aim therefore was to give them a Discourse in the style of the *Oraisons Funébres*. The Sermon was much applauded, and printed at the expence of the Brigade for their own use. Such is the manner in which a preacher is complimented in Spain, on similar occasions. Some of the officers solicited my acquaintance. One of these was married to a most amiable young woman, and his rooms at the Barracks were very much frequented by people of fashion. Here I became acquainted with a member of the Upper Clergy, a man of great reading, and secretly a most decided disbeliever in all religion. Through him I was introduced to another Dignitary—a man much older than either of us—who had for many years held an office of great influence in the Diocese; but who now lived in a very retired way. He was also a violent Anti-Christian, as I subsequently found. But I should never have known the opinions

of my new friends, had not the change which took place in myself, just at that time, shown to them that they might trust me with their secret. That they were not of the bigotted party, was evident to me; else I should not have ventured to betray my state of mind in their presence. But as I gradually opened my views, they encouraged me to speak out. I well remember the occasion when I expressed my new views to the elder, in the presence of the younger of these two ecclesiastics. The elderly clergyman whose manner was habitually sedate and dignified broke out into an impassioned answer which struck me with astonishment. His language against the Gospel was violent in the highest degree: he charged the religion of Christ with all the bloodshed of religious persecution; with all the vices of the clergy; with all the degradation of various countries, and especially that of our own. He concluded by telling me that, as I had just begun to emerge out of a bottomless gulph of prejudice and superstition, I could not have a correct view of things, till I had furnished my mind with historical facts, and other information which had hitherto been out of my reach.* He then offered me the use of his secret library. My

* In proportion to the encrease of my experience has my feeling of toleration—I might say sympathy—with persons like my old Spanish friends, of this description, been enlarged. Why should one be surprised to find such charges brought against Christianity, in such a country as Spain, when even in England the mind is often staggered by the multitude of evils which every form of Orthodox Christianity is daily and hourly producing among us? Is not my heart aching at this moment from the inflictions of the orthodox spirit? Oct. 1835.

younger friend did the same. The latter possessed a very large collection of French prohibited works.

With indefatigable industry I now gave myself up to that kind of reading. The danger in which we were from the Inquisition only gave a relish to the stolen waters of which I was drinking so deep. We once had reason to suspect that a search was intended by the *Holy Tribunal*; and as the books could not be entrusted to servants, we ourselves conveyed a great number of volumes from the house of my younger friend to my own, repeatedly walking from one house to the other in the course of the same day in our Canonicals, in the large folds of which we concealed the works which, if discovered, would have exposed us to the greatest danger. *Le Systéme de la Nature*, a decidedly atheistical work, was among the volumes which we had to remove. I mention that book in particular because my friend, though very fearful of its being found in his possession, valued it so highly that, on his change of residence from another chief town of Andalusia to Seville, he had the two volumes of that work constantly under his cassock, in which he travelled for the sake of his philosophical treasure, though it was a practice entirely given up by all except the most bigotted members of the clergy. I did not mention in my work on Romanism the influence which these clerical friends exerted over me, because it was impossible to do it without danger to the one who still survives. When these Memoirs shall be published, even if that

friend should still be alive, I feel assured that the publication will not be productive either to him or any other of my early acquaintance, even of the slightest inconvenience.

It may truly be said that this period of my life fixed the results which the subsequent public events did only develope with regard to myself. It absolutely settled my lot in life. Had I been able to live like many other members of the Clergy, making the best of my circumstances, enjoying my opinions and my pleasures, under a slight tax of external conformity, and an assumed gravity of demeanour, there would have been nothing to make me dissatisfied with my condition. But disguise, especially on such points, has always been intolerable to me. The secrets of the whole Creation, were they committed to me on condition that I should not impart them, but should leave those around me in their ignorance and prejudices, would be an intolerable burden to my heart. And yet this kind of suffering would be trifling compared to that which I was doomed to experience, when an unhappy attachment condemned me to love by stealth, and dissemble feelings which, being innocent in themselves, an accursed superstition had poisoned, and degraded. Under these sources of internal misery, the world had nothing to offer me which could make me a compensation. I was, it is true, free from religious fears; but this did not alter my moral views: I never attempted to remove the distinction between

right and wrong, and hardly altered the limits set them by Christianity. Without any assistance from the fear of future punishment, self-reproach, whenever I deserved it, was more than enough to make me miserable. But my circumtances, and the state of Spanish Society could not but involve me in courses which ended in remorse. A protracted struggle, which I must not describe, occasioned the first attack of a disease, which having revived in England, under anxieties of another kind, has for many years kept me in constant suffering and weakness. An almost constant nausea and sickness, with total loss of appetite, deprived me for many weeks, of the interest which at all times I had in reading. But the buoyancy of youth is not easily subdued. The sense of my danger, and the hopelessness of the state in which my heart and mind had lingered, urged me into the resolution of leaving my native town, at least for some time, and trying to fix my residence, by some means or other, at Madrid.

1805. Ætat. 30. I am however hurrying over a period of nearly three years, during which I was not idle at Seville. It was during that period that at the request of the *Royal Patriotic Society*, I gave lectures on Eloquence and Poetry. This employment lasted for two *Scholastic years*, i. e. two University terms of nearly seven months each. I had a pretty numerous class to hear me three times a week: some of the ablest young men, then Under-graduates at the University, were regular attendants. My only reward was the

improvement which many of my pupils showed, on subjects which had been very much neglected, and the affectionate gratitude of those interesting young men. My acquirements, judging by my present standard, were very inadequate to the undertaking; but I was, at all events, one of the very few who could attempt it. On my leaving Seville for Madrid, the lectures were discontinued for more than six years. I have however the satisfaction that when my friend Reynoso was reduced to absolute poverty by an unjust decree of the Cortes, the *Patriotic Society* re-opened the School of Literature, and appointed my friend to the professorship with a salary which, though trifling in itself, enabled him to subsist till the party spirit which had so cruelly assailed him had exhausted itself.

One of the events which had the greatest share in my unhappiness was the determination of my sister to take the veil. Such a determination would have caused me deep regret at all times. But to see an amiable young woman so nearly related to me, one who could have been my companion for life, if she wished to remain unmarried, hurried by superstition to sacrifice herself;—to perceive the arts which the contemptible bigots and hypocrites employed to close her ears against me, and to be forced by the religious tyranny of the country into acquiescence and silence, galled my very soul. I have never seen the Roman Catholic Superstition in a more odious light than

when I closely observed it working on the tender minds of females for the purpose of making them prisoners for life in a Convent. I am not more convinced of any fact whatever than of the existence of an odious, gross, animal jealousy which triumphs in the perpetual exclusion of an interesting girl from the world. The guardians of Oriental beauty are not more degraded in feeling, than the most of the spiritual guardians of Nunneries.

In my sister's case there were circumstances of peculiar power to excite my indignation. She had been under Arjona's spiritual direction. Upon his promotion to a Canonry of Cordoba, she chose for her Confessor a priest of St. Philip Neri, a favourite pupil of Father *Vega*, and his assistant in the spiritual exercises which I have described. Father ——* (my sister's Confessor) was not a man of talent; but his manner was mild, and his piety did not appear forbidding. I myself had been attracted by his kindness, and, during the interval between *Arjona's* promotion and my change on the subject of religion, Father —— had been my Confessor. In that capacity I had no fault to find with him, nor could I discover the least indication of his not acting up to the principles he professed. It happened, however, that I became acquainted with a young merchant whom

* I suppress the names of men whose misconduct was particularly odious, and of such as were not suspected by the public. *Arjona*, soon after the period of which I speak in the above passage, began to make no secret of his dissoluteness.

Father —— had long distinguished as his favourite *spiritual Son*. I knew him before, but slightly. As soon, however, as my unbelief became settled, we discovered each others' principles by a kind of instinct which cannot be well conceived by persons who have not lived in countries oppressed by religious tyranny. I found that this young man was an Atheist, though for the sake of his Father in Law, from whom he expected a fortune, he continued to practise all the external forms of devotion. As he had been intimate with Father —— for many years, he was well acquainted with his secret courses. To my great surprise I learnt that Father —— was not an exception in regard to the fatal consequences of forced celibacy. I had afterwards sufficient grounds to be convinced that he was one of the unfortunate victims of the Romanist Church, one of those who having originally taken their post in the foremost ranks of *Ascetism*, with the most sincere desire of improvement for themselves and others, are afterwards involved in guilt by strong temptation, and reduced to secret moral degradation, by want of courage to throw off the mask of sanctity. Father —— had not sufficient strength of character to question the superstitious principles which weighed heavily on his mind. He sinned and did penance by rotation. To such men any peculiar occasion for the display of zeal is particularly welcome.

When I recollect the circumstances of the melancholy transaction which I am recording, I am quite

surprised at my having escaped without committing myself by the vehemence of my indignation. My sister's health was extremely delicate; that of my mother was in a state which absolutely required her only remaining daughter's company at home. Yet the poor, deluded man (I have not the heart to call him harsher names) whom I have just mentioned, conceived that he was sure of heaven's approbation and favour by encouraging the enthusiastic feeling which had turned my sister's eyes towards one of the gloomiest Nunneries at Seville. It was a Nunnery where the Rule of St. Francis was observed with the greatest rigour; where the Nuns were not allowed a bed, and were obliged to sleep on a few planks raised about a foot from the ground; where the use of linen near the body was forbidden; where the Nuns wore coarse open sandals, through which the bare foot was exposed to cold and wet; where the nearest relations were not allowed to see the face of the recluse, or to have any communication with her, except on certain days, when in the presence of another Nun, and with a thick curtain, close behind the double iron railing which separated the visitors from the inmates of the Convent, the parent, sister or brother exchanged a few unmeaning sentences with the dear relative whom they had lost for ever. I will not conceal that, even at this distance of time, my feelings of indignation choke me when the picture of Father —— sitting near my sister, about the time when her resolution of being a Nun was announced,

presents itself vividly to my mind. I see the room;—I stand on a well known spot where in the presence of my mother I was betrayed into a burst of indignant disapprobation, which darkened the Priest's brow into that threatening scowl by which even the most contemptible wretch convinces you that he is thinking of the Inquisition. He bade me hold my tongue and not lend my services to the great tempter.—Oh, what man who has a heart, not deadened by vile superstition, would not be on the side of the Tempter, if his office were only to defeat the Priests! But I am ready to rave! Yes I have suffered these things in the nineteenth century: I have suffered them as the effects of Christianity; and they still exist *as Christianity*; even in this country, numbers are still victims to that horrible system. I know it is not *Christianity:* but how few among the professors of the Gospel seem to be concerned about them! I know zealous Protestants, who look upon these horrors with a mild and benignant eye, which borders on approbation, while they fulminate their anathemas on any one who rejects the Athanasian Creed. Can people be surprised at the extent of Anti-Christianity in Europe?

I must hasten to the conclusion of this subject, for it harrows up my heart. At the end of the year of probation, during which the Nuns concealed the progress of my sister's illness, while she herself was encouraged to encrease the acceptableness of her sacrifice, by assisting in this deception, the solemn

act of her Profession for life, was determined upon. *Arjona,* who was then at Seville, was to preach on the day appointed for that awful ceremony: I was to celebrate the High Mass! Alas! What a spectacle must we have presented to the all-seeing eye of Heaven! My early, my valuable friend, the most successful instructor of my opening mind, had, by that time, fallen into habitual and reckless immorality. Whether he had rejected all religion in his heart I knew not, for to the last day of our acquaintance he was reserved to all his most intimate friends upon that subject—but I was well aware of the utter wreck which his morals had made both *in theory* and practice. He wrote the greatest part of the Sermon he was to preach at the approaching ceremony, in a state bordering on intoxication, in order to show that the carousal in which we had been engaged, during a day spent under the glorious sky of Spain, in the country, had not weakened his talent for composition. The ceremony of Profession, including the Sermon and High Mass, lasted three hours, during which the heart of the officiating Priest was in a state which only the infinite mercy, as well as infinite knowledge, of Him who can unravel its secrets, and distinguish the effects of anguish from those of wickedness, could endure and forgive. My poor sister grew worse from day to day: but her illness was as lingering as it was distressing. Her religious fears bordered on distraction. To allay those fears I had frequently to endure the torture of

attending her at the Confessional, where I administered the wretched consolations which the system to which she was cruelly sacrificed, furnished me with. In that miserable state she lived five or six years. For a long time after my arrival in England my family kept me in ignorance of her death, by means of equivocating answers to my enquiries. I was Tutor at Holland House, and suffering under the most powerful and depressing symptoms of the disease which has been upon me for many years, when one and the same letter acquainted me with the loss of both my Father and Sister.

I must not omit to mention that soon after I became a decided enemy to the laws and institutions which obliged me to dissemble my opinions, and continue to act as a Priest, I seriously thought of emigrating to the United States. In this scheme I proceeded so far as to write to a friend at Cadiz, who held the same opinions as myself, requesting that he would give me some information as to the means which might enable me secretly to take my passage in an American vessel. But my friend strongly urged me to remain at home. The fear that such a step might occasion my parents' death, and the certainty that it would, at all events, make them wretched for the remainder of their life, made me acquiesce in that advice.

I knew that a residence at Madrid would not meet with the approbation of my parents; but my mental sufferings at Seville made me overlook that considera-

tion. The Statutes of the Chapel Royal allow three months of absence every year. By taking one of these vacations at the end of the year, and the other at the beginning of the next, I might enjoy six months of absence. During that time I was pretty sure of obtaining the King's license to remain at Madrid on some pretext or other. In this there was nothing to blame. The other Members of the Chapter were gainers in consequence of the more frequent rotation of certain offices; while the absence of one or two members could produce no inconvenience whatever. Nor was it probable that any one else would wish for a similar leave of absence. At that period the Spaniards, and, most of all, the clergy, hated travelling and absence from home.

My resolution being taken, I did not delay the journey. At Madrid, I joined two Fellows of my College, who, being lawyers, were, according to custom, paying their court to the Ministers, or rather to the Prince of the Peace, who at that time had the whole government and patronage of the country in his hands. My two friends wished to be appointed Judges in the Provincial Courts called Audiencias. I myself might have endeavoured to obtain some higher preferment in the Church; but such a thing never crossed my thoughts. All I wanted was not to be at Seville, and to enjoy the advantages which the state of society in the capital afforded to a man of my peculiar disposition. But there was a curious difficulty in regard to my residence at Madrid, which

I have described in *Doblado's Letters.* A general Order had been issued to the Police, not to allow strangers to reside in the capital, unless they had a written permission from the Minister for the Home Department. This, like all other regulations of the Spanish Government, had been strictly observed for a few weeks, and then nearly forgotten. Yet a hungry constable might give a stranger considerable trouble with a view to extortion. On my arrival at Madrid, I was therefore anxious to ascertain the best means to secure myself from such vexations. My friends advised me to leave the Capital for a short time, and make an application to the Minister, alleging (what really was the case) the bad state of health in which I had been for some time at Seville.

As I had a great desire to visit *Salamanca,* I thought I could not choose a better place for the purpose of dating my petition, out of Madrid itself. The literary men to whom I had been introduced at Madrid, had, nearly all, been educated at Salamanca; and they gave me letters of introduction to their University friends. Among those letters there was one to *Melendez,* whose poetical fame was then as high as his interest at Court was low. Melendez had been appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Justice at Madrid, chiefly in consequence of the universal admiration which his poetical compositions had obtained him. But he certainly was a man of great and various knowledge, and quite able to fill that station. The Prince of the Peace had, at

an early period during his unbounded power, raised him not only to a high office, but procured him favour with the Queen. But at the time of which I am speaking, Melendez was in disgrace, and had been ordered to reside at Salamanca, his native town. I found him just as he had been described to me, an amiable man, with much information, and great taste. He was the only Spaniard I ever knew, who, disbelieving Catholicism, had not embraced Atheism. He was a devout Deist.* I have, however, reason to think that even the slight degree of *practical* liberty of conscience which has existed since the time of the peninsular war, has changed that state of things. Systematic Atheism is probably less general at present. Melendez appears to me to have been naturally religious; or to borrow the convenient language of the Phrenologists, to have had a strong organ of *Veneration.*

Melendez introduced me to *Tavira,* who was then Bishop of Salamanca. This very able and good man had, early in life, been suspected of *Jansenism,* because he was, in a certain degree, a reformer. The gross superstition of the country was intolerable to him. He would never have risen to any ecclesiastical dignity, had it not been for his eloquence in the pulpit. The fame of his preaching obtained him a place among the King's domestic Chaplains. Being thus known at the fountain head of preferment, he

* I, subsequently, knew a South-American, in the same state.

was some time after appointed Bishop of the Canary Islands. I am surprised that a man with his taste and information accepted the Bishopric of a semi-barbarous portion of the Spanish dominions. He was most probably induced not to decline the appointment by his desire of improving the moral and intellectual state of those islands. But the power of the Monks was too well established. You will probably excuse my giving you an instance of the difficulties which Tavira had to encounter; though I may appear to digress unnecessarily.

The worship of a favourite image of the Virgin Mary at the Cathedral of *La Palma* was so outrageously idolatrous that the new Bishop found himself obliged to interfere. Unfortunately his exertions could only extend to a mere modification of a system so absurd as to be incapable of *partial* reform. As a natural consequence of the belief in the *real presence* of Christ in the consecrated Wafer, it is ordained by the Church that when that supreme object of Catholic veneration is exposed to view, it must have a decided precedence in every point of worship. Yet the Virgin Mary will always be the great favourite of the people. In vain did the Bishop try to persuade his clergy that the Virgin was not present; that they had only a wooden image before them, while they were bound to believe that Christ was there as really as when he lived on earth. This distinction was too refined for the Canarians, both Clergy and Laity. The image, which the bishop

irreverently called wood, performed miracles: that image was the Virgin: the Virgin was the Mother of God, and, though Christ was God, a mother should be honoured before her Son. This appeared to them a demonstration. The bishop, however, alleging the authority of the Church, ordered that when the Priest, at the High Mass, offered incense at the Altar, the censer should be first directed towards the Host, and immediately after towards the Virgin. Nevertheless, on the first occasion that the Bishop appeared at the Cathedral, when High Mass was to be celebrated with the Host exposed to view, the officiating Priest took deliberately the censer, directed a cloud of smoke to the Virgin, in the first place, and raising his voice as if speaking to the image, exclaimed, "Let now the Bishop take it from you." I cannot express in English the peculiar vulgarity and insolence of the Spanish phrase—*Que te la quite el Obispo.* But the effect was such on the mass of the people that *Tavira* was in personal danger. His removal to another See became necessary, and he was translated to Salamanca. The income of that See, however, is small; and though that city may be considered as the Oxford of Spain, it has nothing to make it an agreeable place of residence. The population, at the time of which I am speaking, was neither numerous nor wealthy. The number of monks was enormous. Before the reform of the great Colleges of Castille, the younger sons of the first families in the Northern provinces were ex-

1806. Ætat. 31.

clusively in possession of the fellowships, and spent, as well as mis-spent (for there was much gambling at the Colleges), great sums of money. But since the fellowships were opened to persons of an inferior class, the Colleges sunk into perfect obscurity: there was neither fashion nor learning to support them. Bishop Tavira, who was living in one of them, seemed to consider himself as out of the world. Melendez informed me that two or three years before that time, the Bishop used to have six or eight persons once or twice in the week to a kind of select party in the evening. But the Government, no less than the Inquisition, were jealous of every appearance of intimate communication between men distinguished for talents and knowledge. The Bishop therefore found it necessary to discontinue those meetings, and to live in solitude. His table was, nevertheless, very different from that of other Spanish bishops: the guests were not under the restraint of etiquette. Tavira had not young gentlemen of family standing behind his chair, as was the custom of other bishops. In a word his house was more *European* than you could expect on the South side of the Pyrenees.

With the approbation of my Chapter I obtained the King's licence to remain at Madrid for a year. That my time was in a great degree wasted, in the Capital of Spain, I deeply regret. No part, however, of my life shows more clearly the protecting hand of God over me. Could I speak freely upon this subject without inflicting pain where it is least de-

served, it would clearly appear that the *world*, and especially that country whose barbarous laws connected with the Church I must impeach before heaven—have no ground of accusation against me. When I was on the point of yielding to the influence of those laws, which impelled me to boundless dissipation, the sight of utter destitution, in a long and dangerous sickness, instantly reclaimed me to a course of benevolence, even beyond my pecuniary means. Thus was my attachment *exclusively* fixed on the person whom I had been the means of rescuing from death. I heartily thank God that I have faithfully performed every duty which the strictest morality could demand, in consequence of that connection. My thanks are still more warm for the manner in which my faithfulness to those duties has been subsequently rewarded, in the highest degree.

While I was enjoying my freedom from the useless and, to me, odious duties of my clerical office, an establishment was set up at Madrid, which seemed the most likely means of prolonging my leave of absence from Seville. The Prince of the Peace, though not a literary man, was always well disposed towards literature; and had the state of things been capable of improvement, in that particular point, without a general reform in the moral and political system, it would have received it under his influence. It is true that even the best measures of this kind were generally connected with the selfish designs of

persons who enjoyed the favour of the Prince or the Queen: but the results were sometimes productive of public benefit. The establishment of a central school of elementary education, according to the system of Pestalozzi, was a most useful project which, but for the French invasion, might have had a beneficial effect all over the country.

In the Spanish War Office there was a Clerk* whose name was *Amoroz*, a man of great quickness of apprehension and activity of mind. The duties of his office gave him the opportunity of making himself known to the Prince of the Peace. Pestalozzi had obtained, at that period, a European celebrity, which his talents, and more than his talents his benevolence, most justly deserved. The plan of instruction which he had invented for the benefit of the peasantry, was found so admirably adapted to elementary instruction, that it was very generally applied in Germany and France to the education of the higher classes. Much quackery, as it frequently happens, mixed itself with the original invention; and men of very inferior talents attached themselves to the school of Iverdun with a view of rising into celebrity as expounders of the elementary principles of Pestalozzi. In spite however of these parasitical minds, and the danger with which their fastening upon the original

* The Clerks of the Secretary of State Offices in Spain are considered to enjoy much influence at Court, and their rank is higher than that of similar situations in England. The Clerks of the War Office, in my time, were generally Officers in the Army.

invention threatened its due celebrity; the unquestionable advantages derived by Pestalozzi's immediate pupils established the reputation of the system beyond all rational doubt. Amoroz availed himself of this state of things for the purpose of personal advancement, but not however without some prospect of public benefit. He acquainted the Prince of the Peace with the reports of the wonders which the Pestalozzian system was effecting at Iverdun, and suggested the plan of establishing a school for the purpose of trying its effects in Spain. The Prince of the Peace, who had received a much better education than most unprofessional gentlemen in Spain, continued to the last a friend to improvements in literature; and had it not been for the total demoralization of the country, and the court intrigues which frequently endangered his power and made him confine his attention to his own safety, he would have been a most effectual Patron of knowledge. The plan which Amoroz laid before him, met with the Prince's approbation. The favourite recommended it to the King, and, as a matter of course, he himself was appointed Patron of the intended School. Only such as are acquainted with the state of Madrid at that period can conceive the eagerness with which the gentry of the Capital applied for admission to the school in behalf of their boys. According to the French taste which was then prevalent, and I believe, still prevails in Spain, one of the first measures was to make the school a military establish-

ment, appoint a uniform for the pupils, and promote Amoroz to the rank of Colonel, as *Director of the Royal* Pestalozzian Academy. But the Prince seems to have insisted on the establishment being considered as an experiment, probably with the object of preventing the numerous applications with which he was sure of being plagued for appointments in connection with the new school, if it had appeared in the light of a permanent institution. In conformity with this plan Amoroz proposed to the Prince that a Board of literary men should be appointed to watch and report the progress of the school, and the peculiar effects of the new method.

My musical taste had, about this time, made me acquainted with Amoroz, who was an *Amateur*, and had weekly Concerts at his house. Our intercourse was the occasion of his knowing the object of my visit to Madrid, as well as my desire to prolong my absence from Seville. He offered to propose me as a Member of the Board which was about to be appointed, and, as it was necessary to keep certain appearances in order not to alarm the bigots, he asked my consent to be named *Catechist*, or religious instructor to the school. The state of the country in regard to that subject may be inferred from the circumstance that Amoroz apologized for proposing such an office to me, and I accepted it with a sense of shame and degradation. He assured me he was extremely sorry to be obliged to request *an enlightened* man to accept such an employment; I covered my

real shame with the excuse that I undertook the charge with a view of preventing the presence of a bigot in the school. It is some satisfaction to me that no emolument was either offered or demanded. My only wish was not to return to Seville; which was attained by means of a Royal Order, excusing me from residence without limitation. My clerical friends at Seville were convinced that I was now in a most fair way of getting a bishopric: but preferment was not a thing which I desired.

The Board of which I was a Member appointed me to draw up a Report of the progress of the school. Full as my head was of notions borrowed from the old French school, my ambition, in drawing up the Report, was to write an Essay in the style of the discourses of the French Academy. I said little or nothing of the practical results of the instruction which had been given to the boys, because such details were not according to the taste of the country. My composition was an argument to prove that the method of Pestalozzi could not but produce good results. The paper was printed, and met with approbation.

I had not been many months connected with the Pestalozzian School when the storm which was soon to burst on Spain began to lour fearfully. The attempt of the Prince of Asturias (the late Ferdinand VII.) to conciliate Napoleon's goodwill to himself and to prejudice him against the Prince of the Peace, had already prepared the first visible sign of a revolu-

tion, in the arrest of the heir apparent, which took
1807. place at the Escurial in November 1807.
Ætat. 32. Things however seemed to proceed in their usual course, in spite of a general feeling of fear and uncertainty. During this period of expectation, a public examination of the pupils of the school was held, in which the most favourable results were evident. The children, scarcely eight years old, showed the most surprising powers of mental calculation both on whole and fractional numbers: a fact which has made me suspect that perhaps the American boy who exhibited similar powers in this country had been instructed according to Pestalozzi's method. At this public examination I recited a Spanish Ode, which, having reached the hands of the Prince of the Peace, procured me the honour of being admitted at one of the private Levees, i. e. such as were closed to all but persons of high rank, especially in the Army. The Prince, who certainly was a man of very attractive manners, paid me a well turned compliment, and passed on, as was his custom, to speak with each of the persons present. I believe this was the last Levee he held. I have detailed the events of that period in *Doblado's* Letters.

It was within the short time which elapsed between this interview and the occupation of Madrid by the French in 1808 that I was on the point of becoming tutor to the *Infante Don Francisco de Paula*, the youngest of the Spanish Princes, then about 12 or 14 years old. The well-known letter of the

Prince of Asturias* (afterwards Ferdinand VII.) to Napoleon, imploring his protection against the undue influence of the Prince of the Peace, had been communicated by the French Emperor to the King. The Prince of Asturias was arrested by his father, and confined to his apartments in the Escurial. Among the persons suspected of having advised the Prince of Asturias in that rash, and ill-judged transaction, was the tutor of his youngest brother. Amoroz was at the Escurial with the Court, though the Prince of the Peace had remained at Madrid, to avoid the appearance of participating in the measures which the King might think fit to take in consequence of Napoleon's communication. The morning when the arrest of the Prince of Asturias became known at Madrid, I received most unexpectedly a letter from Amoroz, desiring me to go instantly to the Escurial, on business which might be of great importance to myself. I was totally ignorant of the news which had begun to circulate, that morning. A friend whom I met as I was going to take a place in one of the stages, alarmed me with the information which had arrived from Aranjuez; but I did not like to disappoint Amoroz. I arrived at his lodgings late in the evening, and found that he was at the Palace. My suspense till he returned was painful, though the prospect of being employed in something of an adventurous kind, which might afford me the opportu-

* The Letter of the Prince of Asturias was dated Oct. 12, 1807.

nity of seeing the world, was far from giving me any feeling of anxiety. The arrival of Amoroz put an end to the only Castles in the air which I believe my mind ever built under a glimmering of ambition. He acquainted me with the state of the Palace and with the situation which, for some hours, had been open to me. But he added that the tutor had been found perfectly innocent of all knowledge of, or connection with what was called "the conspiracy," and, as my services were not wanted, I might go back to Madrid the next morning; for strangers were marked in that place, and it might not be quite safe for me to remain longer. Whether the whole of this arose from mere officiousness in Amoroz, or whether he had received directions from the Prince of the Peace, I am not able to say. Of this however I am sure, that Providence saved me from a perilous situation, which besides the evils to which it would have exposed me, would have interrupted the series of events which brought me to England—the most marked blessing of my life.

The events of the Spanish Revolution succeeded each other with surprising rapidity. The Provinces most distant from the Capital proclaimed war against the French, and this was the moment to take my side in the now inevitable contest. The struggle which this state of things brought upon my mind was painful beyond description. I knew the moral and intellectual condition of the country too well to

expect a favourable result from a popular insurrection. Most of my friends, I was well aware, mistook private ambition for disinterested patriotism. They believed that when the blind prejudices of the country had done their work in expelling the French from the Peninsula, the *Liberal* party would have it in their power to subdue the priesthood, whom they now allowed to enjoy a complete ascendancy as a temporary tool. To me such views appeared extremely absurd. I felt convinced that if the people could be kept quiet under the form of government to which they were accustomed, while the country was delivered from a dynasty which was past all hope of improvement, whatever might be the political humiliation of receiving a king from the hands of Napoleon, the future benefits of that measure would be great. In a few years the new family would be identified with the country. Many of the most enlightened and honest Spaniards had attached themselves to Joseph Buonaparte. The frame of a Constitution had been prepared, which, in spite of the arbitrary measures by which Napoleon brought it into existence, contained an express acknowledgment of the right of the nation to be governed with her own consent, and not by the absolute will of the King. The Inquisition, that main source of the degradation of Spain, was to be immediately abolished: the Religious Orders, that other well-spring of ignorance, vice, and mental slavery, would be at an end. Thus the country, having been delivered from the mass of

moral evil which prevented the natural development of its powers for good, would regenerate itself in less than half a century. Such were my views during the anxious suspense which succeeded the awful
1808. 2nd of May 1808. A sad experience has
Ætat. 33. shown that I was not totally mistaken. I know that most of my friends have acknowledged themselves in the wrong. At that time however they thought me a very indifferent *patriot*. I am indeed ready to acknowledge that I never felt that kind of *patriotism*, which makes men blind to the faults of their country, as well as to their own. Spain, as a political body, miserably depressed by its government and Church, ceased to be an object of admiration to me at a very early period of my life. I never felt proud of being a Spaniard, for it was as a Spaniard that I found myself mentally degraded, doomed to bow before the meanest priest and layman, who might consign me any day to the prisons of the Inquisition. For many years did I feel that a sentence of banishment out of such a country, far from being a punishment, would be a blessing to me. But I had that in my breast which would have made me readily sacrifice my life for THE PEOPLE among whom I grew up to manhood, if there had been a power that might have delivered me from the crushing weight of my priesthood: and yet, under its whole pressure, I had patriotism enough not to remain with the French party, supported as it was by the hitherto invincible armies of Napoleon,—but made

my way through dangers, and hardships, to the seat itself of bigotry, to Seville, where I had to resume my detested, and long-discontinued task of acting the hierophant before a blind, ignorant, deluded multitude! Who, then, was the true Patriot? He who, like myself, followed the mass of his countrymen against his own conviction, because he would not see them *forced* into what he deemed good for them; or they who, in joining their ranks, followed the mere impulse of feeling, not to say of ambitious views and personal interest? Had the government of Joseph Buonaparte been established, the land of my birth would have ceased to be a place of mental bondage to me; yet the moment I heard that my own Province had taken arms, I hugged my chains and returned without delay to the place where I knew that they would gall me most: I returned to Seville—the most bigotted town in Spain,—at that moment, under the absolute control of the most ignorant and superstitious populace, guided by that portion of the Clergy which was to me an object of equal horror and contempt. I returned, in constant danger of my life, through Provinces which were in a state of fierce and murderous anarchy. I travelled with more discomfort than the meanest English peasant would submit to when travelling by a waggon. The consciousness of my upright conduct, and of the sacrifice I was making to the wishes of the majority of the country, supported me through scenes of the lowest barbarism, and anarchy: but I felt weary of

my life when I beheld the state of Seville. The meanest as well as the most wicked intrigues had placed in the *Junta,* which exercised the Supreme Government, some of the worst and some of the weakest men in the town. The most shocking murders had been connived at, and the agents employed in the accomplishment of private revenge had been promoted and rewarded. But I am not writing the history of public events. I wish only to answer the unfair surmises which have been thrown out against me.—It has besides been asked how was it that I undertook to write in favour of what I disapproved? —The answer is obvious. I never for a moment doubted the *justice* of the Spanish cause, or justified the manner in which Napoleon endeavoured to bring about the change of the Spanish dynasty. I only questioned the *expediency* of a popular rising. But since that rising had actually taken place I would have defended the cause of Spain against France at all risks. I wrote and acted exactly as I felt. My works were not without effect on the public, and I am sure that their power, such as it was, arose from the deep and earnest feeling which dictated them.

1808. On my arrival at Seville I was urged not to delay presenting myself to the *Supreme Junta,* which held a permanent sitting at the *Alcazar,* or King's Palace. A multitude of people were the whole day occupying a large quadrangle before the Hall, in anxious expectation of news from the

country. My approach produced a general commotion. Many of my intimate friends made their way to me through the crowd, with looks which betokened anxiety, instead of the joy which I expected. Nothing surprised me more however than their repeated questions about *Sotelo*, an intimate friend of mine, who had been my contemporary Fellow at College, and after having been a Judge at Seville had been promoted to one of the Supreme Courts at Madrid. During my residence there we continued to be upon terms of intimacy. But owing to the trouble and confusion which had seized every one in that capital, and to the suddenness of my flight to Andalusia, I did not see my friend before I left Madrid, and came away totally ignorant of his movements and intentions.

The President of the Junta—*Saavedra*—treated me with great civility, and even made me take a seat among the Members. He enquired about the state in which I left Madrid, and repeated the question about *Sotelo*. I answered that I had not seen him for several days before my leaving Madrid. It was then stated to me that *Sotelo* was strongly suspected of having remained at Madrid with the design of supporting the French party. This was not true; but I had nothing to say against the report, except that in my last conversation with him, he had declared himself positively against the French. I was then desired to go home and rest myself from the fatigue of my long, and dangerous journey. Num-

bers of people came to welcome me, showing that whatever vague suspicion my appearance at Seville had raised, at a period of universal distrust and excitement, it was instantly dissipated.

In less than six months after I left Madrid Napoleon had taken possession of that capital. The Central Junta, which had at that time declared itself supreme, with the reluctant consent of the provincial Juntas, escaped to Seville. My friend, the poet Quintana, one of the most honest and accomplished Spaniards I ever knew, followed the new government to that town. He was made Under Secretary of State, chiefly for the purpose of writing Manifestoes and Declarations in the name of the Junta. My friend, during the interval between the first retreat of the French and Napoleon's campaign, had established a weekly Periodical at Madrid entitled SEMANARIO PATRIOTICO, which had been received extremely well by the nation. The Government wished now to see that work continued. Quintana made me the offer of the editorship in company with DON ISIDORO ANTILLON, professor of History and Geography at the COLEGIO DE NOBLES. Antillon had viewed the state of things, at the beginning of the War, in the same light as myself; and like myself had devoted himself to the cause of Spain against Napoleon, though neither of us would have originally recommended an insurrection. We had been Colleagues in the Pestalozzian establishment, and I may say without fear of contradiction, we had acted in

our commission with perfect honesty and independence. When we accepted the charge of the SEMANARIO, we unanimously declared that we would not write under any dictation: but as there was no law to protect the liberty of the Press, we were obliged to publish under the Imprimatur of a *Censor*: that Censor was Quintana; and as he allowed us to write under his responsibility, we could not give full scope to our pens: but we reciprocally pledged our honour that nothing like flattery to men in power should appear in the work, and that the *Semanario* should never be an instrument of deception for the people.

The success of the few Numbers we published was great. Antillon undertook the historical part of the work, and began a connected view of the events which had taken place from the beginning of the patriotic war. Of Antillon's qualifications for his task, I cannot speak too highly; of my own I cannot say too little.

My ignorance, though very great, was less than that which prevailed among Spaniards, the educated part of whom had never given a thought to moral and political subjects. I had read something on political liberty, and popular rights, but my notions were too crude and speculative: all therefore which I could produce were well-turned phrases against tyranny and abuse of power. But even this was to be done under the restraints inseparable from a state of things where the public authorities had only changed names, and where the people's habits of submission

had only been disturbed by a transient ebullition against the gross abuses of the Court of Madrid.

The fate of the Journal in which I was engaged will, more than any thing I can say, exhibit the character of the government to which the French invasion gave birth.

The *Semanario*, being the only publication in which something like philosophical views on public matters had appeared for the first time in the Peninsula, gave an idea to the Junta (a most timid and selfish body*) of the power which the Press could exert over men's minds. Our few weekly pages were read with avidity by the better classes. In spite of our want of liberty, our readers clearly perceived that we had much more to say than we expressed; and thus curiosity was awakened upon subjects of which the Junta felt the greatest horror. Nor were certain individuals less alarmed by the probability that *facts* would be stated in our Journal more accurately than the collective body of those who governed the country wished. Of the latter feeling, we had a pretty strong proof a few weeks after the commencement of our labours.

Antillon had begun an historical account of the military operations in the Peninsula. His statements

* I do not mean this for the character of every individual in the Junta, but for the result of the compound, if I may use that phrase. I respect the memory of Jovellanos: he was a man of talent and of the highest honour; but he was timid and full of prejudices of the most injurious kind considering the circumstances in which he had to act. I believe he was the dupe of the worst among his colleagues.

were clear, his views distinct and accurate. Such a picture of a warfare conducted by ignorant and inexperienced officers could not but assume the character of censure, in spite of the most deliberate moderation in language. The Duke *Del Infantado* had exposed so unequivocally his want of talent in the command of an army, that a mere narrative of his operations (if the utmost indecision and inactivity may be called by that name) would have exposed his incapacity. But the Duke was as ambitious as he was weak and irresolute. Deprived of military power, he was now aiming at political ascendancy, and had taken his residence at Seville to watch an opportunity of putting himself at the head of the Government. His vanity alone would have made him uneasy about the poor figure he was likely to make in a correct sketch of his campaign; but he had now a double cause to be alarmed at the progress of Antillon's narrative, as it was likely to lower him in the estimation of the people whom he wished to govern. His manner of averting this danger from himself, must be as amusing to an Englishman as it is humiliating to one who cannot forget that he was born a Spaniard.

Our friend Quintana received a message from the Duke desiring him to appoint an hour when his Excellency's carriage might call for him. As Quintana was not previously acquainted with the Duke, this summons (notwithstanding the Bashaw style of politeness which attended it) could not but excite

some uneasiness. Quintana's conference with Infantado was short. The Duke told him plainly that he called him as *Censor* of the *Semanario*: that as the historical sketch in that Paper was about to enter upon the period of his military command, he wished it to be understood that he "would not endure any remarks on his conduct." Quintana bowed acquiescence—(what else could he do?)—and came to acquaint us with the *Duke's pleasure.* Antillon perceived the necessity of discontinuing the Sketch; for, in the first place, *Quintana,* who was responsible as *Censor,* relied upon our friendship; and, in the next, he knew that the Duke would not scruple to employ a couple of his stoutest lacqueys to give the writer of a Journal a practical lesson of respect for the class of the Grandees.

Plain history having raised such an unexpected obstacle to the progress of our Paper, I foresaw that the course of my *Political Philosophy* could, by no means, be smooth. I had begun an Essay on Representative Government, which I intended to continue through several Numbers, under the rather quaint title of *the Political Problem.* The Convocation of the Spanish *Cortes* had been talked of from the very commencement of the Revolution; but there can be no doubt of the secret opposition of the Central Junta to such a measure. It was however evident that public opinion would force it upon them at some future period; but to put off the evil day had always been the policy of the selfish and imbecile set of men upon

whom chance and intrigue had devolved the government of the Country in the most difficult times. Even *Jovellanos* (a man of whom it is impossible not to speak with respect) indulged a deep-seated jealousy of every thing popular. He wished to restore the Cortes: but more like a piece of antiquity, in the full costume of the fifteenth Century, than as an effectual depositary of power. At the period of which I am writing, the other Members of the Junta had devised the means of amusing both the people and *Jovellanos* himself, by putting him at the head of a Commission, which, while the French were in possession of the Passes of *Sierra Morena*, ready to pour an overwhelming force into Andalusia, was to collect information, and consult all the learned bodies of the country on the best manner of restoring the ancient Cortes of the kingdom.

Not to be disturbed in these unseasonable researches, nor hurried by the impatience of the people, whose thoughts were likely to be directed to the same subject by the *Semanario*, was the wish of the *Junta*: they did not venture to stop it by a public act of the body; but *Quintana* was ordered to deny us his leave for publication. I have never forgotten the unaffected concern of that good and honest man, when he announced to me the orders he had received; nor the generous feeling with which he acquiesced in my determination of making the public know that the Journal had been stopped by the Government. I was indeed resolved to publish the fact, at my own

risk; but he wished to take a share in that risk. The notice I gave was conceived in terms which in England would have appeared too timid; but it excited a very strong feeling of dissatisfaction against the Junta. I visited Cadiz about a month after the cessation of the *Semanario*; but the impression of my parting words was still so fresh, that, on my entering one of the *Cafés*, which was frequented by the principal inhabitants, a person unknown to me addressed the whole company, pointing to me, and thanking me for the uncompromising spirit which I had shown.

The popularity which the *Semanario* had obtained, induced *Jovellanos* to appoint me a Member of the Commission for preparing the Convocation of the *Cortes*. I have always found it extremely painful to act in any way that may be construed into pride and unfeelingness: yet, if I had accepted that appointment I could not but appear to countenance the delusive policy of the existing Government, and subject myself to the suspicion of having a view to my advancement. I did therefore violence to my feelings, and declined the appointment.

I received, however, another mark of public esteem soon after. Jovellanos had issued circulars to all the Universities, within the territory unoccupied by the French, desiring their opinion as to the future Constitution of the *Cortes*. The University of Seville immediately held a meeting to appoint two of its Members to prepare a Report upon the proposed

subject. I believe I have already stated that by an arbitrary act of the Government of Charles III., my College, with which the University of Seville was identified from the time of its original foundation, had been deprived of the right of conferring degrees. A lawsuit had been pending for nearly half a century between the College and the now called University, in consequence of which the Fellows, who like myself had graduated at Seville, abstained from all connection with the Seceders, lest their attendance in Convocation should be considered as an act of acquiescence in the present state of things. It is true that the lawsuit and these practical protests had dwindled into mere forms. Yet I could hardly have thought that the Convocation would overlook this state of things in favour of one who had for many years broken all connection with it, and who, though no longer a Fellow of its rival College, was, according to the established notions, identified for life with that body. It was therefore with considerable satisfaction that I received a letter from the Secretary of the University informing me that I had been appointed one of the two Members who were to prepare the Report of the University. I accepted the appointment. My Colleague in this Commission was a Doctor of Laws named *Seoanes*, an Advocate of great reputation: but he devolved on me the whole business, after having agreed on the principles which were to be recommended. A disregard of ancient forms and privileges; a mere *toleration* of the *Gran-*

dees; and one Chamber—such were our democratical views and wishes.

I went about my task without delay: but before I began I agreed with my Colleague in forcing the Inquisition to let us have some of the prohibited books which at different times they had seized and thrown together to be destroyed by the worms in one of the halls of their odious Palace. I suggested that in the present state of things public opinion would not tolerate any denial on the part of the Inquisitors. It is true that we had very little occasion for such books as we were likely to take out of their possession; but there was a kind of triumph in this recovery of books that were completely lost to the world. They indeed belonged to nobody. In a word, my scheme was hailed with applause by all my friends, and the success with which it was attended produced a rejoicing among us which no Englishman can conceive. My Colleague and myself addressed a petition to the Inquisitors expressing our desire to have some foreign books and requesting to have them from their stores. The *Holy Tribunal* authorized me to enter the place where the confiscated books had been thrown together, and take out whatever I pleased. It is quite impossible to describe the state of the room into which I was admitted. The floor was covered with large heaps of books in perfect confusion: the dust, which in the burning summers of Andalusia penetrates to the inmost recesses, had settled upon every thing to the depth of more than a quarter of an inch.

On moving the confused volumes for the sake of completing a few valuable works, the Secretary and myself were involved in a cloud. I succeeded in obtaining two copies, nearly complete, of the French Encyclopædia. That work must have been frequently seized by the Tribunal: the floor was covered with volumes of its various dictionaries tumbled in distracting confusion. I now forget what other works I was able to save from the worms, which, with a devouring power, of which people who have not seen their ravages in hot climates can form no conception, had reduced a great number of volumes to fragments. The liberated captives were shared equally between my Colleague and myself; and as the Inquisition ceased to exist soon after, under the transient sway of Joseph Buonaparte, my own portion are likely to be still in the hands of some of my Spanish friends.

Finding myself on the point of describing my departure from Spain, I shall make that painful event the beginning of a distinct Part of my Narrative.

CHAPTER III.

HIS DEPARTURE FROM SPAIN, AND ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

THERE was a time when to record the feelings which attended my separation from the land of my birth would have raised in my heart that degree of quiet sorrow from which no one recoils. Persons of an affectionate temper take pleasure in a state of mind which, though not positively pleasurable, derives a charm from its being an unquestionable token of undying love to the objects of our earliest attachments. But age has augmented the sensibility of my mind upon those subjects, though, I trust, some part of its original morbidness has been subdued in regard to passing events. When I wrote the *Letters of Leucadio Doblado,* I had sufficient strength to draw the pictures of my parents which stand prominent in the supposed narrative of *a Spanish Clergyman*: but I dare not now fix my mind's eye upon those beloved images. I have indeed delayed to begin this part of my Memoirs, from an instinctive dread of raising those visions of the past which are inseparable from the subject of my departure for England.

This dread, however, has suggested to me that there is a way to separate Memory from Imagination, —that we may narrate without painting. I am convinced that the Mind can employ certain *indistinct* signs to represent even its most vivid impressions; that instead of *picture* writing, it can use something like algebraic symbols. Such is the language of the Soul when the paroxysm of pain has passed, and the wounds it formerly received are skinned over, not healed: it is a language the very opposite to that used by the Poet and the Novel writer. I am unambitious enough, at present, to adopt such colourless style.

When the Members of the Spanish Government, obliged to consult their own safety by flight, could no longer conceal that the French troops were advancing to Seville, without a shadow of opposition, consternation reduced the mass of the inhabitants to that state of mental torpor, that absence of all definite will, which leaves the few who can exert their own, at full liberty to act as they please. But I knew that the inaction produced by terror could not be of long continuance: I was persuaded that the Mob would awake from its slumber with a determination to compel the upper classes to await the common fate of the city. Within the three days of stillness which preceded the popular storm I formed and executed my determination to quit Spain. The desire to leave that country had, for many years, been working in my inmost soul, and so identified had it become

with my whole being that there hardly was a thought, a feeling, into which the wish of expatriation had not insinuated itself: but before this moment, it acted in the character of despondency, and like a poisonous root, its multiplied fibres conveyed a sickening breath to every perception and thought. Not so the moment that the light of hope shone upon it, in one full burst of immediate expectation. There was now no leisure for exhibitions of grief on the part of those whose love had hitherto closed every opening to retreat. Fear lest the adherents of Joseph Buonaparte should gain me over to their party, was the predominant feeling of both my father and mother. I rejoice, even at this distance of time, in the thought, that their violent anti-gallican prejudices must have allayed the pang of our separation. Nor did they know my determination of never returning to Spain; and I have a notion (the ground of which is mentioned in my *Evidence against Catholicism*)* that my

* I have mentioned in that work, as an instance of the horrible evils produced by the fanaticism encouraged by the Church of Rome, that, at one period, my mother, who loved me most ardently, avoided to enter into conversation with me, fearing (as I was informed by a confidential friend of hers and myself) that I might drop any expressions which, according to the laws of the Church, would oblige her to accuse me to the Inquisition. I must take this opportunity to protest (and I can scarcely do it without indignation) against the dull absurdity of some persons in this country who, as I have lately learnt, have been shocked at the idea that I could publish such *an accusation* against my mother. The narrow-mindedness, the purely *local intellect*—(an intellect incapable of acting except according to a certain mechanism, and incapable of placing itself in any circumstances but those in which the inhabitants of some English parish have grown up), the ignorance and conceit implied in such an idea, could never have been imagined by

mother's habitual misgivings in regard to my religious opinions, and the danger of falling into the hands of the Inquisition in which she saw me, must, to a certain degree, have relieved the pain produced by my absence. Her alarm, in regard to the probable solicitations of the French party, was far from being imaginary. The evening before I left Seville, one of my most intimate friends entreated me with tears not to leave the country. A person, whom he did not name, had acknowledged to him that he was in direct communication with the Government of King Joseph. By the desire of that agent, my friend came to promise me not only protection but especial favour. My friend was convinced that the military struggle was now at an end; and that the duty of every honest man was to contribute to the establishment of a new dynasty, which, supported as it was by many of the most enlightened Spaniards, would raise the country out of its moral degradation, and deliver it from the yoke of the priesthood. But I was deaf to such remonstrances. I knew too well the strong hold which superstition had on the country; I knew that it was not the love of liberty and independence which had

me, without the assistance of this unexpected hint. Yet these good people will talk in pious raptures of the faith of Abraham! My mother deserves compassion for having been brought up under the most complete influence of the Roman Catholic principles, as those principles were then understood in Spain; but her devotion to what she conceived to be her duty, entitles her to the admiration of those who can value a virtuous character placed in most trying external circumstances. This I well knew, and fully felt when I published the highest possible proof of her conscientiousness.

armed the people against Napoleon and his brother, but that the fear of the great mass of the Spaniards arose from the intended reform of religious abuses. It was my misfortune to belong to that order, from whose members, as a class, Spain's ignorance, Spain's moral incurableness, mainly originated: the name of *Priest* irritated and depressed me; and yet I could not wash off that odious mark, even if I had tried to do it with my blood. If I remained in Spain, I must have lived on terms with the priesthood; I must have thought one thing and said another to the last day of my life. Mental freedom attracted me with irresistible power: I now saw it within my reach, and there was nothing in the whole Universe which could allure me from it.

My father's partner, Mr. Beck (an Irishman), and his wife (my first cousin), with a relation of ours, who, though a Dominican friar, had been living independently from the Order under an appointment of the Government, had arranged to drop down the river, and watch the course of events at Cadiz. I joined the party. About nine in the morning, we went into an open boat, which was to convey us to San Lucar. But at that moment the noise of the Mob, which at day-break had begun to stir in another part of the town, was said to be approaching. We had to wind a considerable way down the river, before we reached a battery which had been placed to command a reach of the Guadalquivir, at the distance of about a mile from the town. It was to that

battery that the populace were hastening, for the purpose of preventing emigration from Seville. We heard plainly their drums as we passed under the battery, and were out of sight before they had taken possession of the guns. We proceeded at the rate of five or six miles an hour, and only when the tide served. On the third morning after our departure, we arrived at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, where an English vessel consigned to our mercantile establishment was waiting for a cargo of wool. My father's partner, though anxious to avoid the French, whose advanced detachments we were expecting to see every hour, was equally anxious to have the cargo of wool, which was to come down by the river, safely stowed in the English vessel which we found at anchor near San Lucar. We waited four and twenty hours in the boat, suffering the greatest inconvenience, which we preferred to passing the night at San Lucar, where there was every appearance that a popular insurrection would take place as soon as the news of the taking of Seville by the French should arrive. Such was the infallible consequence of every advance of the enemy. To deprive the Spaniards of their usual boasting, by stating the fact that the French had done what, in the midst of complete inactivity, every inhabitant delighted to defy them to do, was an offence which their irascible temper, and absurd pride, could by no means forgive. Woe to the unfortunate messenger of evil tidings! A Spanish officer was on the point of being murdered, at Seville,

on the day when, to my certain knowledge, the *Central Junta* had received the intelligence of the surrender of Madrid to Napoleon,* because, in total ignorance that the Government had determined to deceive the people as long as possible, he mentioned Napoleon's success at a Coffee-house. The impregnableness of Seville was an article of the patriotic faith in Andalusia. As our arrival at San Lucar threw the first shadow of doubt on that belief, we became soon aware that the confidence of our countrymen could not be disturbed with impunity. Fortunately we could still assert with truth that the French had not appeared when we left Seville; and we excused our flight by the example of the Government, who had preceded us on their way to Cadiz. Yet I well recollect the murderous expression of a sailor who, in our own boat, told me that both the Government and those who followed their example, were worthy to die the death of traitors. Fortunately for us the river was the next morning covered with boats full of fugitives. A universal panic having now suc-

* The present Archbishop of Seville, Cardinal Cienfuegos, who was at that time a Member of the Junta, mentioned to me, early in the morning the arrival of dispatches announcing the surrender of Madrid. He did not suppose, at that moment, that his Colleagues would resolve to conceal the intelligence. I met Cienfuegos when I was going to the Chapel Royal. When the service was over I met another friend who cautioned me not to repeat the intelligence which I had received. The secret however was so strictly kept for ten or twelve days, and false intelligence of the contrary so industriously spread, that I myself thought there must have been a mistake in what I had been told. I believe that this was part of the plan of deception by which the Junta wished to force Sir John Moore to advance to Madrid.

ceeded the previous boasting and defiance, we were allowed to embark unmolested in the English vessel above mentioned. I cannot well express the exultation I felt upon seeing the Union Jack hoisted as we set sail for Cadiz. My joy would have been complete if our course had been at once to England. Still there was a pleasure of anticipation which I would not have exchanged for the best bishoprick in Spain. We sailed late in the evening. Loud explosions were heard at a distance, and when darkness came on we saw flashes of light precede them. This continued the whole night. The Captain assured us they were not discharges of Artillery; and rightly conjectured that some forts, on the coast, were being destroyed, before the expected approach of the French.

When the next morning we cast anchor in the bay of Cadiz, we found both the Port and the City in a state of indescribable confusion. The local Government had ordered that no strangers should be admitted. British subjects, however, were privileged. As the Captain of our vessel and my Irish relation were about to make use of that privilege, I determined to pass for an Englishman among them. I borrowed a coloured coat, and, assuming as unclerical an air as I could command, followed the Captain of our vessel to the City Gate. The Captain went in first. A fat Friar who was stationed there to enforce the orders of the local Government, looked at me, and said: *Inglis*? My answer, though not in the most refined

English, was perfectly idiomatic.* The Friar, on hearing me, bowed and let me pass.

Once within the walls of Cadiz I had no fear of being turned out. I knew how ill all orders of Government are executed in Spain; and though, not to expose the house where I intended to stay to any accidental vexation, I presented myself to one of the Magistrates, not a word was said against my stay, when I assured him that I intended to sail to England by the next Packet.

My impatience of delay within the territory of Spain grew indeed every hour from the vague apprehension of some hindrance to my quitting it. My numerous friends at Cadiz endeavoured to dissuade me from the idea of leaving the country; but in vain. Three weeks of an anxious expectation did I pass there waiting for the sailing of the Packet; but at that critical moment, it had to wait for the dispatches of Mr. Frere, the English Ambassador, who, having succeeded after a long and troublesome contest with the Spanish authorities, in obtaining admission into Cadiz for a division of British troops which was daily expected, wished to announce that important event to his Government as having actually taken place.

It was during this interval that the Spanish Nun, whose miserable case I have stated at length in my *Evidence against Catholicism*, begged to take a part-

* I d——d his eyes.

ing view of me, or to speak more accurately to move me if possible to take her away with me, and save her out of the hands of her unfeeling tyrants. The fate of that unfortunate victim of superstition ought not to be forgotten.*

I saw the expected British division enter Cadiz by the *Puerta del Mar*, as well as the French troops occupying the opposite Coast; and within not many hours after the landing of the English troops took possession of a wretched berth on board the Lord Howard: I believe that was the name of the Packet which brought me to England.

Had I been in a mood to attend to any thing but the object of my most ardent and long delayed wishes, which I had now attained, the state of the Packet would have afforded me abundant matter for patience. The idea that I was going to be free was more than a compensation for all my troubles. I was under the British flag in the open sea, as the sun rose above the horizon. The beautiful town of Cadiz was sinking gradually behind the waters. A shade of melancholy passed over my mind, when I thought that I should never see those buildings again; and then I gave myself up to the sublime enjoyment of the solitary expanse before me.

Our passage, upon the whole, was favourable. I enjoyed one beautiful moonlight night in the Bay of Biscay.† The next morning we were chased by a

* *Evidence against Catholicism*, p. 285—8. Second Edition.

† Among a few English compositions in verse, which at one time I

frigate, which fortunately turned out to be English. A storm overtook us off the Isles of Scilly, and we passed a whole night in some danger; but I was far from being timid at sea. Not so two or three among the Spanish passengers. One of them came to bespeak absolution, in case of shipwreck. The weather, however, abated in the morning, and we saw the Land's End just before a genuine English fog fell upon us. It was about eleven o'clock on the 3rd of March, 1810, when we anchored in Falmouth harbour. Until this moment I had felt no anxiety whatever. But eleven days at sea, in very uncomfortable circumstances, had produced a bodily indisposition, which could not fail to have a certain influence on my spirits. I had not thought of providing myself with clothing suited to the English climate. A chill, such as I had never experienced, seized my whole frame. I thought I was breathing in death with the fog. Thus I stood on deck in the midst of the confusion which attends all landings, especially where there is a crowd of passengers, all anxious to get on shore, all regardless of every body else, all wound up to the highest pitch of peevish selfishness. Unacquainted with every thing about me, and fearful to an absurd excess of that kind of ridi-

1810. Ætat. 35.

felt as it were impelled from within to write, there is a Piece in blank verse on my recollections of a *Night in the Bay of Biscay*. That composition was written when I was at the highest point which my revived Orthodoxy ever reached: it therefore abounds in sentiments which I now fully disown, especially (if I remember right) a declamatory passage against philosophy.—Liverpool, Nov. 22, 1838. J. B. W.

cule and disrespect which a foreigner, especially a Spaniard, apprehends in England, I stood motionless, waiting for the last turn, and perfectly indifferent whether I passed the remaining part of the day and the ensuing night in the Packet. A strong persuasion that the climate would kill me in a short time, took possession of my mind; and I felt as if I were going to land into the grave.

It was fortunate for me that the bearer of the dispatches which arrived with us, was a friend of mine. Mr. Lascelles Hoppner, son of the celebrated painter of that name, and himself a young artist of great promise in the same line as his father, had been for some time at Seville, studying the numerous and valuable pictures which were found in that native town of Murillo. Lascelles Hoppner, who not long after became the hopeless inhabitant of a Lunatic Asylum, was then a youth of the most agreeable and affectionate temper. For a long time I had enjoyed the pleasure of almost daily intercourse with him, and his elder brother Mr. Belgrave Hoppner. I had grown intimate with both; and it was extremely fortunate for me that my amiable friend Lascelles offered me a place in the Postchaise in which he had to hurry to London in order to deliver Mr. Frere's dispatches with the least possible delay. It was that kind friend that relieved the overpowering feeling of strangeness which possessed me in a country, whose language I spoke but imperfectly, and where I felt totally at a loss to make my way, even to settle myself in lodg-

ings. It was to the family of the Hoppners that I owed the first hospitable reception in England. The members of that family, and especially my young friend and companion, were at that time suffering under severe affliction. Mr. Hoppner, the father, had died a few weeks before. Lascelles had heard of his father's illness; but an attachment to a Spanish lady had made him delay his return longer than circumstances permitted; and when he heard that the illness threatened a speedy but fatal termination, he was distressed by the thought that his father might die under the impression of a want of filial duty on his part. We had started from Falmouth immediately after our landing, and had travelled incessantly day and night, when about eight o'clock in a dark evening the Postchaise stopt at the Foreign Office in Downing Street. It was there that my poor friend expected to learn whether his father was still alive. Alas, the fears that had agitated him during the voyage were confirmed. He returned to the Chaise in a state of indescribable agony: we drove to his house in Charles Street, St. James's. The door was no sooner opened than he rushed in, leaving me in the Chaise alone, where for a long time I remained in a state of exhaustion which hardly allowed me the power of utterance, sitting in the Postchaise, totally ignorant of what I was to do with myself. At length my friend remembered me; but instead of sending a servant to direct me to a lodging-house, I was desired to walk up. A more untoward

moment for the introduction of a stranger to a family can hardly be conceived. I sat mute listening to a series of speeches every one of which made my poor young friend burst into a flood of tears, accompanied by convulsive sobbings. I availed myself of the first interval of something like silence, to express, in my imperfect English, my regret at the involuntary intrusion to which circumstances had compelled me, and my desire to be directed to lodgings. This was more easily done than, in my ignorance of London, I could conceive. I soon went to bed, and a profound sleep stopt for many hours the confused and vehement rush of unpleasant thoughts which, for the greatest part of that day, had kept my brain in a fever.

CHAPTER IV.

NARRATIVE OF HIS LIFE IN ENGLAND.

[1810—14.]

THE state of sober reflection to which the night's repose restored me was, I think, much more trying to my fortitude than the agitation of the preceding evening. The noise in the street, and the light (such as it was) which the windows admitted in a foggy London morning at the beginning of March, awoke me at about eight o'clock. Curiosity as to the appearance of the renowned capital of England was the first feeling which awoke with my consciousness. I jumped out of bed and ran to the window to enjoy, as I supposed, a scene of splendour such as I had never conceived. Those only who have a clear recollection of the neighbourhood of Carlton House some thirty years ago, will be able to sympathize with the feelings which I experienced at that moment. Alban Street, where I lodged, in the immediate neighbourhood of Carlton House, has disappeared, with the Palace itself, and with a multitude of wretched lanes, which extended from Alban Street to the Opera

House. Those, however, were the objects which met my view, as the first specimen of London. Dirt, smoke, and darkness, seemed to have undisturbed possession of everything I saw. Even the Palace wanted all the circumstances which give to public buildings their power of cheering and exalting the feelings. It lay low behind a screen of columns, which seemed to suggest that it had been built in a fit of sulkiness, to allow the occupier to skulk away from the world. But nothing offended me more than the sooty appearance of the buildings. The whole town looked as if built of coal and cinders. It was, indeed, a most cheerless sight, raising thoughts as gloomy as itself.

"Well, then (said my judgment, assuming a tone which it had not ventured to take for a long time), what do you intend to do in England?" Alarmed at this question, as if it had suddenly opened to my mind a series of difficulties which nobody could have foreseen till that moment, I looked about me in helpless astonishment. I had brought an order for one hundred pounds, the amount of my savings during the last year of my residence in Spain. But what was such a sum in London? Even the most strict economy could not carry me through many months on that supply. My father, it is true, would have assisted me; but I was totally averse to his supporting me, when I had thrown away, at one cast, the fruits and prospects of the education he had given me: my heart recoiled from such a thought. I might

lower myself to the rank of a musician, and procure admittance into the band of one of the theatres. That idea had occurred to me when I was about to leave Spain; and the distance at which I saw that step, took away its unpleasantness: but at this moment, when losing the romantic hue in which I had first seen it, it began to assume all the coarseness of its reality, my pride could not easily endure it.

Perceiving however that my spirits were fast sinking, and that dejection was, in my case, the worst of evils, I opened my pocket-book, to look for the address of a gentleman who, during a short visit to Spain, had had the kindness to desire, that if political events should ever bring me to England, I would acquaint him with my arrival. The hope of receiving an answer was enough to break the gloom of my present solitude.

Happily my English acquaintance had not intended to limit himself in regard to me, to a civil parting speech. Mr. John George Children, a man well known to the scientific world, had visited the South of Spain the summer before I left it. He was introduced to me by Lord Holland. Few indeed were the attentions which I had in my power to render to Mr. Children; but as they were bestowed heartily, and with an evident feeling of regret that I could do no more, Mr. Children rated those few civilities very highly. As soon as he arrived in England he sent me through the British Ambassador a handsome present of books, some of

which are still on my shelves.—I had therefore every reason to expect that my letter acquainting him with my arrival, would not be neglected.

At that time my friend's residence was at Tunbridge Wells, and thither I directed my letter. Two days passed without an answer; but on the third morning Mr. Children himself called at my lodgings, and cordially welcomed me to England. He had been married a second time, a few weeks before, and was now spending some time in London with his bride, to whom I was introduced that very day. She was a beautiful, amiable and accomplished young woman. I dined with them that day, and was urgently pressed to take my dinner with them whenever I should be disengaged; and lest I should feel reluctant to drop in without a formal invitation, scarcely a day passed that Mr. Children did not endeavour to make out whether I was left to the solitude of my lodgings, in order to prevent my dining alone. With Mr. and Mrs. John George Children I was constantly at the Play, at Concerts, and Exhibitions—with them I partook of the hospitality of their friends: in a word, their kindness so spoilt me, that the first time when, after a month of this round of social enjoyments, I had to dine by myself, at a Coffee-house, I felt quite low and dejected.

It was at Mr. Children's that I had the pleasure to meet Mr. (afterwards Sir) Humphrey Davy. He was at that time enjoying the full springtide of his glory—in all the freshness of his well-earned fame.

He appeared to far greater advantage than he did after an accession of rank and fortune. Though courted and applauded in the highest degree, he was perfectly unassuming. His youth, his animated and pleasing countenance, gave an attraction and charm to his powerful mind, which made me look upon him as on a being far superior to any one I had previously known. He was the first Englishman of celebrity I had seen; and both the novelty and the real excellence of the specimen, had a decided effect in raising my opinion of the country which I had determined to make my own for the future.

My dining acquaintance, as it may be easily supposed by any one who knows London, was daily upon the increase. But this constant intercourse with society was attended with a growing perception of that most painful deficiency—the want of power to express oneself satisfactorily in the language of the country. Accustomed in my childhood to the Irish pronunciation of English, I found at first a difficulty even in catching the words of the company. The more I gained in the knowledge of the language, the clearer was my perception of the inadequacy of my words to express my thoughts. The retired manner in which I was brought up had made me extremely sensitive to every apprehension of the ridiculous. Finding myself in perpetual danger of raising a laugh, I soon fell into the habit of being silent. But as while others were talking

my mind was active on the subject of the conversation, the pain of suppressing my thoughts prevented my taking an interest in these frequent social meetings. Perhaps without this keen spur perpetually at my side I should not have devoted myself as fully as I did to the study of English. My attention was for many years constantly directed to the language of the country: indeed the stimulus I have just now mentioned continued to act painfully upon me till very lately. Even at this very time, when habit on the one hand, has given me some confidence, and age has allayed the anxiety of self-esteem —when the long disuse of my native language, and the constant exclusion of its words as signs of silent thought, has rendered it to me almost useless for writing and conversation—even at this time, I suffer in company from a consciousness of *undue* inferiority arising from that want of ease and grace of diction, which a native, perhaps much inferior to me in other respects, can display. His abundance of words with little meaning, and that constant flow of mere words which serves to float down any individual thoughts which may appear now and then, must give a native, at all times, a superiority, especially in argument, which to a man of my peculiar turn of mind is trying in proportion to the clear perception of the accidental cause which produces that apparent superiority. I believe (for I really cannot well remember) that I never was a fluent speaker in my own language.

The reason seems to be that even upon the subjects most familiar to my mind, I must repeat the original process of analysis through which I became originally acquainted with them, every time that I have to speak or write upon them. Kant says, that eloquence consists in making the work of the understanding one of Imagination. That transfer from the one faculty to the other, seldom or never takes place in my mind; or if it does, it is performed simultaneously with the act of thinking. Hence my delivery has at all times been laborious; and conversation seldom fails to exhaust me. When I happen to be in company with one of those who speak with great rapidity, I feel such an unnerving conviction of my incapacity to have a real interchange of thought with such a person, that I cease almost to think. In such cases I never fail to imagine myself in the state of an unfortunate insect which happens to stand on the brink of the hole which the Lion Ant makes in the sand. I feel stunned by the discharge of words which rattle on my ears and bewilder my brain.

Firm as I have been, under most trying circumstances, in my resolution of never returning to Spain, the only loss, which experience would make me dread, if I could, a second time, live over the past, would be that of the native language. Among the instances of surprising knowledge of the human mind and heart in which Shakspeare's works abound, few, if any, have struck me so much as that con-

tained in a passage (probably little noticed by readers not in my circumstances) in which he describes the magnitude of the loss which a man banished from his country, has to endure by living among those who do not understand his native language. Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in RICHARD II. (Act I. Scene III.) on hearing the sentence of banishment pronounced against him by the King, is made to say:—

> A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
> And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
> A dearer merit, not so deep a maim,
> As to be cast forth in the common air,
> Have I deserved at your highness' hands.
> The language I have learn'd these forty years,
> My native English, now I must forego:
> And now my tongue's use is to me no more
> Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
> Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
> Or, being open, put into his hands
> That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
> Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
> Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips;
> And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
> Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
> I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
> Too far in years to be a pupil now;
> What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
> Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

The idea is certainly spun out too far, but its truth is perfect, though by no means obvious.

Another source of uneasiness which, for some time, diminished my enjoyment of society, was the fear of offending against those forms which, being absolutely ungrounded on any thing but national habits, modi-

fied by the accidental causes which keep fashion in a state of constant change, lie beyond all reasonable conjecture, and cannot be learnt but by long experience. The habits of my early life had deprived me of the advantages of general company, even in that limited degree which Spain might have afforded forty years ago. I was on the other hand accustomed to make a prominent figure in the knot of young men with whom I lived, and at the same time extremely apprehensive of awkwardness and *gaucherie;* a combination of tendencies which must have often betrayed me into some ridiculous difficulties. Upon a retrospect of myself, at the period of my arrival in England, I am rather surprised that I did not often raise dislike in those to whom I was introduced; but, for the most part, I was treated with encouraging kindness.

This good-natured feeling was carried almost to excess amongst the relations of General Sir John Moore who, the year before my leaving Spain, had gloriously fallen at the battle of Coruña. The circumstances which led to my early acquaintance with the family of the General's eldest brother were these. Not long before my departure from Spain I had the pleasure to meet Mr. Gally Knight, who was on a tour in Andalusia. That gentleman had received from England a copy of Mr. Moore's account of his brother's Campaign: Mr. Knight lent it to me. I read the book with intense interest, just because the reports spread by the Junta had prejudiced me

against General Moore. The evidence against the Spanish Government, whose selfish and unprincipled conduct exposed that able and heroic commander to obloquy, and the whole army to the most imminent danger, was so convincing that my former prejudices were changed into deep respect for his memory. I was greatly struck with his accurate and comprehensive view of Spanish affairs, with the living pictures which in his dispatches he had drawn of the moral state of the Country, and with the exposure he makes of the paltry, mischievous intrigues of that contemptible body — the Central Junta. I became an ardent admirer of its noble and brave victim;—for such Sir John Moore was without question. One of my first inquiries in London was, therefore, about the author of the book which had made the unfortunate British hero known to me. It happened that a friend of Mr. Moore's was a frequent visitor at the Hoppners: so that in a very short time I found myself introduced to a family with whom I have since kept up an uninterrupted intimacy.

Having been acquainted with Lord Holland in Spain, I was not many days in London before I called upon him. My reception by Lady Holland was not encouraging. Perhaps Lady H.'s manner originated in the too sanguine notions which she and most of her friends entertained at that time of the prospects of Spain: according to such notions I ought to have remained at Cadiz. Indeed I do not

remember to have, for a long time, met any one in England who could enter into my motives for leaving Spain: nobody seemed to believe that pure aversion to act as a minister of a religious system could have induced me to sacrifice every thing of which I was in possession, and begin life again in a foreign country. However, from the moment of my arrival I was frequently invited to Holland House, and through all the subsequent years, during two of which I was an inmate of that house, both Lord and Lady Holland have given me the most unquestionable proofs of esteem and friendship. I cannot indeed sufficiently express my affectionate attachment to that amiable, and kindhearted nobleman, whom every one that approaches him must love: and I cannot omit this opportunity publicly to attest, what I have frequently asserted in private, that there are qualities of heart and mind in Lady Holland, which must cause any one who has known her as long as myself, to value highly her discrimination of character, her justice to merit, and her steadiness in friendship.

I am bound, in grateful remembrance, to mention that Lord John Russell, whom I had known in Spain, whither he accompanied Lord and Lady Holland, in 1809, welcomed me to England in a most friendly letter written from Woburn Abbey. The distinguished services which that then young nobleman has since rendered to this country, are an object of peculiar interest to me, when I look back to our first

acquaintance in Spain. There is a mysterious feeling in witnessing the growth of a good and useful man, from the earliest youth to the full maturity of his powers; to behold the abundant fruit of the plant which was seen when scarcely in blossom.*

My main hope of being put in the way of getting a decent livelihood in England was connected in my mind with the acquaintance of Mr. Richard Wellesley, whom I had frequently met in Spain. I thought that by his means I might obtain some employment in the Foreign Office. But whatever his good wishes might be, it seems to me that he possessed little influence with his father Lord Wellesley. All that I derived from Mr. Wellesley was the advice to set up a Spanish Journal, and his introducing me to the French bookseller Dulau, as one who was likely to assist me in bringing about that object. This suggestion, however, turned out a most fortunate one for me; but for the eventual success I am not in the least indebted to my adviser. My Spanish Journal would have ruined me, but for some accidental circumstances which prevented the evil consequences of being left to myself the moment I was politely shaken off by the introduction to Dulau.

Among the French Emigrants resident in London at the period of my arrival there was a Priest, named

* I owe to the uncommon nobleness of heart which I have admired for many years in Col. Fox, a grateful remembrance of our long friendship. Col. Fox was with Lord and Lady Holland, at Seville, when I was introduced to them.

Juigné, who had become a Printer. It is probable that he originally had some knowledge of that business, else he could not have succeeded so well as he did. Dulau directed me to this man as to one who was likely to embrace the opportunity of setting up a Spanish Journal in London. I was totally ignorant of the value which the political state of Spain and its Colonies gave to my qualifications to be the editor or, to speak more correctly, the sole writer of that work. Juigné who, as I afterwards found, was a cunning designing person, fully availed himself of my ignorance of business, and made me sign an agreement by which he became joint proprietor of the Journal, without taking upon himself the smallest share of the expenses. I was to furnish matter for six sheets in close print every month. He was to give me in advance fifteen pounds a month, a loan for which I was left responsible should the Journal not succeed. My love of independence saved me almost instinctively from the necessity of continuing this connection as long as the wily priest found it to be for his interest. I had inserted an express condition that I should be at liberty to discontinue my authorship whenever I liked; but was not sufficiently acquainted with the value of that authorship to secure to myself any part of the proprietorship of a capital which I had in fact created. The bond was so worded that I might cease to write, but the copyright of the Journal seemed to be relinquished by me to the Printer. After the bond was duly signed and

delivered I scarcely allowed myself to think on the enormous weight which I had laid on my shoulders, and the want of adequate compensation to which I had submitted.

My life had been one of ease bordering upon idleness. Reading and writing had been always my amusement, never my regular occupation. Suddenly however the necessity of working many hours in the day came upon me, in a foreign country, without the least assistance, and under a vague and magnified impression of responsibility. But there was no time for reflection. I took a wretched lodging, in Duke Street, Westminster, one of those shabby places in the neighbourhood of Downing Street which have entirely disappeared; and began to prepare the first number of the *Español*, of which I immediately published a Prospectus. My plan was to give, at least, a sheet and a half of original matter, and to fill up the rest with translations of public documents, parliamentary debates, and military dispatches. The labour I had to perform proved exceedingly fatiguing, but nothing was to me more irksome than the translations.

I could not however confine my literary tasks to the *Español*: I could not bear to sit down contented with the knowledge of English which chance might give me. I could not live in a foreign country without trying to be thoroughly acquainted with its literature. My mind had, besides, become painfully uneasy under the conviction of my inferiority in knowledge, when compared to the average of the

persons of my class whom I daily met. A certain degree of natural quickness, and some general principles of moral science and literature were the main sources of whatever distinction I had obtained in my country, over and above my professional knowledge of theology which I detested and despised. I had cultivated my taste in connection with the Latin, French, and Italian Classics, but was totally ignorant of Greek, which I found to be a part of the general education in England. My mind had dwelt on Metaphysics, and exercised itself on the abstract principles of taste: but I was sadly ignorant of history and geography.

Unwilling and naturally unable to deceive myself as to my intellectual wants, I resolved to make daily exertions in pursuit of knowledge, besides the labour necessary for the composition of my Journal. Now, besides that fatiguing task, there was the typographical correction of the work to harass and almost bewilder me. The priest Juigné was not a man to forego any advantage which he might obtain at my cost. Trusting in my ignorance of the customs established among English printers, he used to send me the proofs just as they had come out from the hands of an inferior compositor, totally ignorant of Spanish. The correction of every sheet used to employ me five or six hours. But I bore up against all difficulties: and had the Journal occasioned me only this exhausting labour, I should have considered myself as comparatively happy: it was the first taste of obloquy

which the Journal itself unexpectedly gave me, that deeply embittered my soul.

Only two Numbers, I believe, had been published when the news of the first revolution in Spanish America arrived in England. The honest joy which this event raised in me was greater than my readers can imagine: *honest*, indeed, it was; for my exultation proceeded from the most benevolent and disinterested sources, and my approbation of the step which the Hispano-Americans had taken, was grounded on principles of the truth of which I had no doubt. I had for many years lived in an habitual detestation of political despotism, and of its main prop, the Church. During my residence at Madrid, the most pointed invectives against these two sources of our national degradation had given zest and interest to my daily intercourse with the *patriots* to whom the rising of the country against Napoleon gave a prominent influence. My desire that mental freedom should spread over the world was neither limited nor qualified by political considerations. I knew that the Spanish Colonies had been cruelly wronged by the mother country, and ardently wished to see them legislating for themselves. Not a doubt occurred to me in regard to the feelings and views of the *philosophical* party with whom I had been connected. I flattered myself, on the contrary, that the article in which I hailed the dawn of liberty on our transatlantic brethren, would meet with applause among the panegyrists of philanthropy, whose speeches upon

that subject had often filled me with enthusiasm.—To those who have grown up in a country where no public man escapes abuse,—where the periodical press has become the established organ of private malice to such a degree that, except in a very few cases, calumny has blunted its sting by the blindness of its rage, news-paper abuse is little more than an empty sound: and to such people, the feelings of an *unrevolutionized* Spaniard on the subject of honour must appear absurd and childish. Let my readers, however, if they have conceived any interest in my concerns, endeavour to imagine a man educated in a town where the life of the better classes was regulated in most things by a kind of Chinese ceremonial; where from the earliest dawn of reason he was made to connect the happiness of self-esteem with the respect which the community considered to be his due; where far from being at the mercy of every one who will take the trouble of writing an anonymous libel, he was sure that whoever did not speak tenderly of the honour of another gentleman, was in danger of forfeiting that character:—let my readers imagine the writer of these Memoirs as one full of these notions in an excessive degree, and they will then understand how deep must have been the wound inflicted by the first violent attacks of the Spanish press.

One evening, as I was preparing to go early to bed, a parcel was brought to me from Lord Holland. It contained a file of the diminutive Spanish Jour-

nals which had begun to venture into light, and which, in spite of the censorship, availed themselves of the excitement of the country more for the purpose of venting the private jealousies and malice of the writers, than to speak boldly and honestly in favour of reform. Lord Holland, being well acquainted with the Spanish notions, had the kindness to accompany the Journals with a note, by which he endeavoured to break the shock which he well knew they would give me. The note alarmed me and I took up the Papers in great agitation. I knew the editors of one or two, and had believed them my friends: the unjust and insolent manner, therefore, in which I saw myself treated by them was doubly painful, because they were the men whom I believed ready to stand at all times in my defence. I continued for some time in a state of wretchedness of which I had no idea. But enough of this. To have said thus much on a point of very little interest to any one but myself, and that only (at least at present) as it reminds me of one of the states of mind and courses of moral discipline through which I have past, might appear unnecessary; but as few events have had more influence on my condition of life, than the first Spanish Journal which I set up in this country, I am inclined to give at once the full history of that Periodical; though as it was carried on from the Spring of 1810 till about the same season in 1815, I shall have to give a number of facts by anticipation.

I have already stated how perfectly unsupported I undertook to write and publish the *Español*. The principle which, as a moral and political guide I proposed to myself, was simply, the *improvement of my native country by means of a cordial co-operation with England*. Not an atom of partiality, or personal interest could I ever discover in what I may call the politics of the ESPAÑOL. Spain, I well knew, was incapable of renovating its strength without external aid. She had resolved to resist the change of dynasty which Napoleon had decreed with all the haste and vehemence of a despot. Had it not been for England, the subjugation of Spain in a few months was inevitable. To accept the assistance of Great Britain, in the spirit of jealousy which had begun to develope itself vigorously before I left Spain, was madness. I perceived this as clearly as I foresaw a relapse into her former state, as soon as she should be in the hands of Ferdinand VII. My wish therefore was that she should improve as much as possible, while she was enjoying a shadow of liberty, in order that when she should fall again under the pressure of her religious establishment, combined with the despotic rule of her kings, she might have acquired a certain degree of vigour, which in due time might offer a better directed resistance to the double tyranny of her Church and Government. I considered besides the Hispano-Americans as my countrymen. Could they, by any fortunate combination of circumstances, learn to be free, Spain would not only survive, but

recover her youth beyond the Atlantic: and who could protect them in their progress so effectually as England?

These views were not only different but diametrically opposite to those of the Spanish *patriotic* party. *French* in their notions and tastes, *Castilians* of the old stamp in their politics, they both cherished a violent jealousy of England, and regarded the American Colonies as their property. How then could they be reconciled to a Spanish Journal, published in London, professing the principles which I have stated? The result, in regard to myself, was what, if I had been better acquainted with the darker passions of men, I should have plainly foreseen from the moment that I took up the pen. The conviction that I had been engaged by the English Government for the purpose, as they imagined, of taking possession of Cadiz and the Spanish Colonies, was almost universal in that town. Now, it is a fact that my Journal was published for a considerable time without the least encouragement on the part of Government. I believe it was through the good offices of Mr. Belgrave Hoppner that a certain number of copies (I do not recollect how many, but not exceeding two or three dozen) were taken by the Foreign Office and forwarded to the British Ambassador at Cadiz.

Two attempts from very different quarters were however made to obtain an influence over the *Español*. Owing to my inexperience in such matters the

first would probably have succeeded so far as to have made it very painful for me to shake it off, as soon as I should have perceived that there was a design upon me. I had brought a letter of introduction for a Spaniard who held the mercantile agency of the Company of the Philippine Islands, and who was in fact an agent of the Spanish Government. One of my first visits in London was made for the purpose of delivering that letter. As I had already determined to undertake a Spanish Journal, I mentioned my intention during the conversation; and, as nothing had yet been settled as to the means of setting up the work, he urged me to accept fifty pounds to begin the publication, and offered to assist me with more money, all of which I should repay just as the sale of the periodical might enable me. I should be sorry indeed to mistake generosity for interested views: but the sequel seems to show that my suspicions were not groundless.

It happened about that time that Colonel Murphy, a Spaniard of Irish descent, whom I had slightly known at Madrid, finding that I was in London, invited me to his house. He was passionately fond of music; and as he discovered that I was a tolerable performer on the Violin, he asked me to join in a weekly *Quartett*-party, which he had at his house in the most agreeable manner which a true *amateur* could wish. We had for our leader a Genevese teacher of music, Mr. Sheener, an admirable Quartett player. We allowed no audience, because we

could not bear even a whisper. The initiated in the mysteries of music alone can conceive the luxury of such an entertainment. My friend Murphy was then at the summit of mercantile prosperity; for, though enjoying the rank of Colonel in the Spanish army, he was partner in the firm of Gordon and Murphy, a house which during the war with Spain had made an enormous fortune by means of a contract with the Spanish Government to which the English Cabinet were a party. The object of the contract was to obtain a quantity of silver from Mexico. The Colonel who, even in the misfortunes which have darkened the latter part of his life, has supported the character of a kind and generous man, was all friendliness and hospitality during his prosperity. He took a great interest in my concerns, and on hearing of the loan which the Spanish agent had volunteered, opened my eyes as to its probable object and consequences. I had not made use of the fifty pounds, which I regarded as a trust for a particular purpose; and consequently found no difficulty in returning the identical cheque which I had received a few days before, thanking the lender, and acquainting him with the agreement which I had made with Juigné. The evident dissatisfaction (I should say, anger) with which the money was taken back, showed me that I had caused a disappointment, and that a control over my Journal would have been purchased even at a higher rate.

The second attempt of a similar kind was more

direct; but it did not take place till the *Español* had obtained considerable influence in Spain. A person unknown to me (whose letter I still preserve) addressed me at the time when the Central Junta was compelled to announce their determination to resign the Government into the hands of a Regency. The writer of the letter wished to engage me on the side of the late queen dowager of Portugal, Ferdinand's sister, who was most eager to govern Spain, as Regent, with the chance of eventually uniting the two Crowns in one of her sons. The letter contained an order for a few copies of my last Number, and a Bill for twenty pounds, in payment. I returned the Bill, assuring my unknown correspondent that I would not bind my pen to the service of any one. The person who had written to me was one of those Spaniards whose coarseness of manner and feeling (misnamed by them *frankness*) makes them very difficult to deal with, except by one as rude and coarse as themselves. As I had treated him with more civility than he deserved he was emboldened to write a second letter in which he expressed his conviction that my refusal had originated in the smallness of the proffered bribe. I allowed him to think as he pleased and dropt the correspondence.

The animosity which the *Español* had raised against me was increased by an event which must leave a perpetual stain on the character of the individuals who formed what was called the Junta of Cadiz, i. e. the body into whose hands the government of that

town had devolved at the first rising against the French. The Members of that Junta were, for the most part, merchants who to the ignorance prevalent in the country joined the boldness and pride which their superior wealth, and the prospect of using their power for the establishment of a most profitable monopoly with the Colonies, could not fail to produce. The Duke of Alburquerque had unquestionably saved Cadiz. It is very probable that the military movement which anticipated the French in the occupation of that port was more the result of chance than of a well conceived plan. Alburquerque, like all the Grandees of Spain, owed little to education, and not much to nature, except personal courage, and a certain quickness of apprehension. But, after all, he was perhaps the best among the Spanish Generals who took the field against the French. The service he had done to the country by the reinforcement he threw into Cadiz was, strange to say, the occasion of a most furious jealousy against him on the part of the local Government of Cadiz, who by the presence and popularity of Alburquerque feared a diminution of their influence. He had not been many days at Cadiz when he was publicly insulted by the local Government. The merit of his military retreat was underrated, his authority opposed, and the preservation of Cadiz out of the power of the enemy wholly claimed by the Junta. Alburquerque was indignant, and considered himself ill treated in the highest degree when soon after the formation of

something like a government for the country, his enemies succeeded in having him appointed Ambassador to England, and thus placed him on the shelf. On the Duke's arrival in London, Colonel Murphy introduced me to him. I met him frequently at the dinner parties of the Colonel. One subject occupied the Duke's mind, which in the phraseology of his country he expressed as the necessity of *vindicating his honour*. He was engaged in the composition of an Account of his Services, and the wrongs he had suffered from the Junta of Cadiz. He requested my assistance, and I engaged to prepare his manuscript for the Press. That engagement was entirely disinterested: according to the notions which I had brought from Spain, the mention of payment, even from a Duke, was at that time, intolerable to my pride. He invited me to treat him as a friend, and, unless my vanity was bribed in that way, I neither received nor expected the slightest remuneration.

The task, however, which I undertook was a heavy one. Alburquerque could hardly write a plain narrative in his own language; yet he was ambitious of literary honour, and wished to preserve as much of his original composition in print, as would entitle him to the name of an author: nor was I less anxious to keep within the bounds of a mere corrector. Being extremely tender of my own reputation, I have through life felt a sincere respect for that of others. Now, there were a number of individuals severely handled by my noble friend; and as I had no autho-

rity but his own violent feelings upon the subject, I wished to keep as clear as possible of the moral responsibility to which the author of such accusations was liable. As the Duke was absolutely incapable of opening his case with any effect, I wrote the introductory paragraphs. My corrections of the rest were so much in the spirit of moderation, that a violent attack on the reputation of two Spanish Generals, which the Duke had sent to the Printer, and which was inserted without my knowledge, was cancelled at my urgent request. I entreated him not to leave himself without a way to reconciliation, and to spare the feelings of his brother officers. He listened to my remonstrance, and I myself carried his order to the Printer for the removal of the obnoxious passage.

Little more than six weeks had elapsed since the publication of the *Exposé*, when the Duke called upon me, about sunset, in the greatest agitation. He showed me a printed answer which the Junta of Cadiz had published. The tone of the pamphlet was very violent, and, considering the national habits of courtesy which had prevailed till that period, it argued a savage disposition in the leading members of the body that published it. The Junta of Cadiz had imagined that the whole of the Duke's pamphlet had been written by me; and as the style of the opening betrayed a more practised writer than the Duke could procure among the other Spaniards then resident in London, the suspicion was turned into certainty. Carried away by the feelings of hos-

tility which my declaration in favour of the Colonies had excited, the Junta did not think it beneath its dignity to describe me as the real author of the document which had wounded their pride.

The state of the Duke's mind during his conversation with me, over the Cadiz document, cannot be conceived by those who have not closely observed the workings of offended pride in beings of Alburquerque's class. Flattered from their infancy by menials; unfortified by thought and mental cultivation; unacquainted with the world except as it ministers to their pleasures; and full of the most extravagant notions of the respect due to their rank, they preserve through life the irritability of spoiled children. Alburquerque's partial success as a General had greatly contributed to encrease all these morbid feelings. To find himself publicly insulted by a Junta of merchants, to read the word *Traitor* applied to himself, in an official document, was to him like being stung in the heart by a nest of hideous scorpions. In vain did I attempt to convince him that his own personal dignity required the treating of this insult with contempt. He was perfectly deaf to advice. He told me he was determined to answer the libel himself—and all he requested was that I should see through the Press what he was writing. I promised to wait upon him as soon as he would let me know that the manuscript was finished. Two days passed without my hearing from the Duke. At the close of the second day, a servant brought me a written re-

quest that I should go to breakfast with the Duke the next morning. I answered that I should not fail. About three hours after, a second note was brought repeating the same invitation in the most pressing terms. I sent a second answer engaging to be with the Duke, at nine.

The morning came and I was at the Clarendon Hotel at the appointed hour. The breakfast table was set in the principal room, which had a large balcony over Bond Street. The Duke came out of his bed-room, which opened into that in which we were to breakfast. But what a change had taken place in the countenance of the unfortunate man! An illness of many months would hardly have made such havoc. He shook me cordially by the hand; but every word evinced the deepest agitation. He produced a large bundle of papers, having previously bolted the door which led to the staircase. He told me he had been writing incessantly since the evening when he called upon me. He assured me (and the statement was subsequently confirmed by his Aide-de-Camp) that he had neither eaten nor slept during that time. Seeing the unhappy man in that state, I entreated him to get some repose before we examined the papers. The wildness of his answer impressed me at once with the idea that he was deranged; and I began to suspect danger to myself: but I spoke firmly and kindly. The Duke burst into tears. After a few minutes, a haggard expression of countenance showed the return of an angry

paroxysm. He rushed suddenly into the interior room and shut the door with violence. At that moment I unbolted the door of the landing place, rang the bell, and sent for the Duke's Aide-de-Camp. He came before the Duke reappeared, and had time to inform me of the state of constant agitation in which he had seen him for eight and forty hours. The Duke now made his appearance with a scrap of paper in his hand, on which he had written the most offensive passage of the Cadiz libel. It was the paragraph in which he was called a *Traitor*. He read it aloud with a convulsed voice; and rising up with great fury ran to the balcony as if to throw himself headlong into the street. The Aide-de-Camp seized him and brought him back into the room. After a short silence, as I was standing near him, he exclaimed—"I must kill Blanco,"—and attempted to slip out of the hold which the Aide-de-Camp had upon him. So unexpected a feeling, expressed in the midst of that appalling scene, struck deeper into my soul than any thing that ever affected me. The words however were no sooner pronounced than the Duke fell down on his knees and broke into a flood of tears. The Aide-de-Camp cried like a child. Though (like all natives of the warmer regions) I am too easily moved to tears, my emotions were too deep to show themselves outwardly. I rang the bell again, and urged the necessity of sending for a physician. This being done, and the Duke taken into his bed-room, I went away in a state of indescribable

distress. Two days after, the unfortunate Alburquerque died of inflammation of the brain.

I do not well recollect whether it was before or after the death of the Duke that the violence of party against me showed itself by means of threatening letters. I had taken lodgings for the summer months at Bayswater (then separated from the end of Oxford Street by open fields), and used frequently to retire from town between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. The perpetual apprehension of being stabbed for the sake of one's watch and purse, which every one who walks at night in Spain feels more or less, had been succeeded in me, when I arrived in England, by a sense of security, which, unfortunately, a more perfect knowledge has subsequently diminished. It was, however, very provoking to have that agreeable delusion disturbed by the fear of a Spanish knife, at such a distance from Spain. But a letter, in the shape of friendly warning, and another in the tone of the most sincere Spanish rage, obliged me to purchase a brace of pocket pistols, and to hold one ready when I crossed the solitary fields which lay for about half a mile on the London side of my lodgings.

I continued nevertheless for many years in doubt whether the object of the letters had been only to intimidate and annoy me. But when my dear friend Lista came over from France to England for the purpose of seeing me at Oxford, he informed me that the writer of one of the letters was an intimate

friend of his—Isidoro Gutierrer, who died some years ago. This person had been admitted to one of the Secret Associations, which produced most of the mischief which disgraced the reign of the first Spanish Cortes, and been present at a debate in which it had been resolved to procure means of taking away my life. And Gutierrer was generous enough to expose himself to the danger of being held as a betrayer of the secrets of the Association in order to put me upon my guard. My acquaintance with him was so slight that upon receiving his letter I could not recall the writer to my memory: and till Lista told me the fact, I continued in doubt of its authenticity.

To those who conceived, at that period of the Spanish Revolution, the highest opinion of the public spirit in Spain, it will appear strange that even the Cortes should be capable of allowing, at one of their sittings, a violent attack upon a private individual who could not defend himself, and that there should not be even one person among them with courage and right feeling enough to say a word in defence of a man intimately known to many of the members. The scene which I am about to describe proves that Napoleon was not totally misinformed when he described the Spanish Cortes as a Mob.

I have already stated that the animosity which broke out at Cadiz against me originated in my defence of the right of the Spanish Colonies to a

perfect equality with the mother country. The spirit of the times of the conquest of Mexico and Peru is hardly extinguished in Spain at this moment, when all hopes of regaining dominion in Spanish America are at an end; but at the period when the colonies began the work of shaking off the yoke, the pride of conquest was as high in Spain as it had appeared in the 16th century. The Spaniards had lived, since that period, in a most profound ignorance of the course of human affairs, among the rest of the world, and thus the prejudices which successive generations had inherited remained as strong as they had existed in the minds of the contemporaries of Cortèz and Pizarro. Spanish pride was greatly encouraged in consequence of the character which the colonial system of Spain had produced among the colonists. The American descendants of the Spaniards are naturally quick, and intelligent: but they generally want moral principles, and steadiness of character. Reared up in a climate which invites to sensual enjoyments, and under a government which discouraged every means of cultivating a manly disposition, the higher classes of the Hispano-Americans were generally trifling and effeminate, while the lower were sunk in the lowest profligacy. The superstition which the clergy support is more gross and corrupting than that of any other Roman Catholic country: and their conduct, especially that of the Friars, is utterly scandalous. The characteristic fault among all classes is an habitual disregard of moral

obligation. It would be difficult to persuade the generality of the better classes, in Spanish America, that moral duties extend, for instance, to politics and government: they cannot believe (but in this charge I must involve a great number of Spaniards) that peculation, and the taking of bribes, involve any moral guilt. Having grown up under governments which acted for their own advantage, at the expense of the nation, they very naturally conceive that whoever becomes connected with the public authorities is justified in acting by the same rule. Veracity and honour are frequently in the lips of those who claim the character of *Cavalleros*, or Gentlemen; but, in a country where no man can escape persecution unless he habitually practises dissimulation, the virtues so frequently talked of, cannot be more than names. I am far from involving individuals in these charges; honourable men will be found in the most corrupt states of Society; but a description cannot be taken from exceptions.

There was a priest among the Hispano-American deputies, extremely disliked by all his countrymen: his name (I believe) was Perez de la Puebla. He was one of those men who indulging in every thing which the laws of the clerical profession condemn, screen themselves from reproach by their strictness in doctrines. *Perez* had brought his concubine from America, lived with her at Cadiz, and took her back with him when he had obtained the bishopric of *Puebla de los Angeles*. But he was perfectly Orthodox, and what all

Churches value most highly—he was a *safe* man; one who knows and defends the interests of the clerical body. As from the moment when he took his seat in the Cortes, Perez had a Mitre in view, he took care never to incline to the liberal views of his brother deputies from America. These, for the most part, were as profligate and unprincipled as the priest himself; but constantly voted and acted with the reformers, except when there was any one to offer them a bribe.

My *Español* had acquired a degree of influence which the Spanish rivals of the Colonies thought well worth stopping, if practicable, by the assassination of the writer. It might have been expected that the Hispano-Americans, for whose sake I had gratuitously incurred so much hatred, would treat me with proper regard. But they were so far from knowing the respect due to the Cortes, and to themselves (not to speak of what was due to me), that in order to practise a *hoax* on the priest *Perez*, they did not hesitate to place my reputation in jeopardy; and, at all events, to shake, for a time, the credit of my work, just in the manner most acceptable to the enemies of their own country. One of the South American Deputies, with the knowledge of all the rest, forged a letter, in the name of Perez, as chairman of an imaginary committee of the Transatlantic Deputation. The forgery contained the warmest thanks for the liberal manner in which I was defending the cause of the Colonies; complained of the unfairness with which their claims were treated, and left me at liberty to publish the

letter. To remove all possible suspicion, the authors of the hoax applied to the Count Palmela, then Portuguese Ambassador in Spain, requesting him to forward the letter to the Portuguese Ambassador in London.* Under all these circumstances I thought it proper to acknowledge the letter, and I published it in my following Number. The American Deputies had now succeeded in getting up the scene to which they and their friends looked forward. Perez mounted the *Tribune* in a furious mood. He charged me by name with the forgery; while (as I have been informed by a Spanish Deputy, who was in the confidence of the South Americans) a titter went on among them, and the words *the Mitre is gone*, were repeatedly whispered with the greatest zest. It might have been hoped that in an assembly where many of the members had known me long and intimately, there would have been some one to demand that such an improbable offence should not be so rashly laid to my charge; to have stated what must be obvious on the slightest consideration, that no man in his senses could have exposed himself so foolishly to an immediate and disgraceful exposure, with no imaginable advantage from it; that, at all events, it was most unfair to condemn me unheard. Instead of any such defence, several members seemed to rejoice at such an oppor-

* Count Palmela, whom I met many years after at Holland House, took that opportunity of giving me an explanation of the manner in which he had been an unconscious instrument of the deception practised upon me.

tunity of abusing me. Gallego, a priest, with whom, both at Madrid and at Seville, I had lived in frequent and kind intercourse, spoke most violently against me, declaring that he was sorry to have ever given me the name of friend.

The moment the Spanish Papers acquainted me with what had taken place in the Cortes, I printed a *Facsimile* of the letter attributed to *Perez*, and inserted it in the next *Español*, with an account of the whole transaction. I implored the Cortes to do me justice. Such an appeal could not fail of effect in any country where public opinion was not totally dead to every feeling of justice: but it *did* fail at Cadiz; it failed in the Cortes. My name had been recorded with dishonour in the Acts of the Cortes; but there was not one individual in that body who would take the trouble of saying a few words which might have been entered as an explanation of the erroneous statement, a reversal of the unmerited slur which had been cast upon my reputation. The journals of the Spanish Cortes will carry my name to posterity as that of a convicted forger, without affording the least hint from which the reader may conceive a doubt of the alleged offence. Where such indifference to justice prevails, where the supreme council of the nation does not even suspect its own disgrace from scenes and conduct such as I have described, it is no wonder that real liberty cannot prosper.

The publication of the *Español* continued till the total expulsion of the French troops from the Penin-

sula and the return of Ferdinand VII. It is impossible for me to express the fatigue I underwent for nearly five years. My health was ruined to such a degree that life has ever since to me been a source of nearly unmixed suffering.

Having said thus much of my Journal, I am anxious to acknowledge the reward which I have received from this generous and munificent country in consideration of my services. It would not become *me* to estimate the value of those services; all I can say is that they were performed with great zeal, and in spite of much moral and physical suffering. But I will simply state the facts which led to a pension of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, which has been the main source of whatever comforts I have enjoyed in the midst of many evils, and the means by which I was enabled to educate my son,* and place him where I have the satisfaction to find that, by his zeal and honourable conduct as an officer, he not only rewards the pains and sacrifices which he has cost me, but pays part of my debt of gratitude to a country to which I am infinitely more indebted than to that in which I was educated and grew up. The blessing of Heaven upon England, the land of my adoption, the country of my warmest affection! But to proceed:—

My Journal had been for about two years gaining a very great influence among the sounder portion of the Spanish public. Sir Henry Wellesley, the British Am-

* Now Major White of the 40th Regiment.

bassador at Cadiz, was beset on the arrival of the Packet for copies of the *Español*. He was an impartial witness of the service it did to the common cause of England and Spain. The Government at home had received (I have reason to believe) frequent information of the good effects of the *Español* in directing public opinion, and removing the suspicions and prejudices which a numerous and active Anti-Anglican party was constantly endeavouring to keep up. A member of the Cortes, called Vega, whom I had known in London, whither he had been sent at the very beginning of the war, as deputy from the *Junta of Asturias*, was now Member of the Cortes at Cadiz, where he supported the same views which the *Español* was endeavouring to impress upon the Spanish nation. He was a staunch friend of England, and as such had more than once encouraged me with his advice and praise, to proceed as I had begun, despising the abuse and threats of the Cadiz Monopolists. As Vega was now an influential man at Cadiz, Colonel Murphy, who knew him well, advised me to write to him, stating the uncertain resources from which I derived my subsistence, and asking him to mention my circumstances to the British Ambassador who, from his position, was better qualified than anybody else to estimate my services. The next Cadiz packet brought Sir H. Wellesley's recommendation of my case to the Government. Mr. Hamilton, the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who from my first introduction to him had

shown me the greatest kindness, wrote to inform me that I was to receive a half yearly allowance of £125, and desired me to call for the first payment. At one time, many years ago, I received from the Foreign Office some rather laborious commissions, in the shape of translations; but this took place only once or twice. Dependent as I have been for many years on this grant of Government, it might be supposed that, at least, during the time when I was publishing the *Español*, I had received directions, or hints interfering with that publication. But I am bound to declare that I was left at perfect liberty. I formed and stated my views to the best of my knowledge, honestly intending to serve the cause of liberty and humanity, without giving way to any influence except that of superior knowledge and experience in politics. Lord Holland and his intimate friend Mr. Allen were, I may say, my teachers in that important and difficult branch of knowledge. Aware of their intimate acquaintance with the history and literature of Spain, I used to look forward to their opinion in regard to every forthcoming Number, with no slight emotion. As I wrote at a distance from the public to which my labours were addressed, I was exceedingly glad to have two such excellent judges of my publications, near me. Their approbation was my greatest reward, their hints and observations my most valued means of improvement. Had not Lord Holland been in the opposition during the whole period of my writing in Spanish, I might suspect the purity of the

motives which produced my deference to him; but I rejoice that I have not the slightest cause for doubt, and that my conscience assures me even at this distant period, that in taking Lord Holland and Mr. Allen for my political guides there was nothing to bias my judgment, unless I may have given too much weight to friendship, and affection. To conclude what I think just and proper to say in connection with my pension, I declare that on no occasion whatever, have any of the persons on whom the continuance of that pension has at various periods depended, attempted to exercise any influence over me. Not a word was said when I engaged in controversy with the Roman Catholics, though Mr. Canning was at the head of the Foreign Office. To the credit of all parties be it said, I have been left as free from control, as if my principal means of subsistence had been my hereditary property.

I wish also to discharge a debt of gratitude to Mr. Hamilton who, during the Ministry of Lord Castlereagh, offered me, in the name of his Lordship, the situation of Chaplain to the English Embassy at Brazil. The state of my health induced me to decline the offer.

CHAPTER V.

NARRATIVE OF HIS LIFE IN ENGLAND.

[1814—26.]

My task of original composition, translation, and correcting the Press had occupied me about six hours a day, upon an average: but, though my health was fast declining, I would not allow my mind to remain without direct means of improvement. I had not been many months in England before I became aware that to be reckoned a literary man it was indispensable to know Greek. Many years before, I had taken a few lessons from an Irish priest who was studying Divinity at Seville; but, as the country did not offer the least inducement to that study, I gave it up before I had become familiar with the letters. I well remember that I could not readily distinguish the ζ from the ξ. The uneasiness however which my ignorance gave me would have probably died away, leaving no useful result behind, but for one of those trifling accidents which often decide our most important concerns. My desire to improve myself in English kept the English Classics constantly in my hands. In the course of reading the *Spectator*, I

came to a paper *On the employment of time*. I was struck with the observation that a quarter of an hour a day, uninterruptedly employed in the acquirement of any particular knowledge, must, at no great distance of time, reward the perseverance of the student. From that moment I resolved to employ a quarter of an hour every day, in making myself acquainted with the elements of the Greek Grammar. Having immediately borrowed a copy of the Westminster Grammar I began to put my plan into execution on the evening of the same day. The undertaking was very discouraging. I came to my daily Greek task fatigued and exhausted from my Spanish writing. To relieve myself from the dry occupation of learning inflexions, I procured a *Clavis Homerica*, by means of which I rendered my study more agreeable. I also frequently changed one Grammar for another, preferring that for each branch of the study, which made it clearest to my comprehension. Thus I learnt the nouns from one, the verbs from another, from another the prepositions. Finding myself gradually improving, I was constantly on the alert for Greek books in the daily Advertisements. I was often deceived by promising titles; but the curiosity raised by every book of that kind which I took in hand, relieved the tediousness of the task, and encouraged my perseverance. *Dalzel's Collectanea* was invaluable to me — and *Moore's Grammar* helped very much my progress. The portion of time which I had originally allotted to my Greek was gradually enlarged; and at the end of

four years, i. e. about the time when the *Español* was discontinued, I had read through both the Iliad and the Odyssey, Herodotus, and all Dalzel's Extracts, besides some of Plutarch's Lives. I constantly availed myself of translations, which I considered to stand to me in the place of a teacher: and I would recommend the same method to every grown person who wishes to teach himself a language. My perseverance was so great that for the space of twenty years I seldom failed a single day to carry on my Greek studies. I may say that I have never given up those studies; for I seldom pass a day without some reading in the Greek classics. Thus, by my own exertions, and totally unassisted by any *viva voce* teaching, I have become, though not an eminent Greek critic, a scholar at least well acquainted with the structure of the language, and with the contents of the greatest and best part of the Greek Classics both in Verse and Prose.

The study of the Christian religion began about the same time to occupy me regularly every day. I have so fully stated the history of my mind in my former works that I shall say little here upon this topic. Many indeed have been the mental trials which I have endured on the subject of religion. The workings of my mind, my struggles, my waverings (perhaps my temporary defeats), have all been recorded in my private Journals. I do not wish that any thing relating to my mental history should be concealed, provided there is a moral certainty that

the facts revealed will not be misunderstood. The result, however, of my observation of mankind is, that there are few, very few, whose prejudices on religious subjects would not lead them to false conclusions in regard to my *mental* Christianity. I scarcely know a more grievous and general evil than the established habit of *making inferences* for others, and asserting that, by doubting or denying certain portions of the common systems of theology, every man *must* doubt or deny the vital truths of Christianity. This general tendency would not exist if men could as freely express their notions and sentiments on religion, as upon other subjects. But in the present state of things, each individual knows only his own mind. Hence a melancholy narrowness of views, little removed from that of the Catholics themselves: hence that *scholastic* intolerance which will not be satisfied with *conclusions* unless they are drawn from certain established premises. As for myself, were there nothing at stake but my intellectual character, I should not mind shocking any number of men at the peril of my posthumous fame. But I consider myself (humbly, I trust) as one whom Providence has charged with a particular mission—that, namely, of bearing witness to certain experimental facts of mind among the individuals whom my writings may reach. Many of them consider themselves in need of none of my proofs of the evil tendencies of the Romanist system; for they have settled with themselves that all forms of Christianity are false and mischievous:

the believers in the Gospel are not in want of my reasons or example to continue firm in their profession, whether their firmness proceed from party-spirit, or from a sincere and *living* conviction. But I have known instances in which my reasons, my experience, and my example, have helped to effect a rescue, in some cases, from Popery, in others from irreligion. My converts however are not likely to make a show or occasion a triumph to any party. There is not in my composition a particle of that which can produce in myself or communicate to others unhesitating zeal. I have indeed tried to catch the spark of enthusiasm from persons whom I have warmly loved; but my efforts were in vain. What those worthy friends reproved in me as *intellectual pride*, cannot be destroyed but with my identity. This characteristic breaks out in every thing I have written: I must "come and see;" and every one of those who can be benefitted by my writings must naturally be of the same disposition. I am nevertheless sure that this unflinching allegiance to "the light that is in us," has nothing in common with pride. I have no reason to doubt that I am, and that I have *always* been, ready to follow Truth through losses and perils, through honour and dishonour; but as Truth has never manifested itself to me in such a broad stream of light, as seems to be poured upon some men; as Truth has appeared to my mental eye like a vivid, yet small and twinkling star, in a storm —now appearing for a moment with a beauty which

enraptures my heart, now lost in such clouds as, had I less faith, might make me suspect that the previous clear sight had been a delusion—I have submitted to this long and painful trial, making it my rule, to proceed, whether in glimmering or darkness, always in that direction in which the light had appeared. What, if I should be under the deception of those who attempt to reach an object, in front of which they were placed before they were blindfolded? I may indeed be stopt by death after having wandered considerably from the straight line on which it has been my earnest endeavour to keep myself; but as I never have turned round by a deliberate act of the will, my error cannot prove either negligence or indifference.

As I cannot suppose myself the only one among mankind, possessing these mental qualities—(whether advantages or defects, I will not dispute), and as I feel assured that it is to such persons that Providence has made me a warning or, perhaps, a guide, I am anxious to remove every obstacle which might oppose that moral destination. I wish most earnestly that my *mental* liberty be not misunderstood—that it may not be taken, as St. Paul's liberty from the Jewish law, as a proof or indication of apostacy. Once for all I declare that in the darkest periods of my mental trials, since my acknowledgment of Christianity in England, I have continued to obey the precepts of Christ and to commit myself to God's mercy through him.*

* I request that the time when I expressed these sentiments be

I shall now proceed with my narrative. As soon as I felt convinced that Christianity could not be an imposture, the early habits of my mind, in connection with theological doctrines, seemed to revive at once. The long study which I had made of Divinity saved me from the necessity of much reading in order to become acquainted with the system of the Church of England. After a residence at Oxford which, reckoning two different periods, amounts to about six years, I am convinced that when I became a member of the Church of England, I knew more Divinity than the greatest part of those who are admitted to Orders. My enemies have talked very absurdly on this as on every point relating to my personal circumstances. They imagine that my change was sudden and unprepared. They speak of me as if I had been a stranger to ecclesiastical studies, and had embraced the doctrines of that Church which happened to be most at hand. No change however could be more

remembered. The following passage, in the Preface to *Paulus' Leben Jesu*, with which I became acquainted a considerable time after I wrote this part of my Memoirs, coincides so exactly with my hopes of sympathy from minds akin with my own, that I beg leave to insert the translation which I made of it when I first read that much calumniated work of a learned, pious, and benevolent man.

"'The predispositions of men's hearts and minds are various: yet the one task proposed to all, as being within their reach, is this: the firm resolve not to take crude opinions, fancies, and groundless notions, as Convictions; but to remain faithful to such views as appear proved to the utmost extent of our power. No man is so singular as to want persons of like temper and mind, both among his contemporaries and successors, ready to listen (if he will but speak out clearly and honestly) to things which probably were already floating indistinctly before their mental sight."

natural than mine. I was long a regular attendant at Church, and at the Lord's Supper, before I applied to be admitted as a Clergyman of the Est: lishment. I was unwilling to take that step as long as I was carrying on the publication of the *Español*. But as soon as by the restoration of Ferdinand and despotism, the Peninsula was closed against my Journal, I proceeded without delay to do what I had long been intending; and having subscribed to the 39 Articles, I established myself at Oxford solely for the purpose of perfecting my knowledge of Greek, and extending that which I had of Divinity.

I had made acquaintance with the Warden of New College (Dr. Shuttleworth*) at Holland House. Trusting in his goodnature I requested him to look out for lodgings which I could make my permanent abode at Oxford. This he very kindly performed. I was soon settled, with my small collection of books, very near New College. My removal took place I believe in October 1814. A Scotch Gentleman whom I had met, at the house of my excellent friend Mr. James Christie, gave me a letter of introduction to the late Dr. Nicoll, who had just taken his Master's Degree. Nicoll, Shuttleworth and the brothers Duncan (those two models of every thing that is most amiable and friendly) formed the whole circle of my acquaintance. I had not however been many days in my lodgings before Mr. (now Dr.)

1814. Ætat. 39.

* The late Bishop of Chichester.

Charles Bishop,* who had lately returned from Spain, called upon me, bringing with him his two brothers, Mr. William and Mr. Henry Bishop: the former already a clergyman, and Fellow of Oriel College; the other an undergraduate at that time, and subsequently a Clergyman. I cannot express the pleasure and advantage of which that visit was the source to me: from that time to this moment, the friendship of William Bishop and his whole family has been to me a source of the highest gratification. If when proudest of my connection with England I was asked for a sample of the highest worth which the land can produce, I would point to the family of the Bishops, of Holywell, Oxford.

Mr. Parsons, of Holywell, who was then employed in editing the Septuagint, did me also the favour of calling upon me, as a neighbour. His eldest daughter, afterwards Mrs. Nicolls, an interesting and accomplished young lady, was a proficient in Music; and as I never have omitted any opportunity of forwarding in that delightful art, any one to whom my knowledge of it could be of service, the assistance which I was most willing to give Miss Parsons was a constant occasion of my visiting in that family.

I now resumed my studies in good earnest; but my constitution was broken, and the distressing complaint which, ever since, has deprived me of comfort and strength, and at times made my life a burden,

* He is one of my friends whom death has carried off since I began to write these Memoirs.—Note in 1841.

was rapidly gaining ground. I struggled vigorously against it; but my days were miserable and my nights wretched.

1815. I had been in Oxford about a year when Lord Holland, returning from a foreign tour, unexpectedly made me the offer of being tutor to his son and heir, the Honourable Henry Fox. This offer had certainly many attractions for me; but, at that time, I did not think my scholarship sufficient for that situation: I gave this as one of the principal reasons for declining an invitation so honourable and advantageous to me. But Lord Holland was kind enough to insist in a manner which overcame my resistance. I yielded, and, having given up my little establishment, I settled myself at Holland House. Lord and Lady Holland treated me kindly; their uninterrupted friendship is the most flattering testimonial to my sincere endeavours in the discharge of my duty to their son. But I suffered dreadfully during my residence of two years, at Holland House. I had repeatedly requested to be released from an occupation to which my health and spirits were totally unequal. At the end of two years, as Lord and Lady Holland were going to spend a few months in Belgium, they strongly urged me to accompany them; but I positively declined. On the day they left town, with my pupil, I addressed a letter to Lord Holland, expressing the total inability in which I found myself of resuming my charge on their return, and requesting him to employ the interval in pro-

curing another tutor. I preserve the answer which is extremely kind.

Restored to my liberty, but in a very bad state of health, I was in great doubt as to the choice of a residence. I might have returned to Oxford; but my not being a Member of the University had been a source of secret mortification while I lived there. I thought at one time of entering my name as an Under-graduate at Alban Hall, of which Mr. Parsons was then Vice-Principal: and in spite of the awkwardness of such a descent in literary rank, I believe I should have submitted to a second pupilage if I had not been called to Holland House. But time had of course increased the ground of my objections, and having no hopes of obtaining a degree, I gave up the idea of living at Oxford.

1817. I took lodgings in the neighbourhood of St. James's Square, London, for the sake of being near my excellent friends, the Christies. My friend Mr. James Christie, had, about this time, resolved to send his wife and daughters to France in order to complete the education of the latter. He was obliged to remain in London, but wishing to reduce his establishment, he had taken the first floor of a house in Pall-Mall, the lower part of which was occupied by a Bookseller: the second floor being vacant, my friend proposed that I should take it, which I did with the utmost readiness, looking joyfully forward to the pleasure of living under the same roof with a man whom I highly loved and

valued. Allured by this fair prospect I overlooked the expense (which I could hardly meet) of furnishing the apartments, and taking an equal share in the charges of housekeeping. But my friend's spirits were quite broken by the absence of his family. My disease had at that period become perfectly intolerable. In this state, though there arose no interruption to our mutual kindness, it was almost impossible that we should contribute to each other's relief.

It was at this period that I resolved to try what physicians might be able to do for me, and I submitted to two very severe courses of medicine, one from a desperate quack, the other under the direction of a very able practitioner. The result was extreme weakness: I was nothing but skin and bones: I could not walk without being ready to faint.

1818. Aug. 18th. In this distressing state I received an invitation from another kind friend,—Mr. Carleton (a nephew of the late Lord Carleton), who lived with his wife and two young children at Little Gaddesden, Herts, within view of Ashridge, the splendid mansion of the Earl of Bridgewater, offering me a room in his cottage. He did not keep a regular domestic tutor for his eldest son, then a boy eight years old; and although he did not engage me for the purpose of educating him, I accepted the invitation with the deliberate design of requiting my friend's hospitality by means of that service. In this undertaking I was, however, very unfortunate.

My great weakness made me irritable, and my pupil was not pliant; the consequence was that he got very little instruction from me. Mr. and Mrs. Carleton's kindness was to me like that of a brother and sister; but I fear that during the last six months of my residence with them (a period, with intervals, of two years) I must have been a source of great trouble to them. Helpless, and in constant suffering from the noise of children in a small and slightly built cottage, I felt almost distracted. I had given up teaching the boy. Under such circumstances there was nothing to justify my living at the expense of my friends. Never in my life was I disposed to intrude upon any one, but on the contrary, have always been extremely anxious to avoid being a burden: and yet, it seems as if my helplessness, my absolute dependence for even the smallest degree of comfort on the society of those dear friends, had absolutely blinded me in regard to the necessity of my removal. I must say, in my own justification, that I earnestly requested my excellent friend Carleton to accept a compensation for my board; but he would not hear of it. And yet my mind was so thoroughly occupied with my absolute want of their society, that the obvious inference of relieving them by my removal to some other place, never occurred to me. This is the more strange because at this time the young family of my friends was increasing. But nothing can exceed the insensibility (I do not know a milder name) to which my sufferings had reduced me on

that point. I stayed there, as if that house had been my natural place of refuge; as if the ties of blood had bound me to that spot. Suddenly however I awoke from that mental dream; I perceived the necessity of my seeking for another retreat. The kindness of my friends was unaltered, but I had now fully opened my eyes to the necessity of depriving myself of the happiness which I enjoyed in their society. But where I was to go, how I was to undertake a journey, in that wretched state of health I could not at all conceive: such was the state of misery and dejection to which my disease had reduced me.

The only thing I could think of at that moment was to communicate my distress to my friend the Rev. William Bishop, with whom I had regularly corresponded ever since our first separation, imparting to him every thing that was in my mind, with the most unbounded confidence. His answer was a pressing invitation to come to him at Ufton, Berks, and make his house my own as long as I pleased. I accepted the invitation, intending, during a long visit, to arrange my plans in regard to a permanent residence. I parted with my friends the Carletons with intense regret. Our mutual kindness has continued without interruption for many years, notwithstanding their long absence from England.

1820. Dec. 12 The repose of my friend's parsonage at Ufton was favourable to my health and spirits, but the improvement was so slow as to be

hardly perceptible. It was there I received a letter from Mr. Campbell, the Poet, inviting me to write for the *New Monthly Magazine,* which he had taken under his care. This was the origin of *Doblado's Letters.* I was not able to write much at a time, but by regularly employing an hour every morning, I saw the work growing under my hand. At the end of about three months I had nearly completed the execution of my plan.*

* I have before me a copy of the first edition of *Doblado's Letters,* and avail myself of this opportunity to call the attention of those who may happen to see these *Memoirs* to the fact that the second edition does not contain a note which, in the first, is found at page 79. The note is given in the name of the Editor, who is no other but the Author. I corrected the 2d Edition for the Press (the Printer unfortunately neglected sadly my corrections) at the period when whatever degree of hierarchical intolerance my Nature was capable of, had seized me in consequence of my engaging in controversy against Mr. Charles Butler. In that state of mind I left out the Note. In this omission there was something of subserviency to the bigotry of the Anti-Catholic party; it was the effect of the impulse which my mind had received from a party with which at that time I had neither communication, nor any community of views, but whose clamour, rousing the feelings of abhorrence which my experience of the evils of the Roman Catholic system has indelibly impressed on my soul, deprived me for a moment of the spirit of candour, which made me write those lines in 1822. On reconsidering the note in question, after a lapse of several years I fully approve its contents: the note expresses my settled conviction. I shall copy it here, to save the reader the trouble of searching for it, in case the account of myself which I have given, has interested him sufficiently to care for such unimportant facts as the one here alluded to.

"I must observe, that the degree of delicacy, or its opposite, in a confessor—besides the individual influence of virtue and good breeding —must greatly depend upon the general refinement of the people among whom he exercises his powers. Such is the state of manners in England, that few or none, I will venture to say, among its Catholic females, will probably be aware of any evil tendency in auricular confession. I would not equally answer for Ireland, espe-

I now thought of removing to town. Mr. Christie's wife and daughters had returned from France. They were now living at Chelsea. To be in their neighbourhood was important to my happiness. I went to town and took lodgings near them. For nearly six years, theirs was my home. To express my sense of gratitude to them for their uninterrupted kindness to me, and for allowing my son all the advantages of the society of their children, constantly assisting in the formation of his moral character and manners as if he had been one of their family, is absolutely out of my power. My friend Mr. Christie has carried already this my debt of gratitude to his grave. I wish I had it in my power to repay it to his widow and children. If heartfelt affection can contribute towards it, I cannot accuse myself of being a negligent debtor.

1821. April 2.

My health continued improving though exceedingly slowly. When *Doblado's Letters* had given me a certain degree of consequence in the book-

cially among the lower classes. Since these letters, however, would not have seen the light without my consent, I must here, once for all, enter my protest against the supposition of their being intended as an attack on the large and respectable portion of our fellow-subjects who profess the Roman Catholic faith. That I firmly believe in the abstract tendency which is here attributed to Catholicism I cannot, will not, deny. Yet we should not confound Catholicism in the rank luxuriance of full growth, with the same noxious plant gradually tamed and reclaimed under the shade of Protestantism. Thus, while I am persuaded that the religion of Spain, Portugal and Naples, is the main obstacle to the final establishment of liberty in those countries, I positively deny the inference that Catholics must necessarily, in all possible circumstances, make a wrong use of political power."

market, Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, who wished to publish a Spanish Journal, for Spanish America, urged me to write it for him. I was very reluctant. He wished to get up a periodical somewhat in the style of the *Ladies' Magazine*. He had a great number of plates of Glens, Cascades, Villas, Public Buildings and fine Ladies, which by the change of the Lettering into Spanish, would answer wonderfully well in the New World. These were to form part of every Number: and the idea of degrading myself into a literary *Gallantee-show* man, revolted me. But I considered the subject in another point of view: I might make the intended Journal a vehicle of useful information, to people speaking a language, which does not abound in books suited to their circumstances. This thought decided me: I engaged to write the Journal, provided Mr. Ackermann procured the explanation of the plates relative to fashions and house furniture from another Spaniard. I also exacted a promise that Mr. Ackermann was not to interfere with my subjects; but I promised that I would not alarm the Hispano-Americans on religious matters, so as to endanger the admission and circulation of the Journal. I was to have three hundred a year for four Numbers. The work continued to be written and edited by me for about a year and a half. I endeavoured to make it useful; but I could not help disliking my occupation. To write for a distant public is as bad as to make a speech without an audience. Besides to think in Spanish had not

only become difficult to me, but it was a source of internal pain which made me extremely unhappy. It is however probable that the VARIEDADES (such was the title of the quarterly Journal) would have continued under my care much longer, but for the sudden turn which unexpected circumstances gave to my literary labours.

Mr. Charles Butler had published his *Book of the Roman Catholic Church*: but I had not even looked into it. I felt a disgust of controversy, especially upon a point which for many years I considered as above dispute. Unexpectedly however I received a letter from Mr Locker of Greenwich Hospital, whom Mr. Southey had, a short time before, introduced to me by letter. Mr. Locker had invited me two or three times to his house, when I became acquainted with his wife, a lady of highly cultivated mind and agreeable manners. Mr. Locker's Note conveyed a message from Mrs. L. calling upon me to answer a book, the fallacies and deliberate misrepresentations of which she thought I was peculiarly qualified to expose. Mr. Locker concluded by urging me to consider whether my coming forward on such an occasion was not a clear duty, which I could not leave to others. I confess my weakness. The force of this appeal struck me instantly: but I wished, with all my soul, I could find a satisfactory excuse. What a prospect of misery and vexation had suddenly opened before me! To engage in controversy, to rake up the most painful recollections of my life, to stand up

in all the unguarded openness of truth in front of a violent party: to appear to some in the light of a canting religionist; as a preferment hunter to others; to all who make up what is called the world, as an agent of the *Saintly party*; all this, and much more, which it would be difficult to describe, occurred to my mind most rapidly and vividly. And yet I perceived, simultaneously and with the same clearness, that I ought not to avoid the painful duty which I was called upon to perform. I answered Mr. Locker that I would take the subject into consideration.*

* Note written in 1836. In March 1831, I was invited by John Allen, Esq., Master of Dulwich College, to *draw lots* (such is the mode of election according to the statutes of that foundation) for the 4th Fellowship—that of Organist—just vacated by the death of the Rev. Mr. Lindley. I accepted the invitation, and proceeded from Oxford, where I was then residing, to London, to wait for the day of election. As it was necessary to find another person with whom to divide the chances, and the wish of the Society was that both the Candidates should be Clergymen and Graduates, a considerable delay took place before the drawing of the lots. In the mean time, I was surprised by a letter from my friend Mr. Allen, informing me, that one of the Fellows had assured him, that I had been expressly *bought* by (I believe) Lord Roden for the purpose of writing against the Catholics: Mr. Allen wished to have it in his power to contradict this report. My answer consisted in the statement which I have given above; adding that one hundred pounds, which the sale of four editions of the *Poor Man's Preservative* had placed to my credit in the hands of Messrs. Rivington, had been paid through their hands, the first fifty to the Christian Knowledge Society, the second to the Society for Building and Repairing Churches. I afterwards remembered that the nobleman, whose name I cannot be certain of, was a friend of Mr. Locker. He may have moved Mr. Locker to write to me; and this was sufficient to raise the report of his having purchased my services. I feel sick at heart when I think of these things. What a degradation of feeling and principle must be inferred from the difficulty which men have to imagine that any one can do any thing disinterestedly, in such matters! I need hardly mention here that I drew the blank lot at Dulwich College, and lost the election.

Providence had prepared a witness of my actions, feelings, and resolves at that trying period of my life, to whom I have the greatest satisfaction to appeal in confirmation of my statement. The Rev. Robert Butler, now Vicar of Kilkenny, lived in the same lodging-house with me. There were two sets of apartments. He had the ground-floor: I occupied the first. I had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Butler, through the Carletons: he being first cousin to Mrs. Carleton. His amiable manners, the goodness of his heart, and the sincerity of his piety, made him to me an object of respect and affection. He had hitherto lived with his father: but as the whole family had gone to live abroad, my friend was in want of lodgings. At this time the apartments under my own became vacant, and I had the satisfaction of having that excellent man under the same roof with myself. We dined together, and spent together as much of our time as our occupations allowed. Upon receiving Mr. Locker's letter I immediately showed it to my friend Butler. He agreed with Mr. Locker's views. Unable to resist my own conviction thus supported, I told my inmate and adviser that I would immediately begin to write: if the first attempt succeeded, I would go on: if my dislike to the subject fettered my pen, I should relinquish the undertaking. The first letter in my work, *Evidence against Catholicism,* was finished the day after. Mr. Butler read it and urged me to proceed. When the work was finished I carried it to Mr.

Murray, the publisher. I had no idea of success,—and he accepted it, on the lowest terms, i. e. agreeing to give me half the net profit. The work appeared,* and I was surprised at the effect it produced: but I soon began to experience the anger and insolence of Catholics and Emancipationists. It was evident however that if I had wished to make use of those who considered me a useful ally, I might obtain ample compensation for the opposition and ill will of my adversaries. By engaging in theological controversy I felt obliged to give up the Spanish Journal, which with no great labour brought me three hundred a year. I might have given a hint of this loss, and there is no doubt that decent means of making it up would have been easily found. But the success of my book was to me a signal for taking a solemn resolution never to accept Church preferment. I communicated this resolution to my friend Mr. Bishop, by letter, and to Mr. Butler, orally. To give it publicity I deemed totally unbecoming: I only secured witnesses, and left them at liberty to mention the fact, if they pleased.

I now considered myself as one entirely devoted to the cause of religious truth, especially in opposition to Rome. I gave notice to Mr. Ackermann that I intended to discontinue writing for him after the publication of two more numbers. The leading articles of those two Numbers I devoted to a short account of myself, in regard to religious belief. As

* The first Edition in 1825; the second in 1826.

it was notorious in the countries where Spanish is spoken that I had disbelieved Christianity for many years, I thought it my duty to state the principal reasons which had brought me back to the Gospel. I did not enter into theological controversy, because that would have injured the circulation of the book. I have the satisfaction to know that my statement has, in some cases, moderated that fever of unbelief, which the bigotry and absurdity of the *believers* keeps up in all Christian countries, and especially in Spain.

A sense of duty in regard to the poorer classes induced me to write the *Poor Man's Preservative against Popery*; but to secure my motives against the imputations of my enemies, I relinquished all profit arising from it: I have even paid for the copies I gave away.*

As I was now desirous of returning to Oxford, from a conviction that no residence was so favourable

[* Extract from the preface to the first Edition: "Who I am, I will tell you presently; for I mean, by your favour, to hold a pretty long conversation with you; but let me speak first about this little book. I wrote, a few months ago, a work on the Roman Catholic Religion, which, as I hear from the bookseller, has had a good sale among the rich. I might indeed rest satisfied with this success, if, even at the time when I was working hard with my pen, a whisper within had not said to me, 'Are you sure that the prospect of gain or praise is not the real cause of all this labour?'—'I am well aware,' said I, 'that the heart is deceitful above all things, and that, conscious as I feel of the purity of my motives, yet something may be wrong in them. I will, however, with God's blessing, if this book be well received, write another for the poor. I will give it away to be printed for them at the cheapest rate, and will make no profit at all by it. I will take care besides that it contain, in a small compass, more than my work for the higher classes: and it shall be written in a manner that will require no learning to be well understood.'"]

to the prosecution of my labours, I heard with great pleasure that it had been proposed by the Hebdomadal Board to honour me with a degree of Master of Arts by Diploma. This was just what I could have wished, in order to remove the unpleasant feeling which I had formerly experienced at Oxford, arising from my recollection of the time when I belonged to a similar body, and my present exclusion from a body of graduates in the midst of which I was living. But the pleasure which the intentions of the Board had given me was soon mixed up with pain and anxiety. I learnt that an opposition to my degree was intended in Convocation. Two days elapsed between this notice and the arrival of my diploma—and certainly they were two days of bitterness. As I had not solicited the proposed honour I thought it very hard thus to be exposed to a public affront. Had the opposition succeeded I think I should have left the country. Thus the pleasure which at first filled me with joy was damped by the unfeelingness of party. Under the impulse of the passions which party-spirit sanctifies, even good men will employ the most cruel and unjust methods of forwarding their ends. I have every reason to think that the leader of the opposition had no personal objection against me. He has subsequently shown me all the kindness and hospitality to which he is naturally inclined; and I have accepted his civilities without a shadow of resentment. But this is exactly the evil of party violence: a generous and goodnatured man will feel

no scruple when he inflicts upon an innocent person severe loss and pain, only because it answers what he believes an important end. Had I been one who had raised himself to wealth and dignity by means of the party whom it was wished to mortify by affronting me—had I even shown an inclination to obtain any thing in the Church during the many years which had elapsed since I subscribed the Articles, it might be said, that I must take the good together with the evil. But all that was proposed for me was an honour, which only restored me to a class to which I had belonged from my youth; an honour which I had sacrificed to my love of truth. I might have continued in this negative state and felt unhumbled; but what the opposition intended was a *positive affront* for which I had never received a compensation—if indeed there can be any compensation for dishonour—an affront which, by the confession of the opponents, I did not deserve. It was indeed necessary that time and the general kindness I experienced at Oxford should soften the painful impression which the opposition had made on my mind, before I could enjoy the gratification which I had expected from living there. At first indeed, I scarcely met any one of whose friendship I had no previous proofs, without suspecting that he might be one of those who had objected to receive me as a fellow-graduate. But I must apologise for dwelling so long on this subject. My apology is one however which none but those who are thoroughly acquainted with

the events of my life can either admit or understand. A drop will make a full cup run over. This should be remembered as an excuse in regard to what may appear an excess of sensitiveness.

1826. Oct. 2. Ætat. 51.

My separation from the dear friends I left at Chelsea and its neighbourhood contributed likewise to damp the pleasure of my return to Oxford. The Christies were to me like my own family. There was one besides, not far from my Chelsea residence, for whom I felt the love of a brother. Mr. James Hawkins Wilson, of St. Mary Hall, Oxford, had shown towards me that genuine kindness and friendship which never failed to win my whole heart. He *was* (with bitter regret do I feel obliged to use a past tense)—he was a man of great talent and information, of truly refined manners, and habitually guided by the highest moral principles: religious, yet free from enthusiasm, and bigotry: a man in fact, who though much younger than myself I could frequently study with improvement. I left his neighbourhood; but his house continued open to me whenever I came to town. When I found him alone, time did not pass heavily over us; and when he was surrounded by his near relatives, their mutual kindness and refined good humour reflected ease and cheerfulness on the visitor. But my friend's life was cut short: an organic disease in the heart carried him off on the 22nd October 1830, in the 34th year of his age. I have copied this date from the mourning ring he left me, and which I constantly wear on my finger.

I have arrived at the end of these notes. My health and spirits imperiously demand that I should not attempt a more detailed account of the period which has elapsed since my settling in Oxford as a Member of Oriel College. The chief object of these Memoirs is to remove false impressions in regard to myself. It is true that strong prejudices have been raised against me during this latter part of my life; but I have not strength to write any more apologies of myself.

I conclude with a most ardent prayer to HIM who has protected me through a painful life, to bless those who have contributed to allay the sufferings, moral and physical, of my existence during the last twenty years. May God bless you* and your family. May He prosper and reward the kind friends among whom I have lived at Oriel College. I heartily thank my Creator and Redeemer that while my heart overflows with gratitude and kindness at this moment, there is not one drop of resentment against any one mixed up with these feelings: my enemies do not exist for me, when I think of my friends. My life will be crowned with the highest temporal blessing if it should please God to give me a consciousness of these feelings when I yield my soul into his hands.†

Oxford, April 7th, 1832. J. B. W.

* Dr. Whately. See p. 1.

[† Here the connected narrative prepared by himself of the *external* events of his Life terminates. The following Note is appended to it, written a few months before his death.]

" Liverpool, Jan. 8, 1841.

" Deprived of the use of my legs, these three years, and now cruelly

tormented by a most severe rheumatism, I have nevertheless made an effort to read the preceding manuscript for the last time, to assure myself that nothing in it is incorrect in point of fact, and that nothing can be painful to any of my friends. I fear that my narrative can produce little or no interest, but I care not to be charged with dullness, provided I stand totally free from the slightest shadow of malice or breach of confidence. I have been an inmate in families which might have afforded me very interesting descriptions of character; but I have most readily forgone every advantage of that kind. Even in praising my friends I have taken care not to admit strangers to their privacy.

"Now I consign these papers to the care of my dear friend the Rev. John Hamilton Thom, who has kindly accepted this trust at my hands.

"JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE."

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A SKETCH OF HIS MIND IN ENGLAND.

[1812—1818.]

[Begun, Nov. 7, 1834.]

THE sketch of my life, which I wrote for Dr. Whately, some years ago, besides many other faults, has this great one—that it scarcely gives any account of the history of my mind in England. Now, if my Memoirs can be of any service to others, the benefit must proceed from their acquaintance with the intellectual workings of a man who has loved truth above all things, and who, whatever his mistakes may be, has never spared himself any pain, trouble, or loss to avoid moral responsibility in his mental errors.

There is still another circumstance which makes this particular account of my mind very important.—If it had been consistent with my mental character to take up, once for ever, the doctrines and views of the Church of England; if I had employed myself in the study of English Theology with a predetermination to come to no conclusion which did not support the established theory, I might well leave to others the task of writing an account of my studies and their results, in this country. But, though I embraced

the theological system of the Church of England with perfect sincerity, it happened, in the course of time, that many of its views appeared to me quite untenable. The struggle was long indeed, and if TRUTH has any charge against me—it is that, deeply impressed with the fear of a relapse into my anti-christian opinions, and, still in bondage to the theological notion which identifies some one collection of metaphysical propositions with Christianity,—I *wished sincerely* that I might not find sufficient reason to change the views which I had embraced.*—This was my WISH; but I thank God that my DETERMINATION not to be guided by that wish, if I should find it inconsistent with my judgment, was never in the least shaken.—In spite of incessant bodily suffering, my theological studies have been carried on vigorously and uninterruptedly for more than twenty years.† As I cannot but think that my life is near its end, I feel great anxiety lest I should depart without leaving a statement of the general result of those studies: for I will not (if possible) allow people either to give me credit for views which I have rejected, or

* What would divines say of a man who, when examining for instance the Christian Evidence, had *wished* sincerely that he should not find reason to change from unbelief to Christianity; or of a Unitarian, who when employed in reading Bull and Waterland, had *wished sincerely* not to find sufficient reason to become a Trinitarian? Would they not declare him guilty of a *sinful* prejudice? But, when on *their* side, the prejudice becomes a *virtue*. I thank God again and again that with me, *Truth* was stronger than *my prejudices*.

† I begin the last revisal of this sketch, at Liverpool, January 1841. Whenever I mention the length of my theological studies, it should be understood that I have never stopt them.

to blame me for opinions which I have never embraced.

My journals, or rather Note Books, contain entries contemporary with every important period of my mental life in England. The earliest record is of the 28th September 1812—two years and a half after my arrival in London.

"September 28th, 1812.*

"I propose to myself two objects in keeping this Journal. The principal one is to improve my mind and heart by obliging myself to examine my thoughts and affections, as closely as writing them down requires: and the second (though secondary, a very important object to me) to accustom myself to think in the language of the country which I intend to make my own till death."

"Sept. 29.

"I am quite full of the idea of making my profession of Christianity by receiving the Sacrament according to the practice of the Church of England. This thought has made me very uneasy, not so much on account of any religious doubts, as from a struggle with my feelings.

"Oct. 4.

"I have received the Sacrament in the Parish Church of St. Martin in the Fields. . . . . Had I been merely in doubt concerning the religion in which I was born, or had I preserved even appearances, there would have been some reason to hesitate about the propriety of this step. But who has ever seen me in a Catholic Chapel? All the Catholics that knew me were aware that I had openly renounced their Church. Why then should it be better to have continued a professed unbeliever than attach myself to

* I was living in lodgings, *Edgware Road, London.*

the Religion of Christ, in one of the Churches whose tenets reduce that Religion to almost its primitive purity? My faith is but weak; but it is better to foster it and ask the increase of it from God than to smother its seeds by negligence and unthoughtfulness.* I verily believe in Christ: I submit my understanding to his authority, as expressed in the Gospel. I say, *adjuva incredulitatem meam*, and I hope that my prayer will be granted. When I made open profession of Atheism, it was (I bring the Almighty whom I offended to witness) neither with any evil view nor produced by a mere malignity of heart. Catholicism had worked me into that madness, as I shall explain in my Memoirs.† This I consider as a strong proof which may make me easy as to the purity of my motives for now declaring myself a Protestant. I have firmly proposed before God to purify my soul by the means which the Christian religion affords. I don't remember to have done any evil action deliberately, and if I have done it, even in the height of my incredulity, it has had my full abomination. But now I propose to strengthen my heart against vice with the aid of heaven, which I shall invoke through the merits of Christ. My situation requires it, on account of the dangers that surround me with respect to my morals. It is only with the help of God that I may be able to arrive at old age (if God grants me to live so long) without being overcome in the very hard and dangerous struggle which I must endure on account of my insulated state of life. The sins I have been guilty of, and those that I must fight against in the bitterness of my soul, have had their source in that accursed superstition

* It is needless to advert to the evident marks of difficulty in the employment of the English language which are visible in these extracts. I will not correct or alter any thing, lest I should deprive them of any of their internal marks of genuineness.

† At an early period of my residence in England I had conceived the idea of writing Memoirs of myself. This was partially done in *Doblado's Letters*.

which has deprived me of the comforts and blessings of a family, for which my heart has sighed in vain all my life, and which it is now too late for me to think of, though it will never be so to miss them."

Many, many years have elapsed without my having read the preceding note. I confess that I have copied it under a strong perception of the ridicule to which its style and general tone may be exposed. But the re-perusal of the whole passage has raised a feeling of sincere gratitude in my heart, which overpowers all others. My conscience has always assured me that my motives for becoming a Protestant were pure; but here I see myself again just as I was when I took that resolution. I see the workings of my heart two and twenty years ago, and I recognize the hand of God in them. The heavenly power which acted then in me, (I humbly thank its source) has never deserted me. It has kept me constantly faithful to all I then proposed.

The process of the moral and intellectual change which took place in me is not difficult to describe. The love of Christian virtue had been carefully, though very injudiciously cultivated in me, during my youth. When the false grounds of Church authority on which my Christianity had been raised, gave way, and I found myself in hopeless captivity to that powerful priesthood, which constitutes the real Church of Rome; when I perceived that I must either make common cause with them, or fall a victim

to their vengeance, my internal despair knew no bounds. My mind was constantly in a state of irritation, and, as I have said in Doblado's Letters, I would have joined in any revolution that held out the prospect of abolishing the Spanish Church. In such a state of mind it was a moral impossibility to sit down calmly and deliberately to sift out a Protestant system of Christianity. Of this impossibility I have been more and more convinced as my long theological studies have shown me how very imperfectly and inconsistently the Protestant SYSTEMS, which succeeded in the place of abolished Popery, were framed. I am therefore convinced that my unbelief was unavoidable. As it did not however proceed from viciousness or perverseness, the removal of the irritating causes was enough to open my heart to the moral attractions of the Gospel. Let not this explanation be construed into a denial of the grace of God. I am thoroughly convinced "that every good gift, and every perfect gift is from above;" much more that highest of all gifts, true Christianity. But I am determined to avoid all theoretical views; especially those which would represent God at variance with his own works. The *grace* or *favour* of God, as manifested in his spiritual gifts, cannot but act in conformity with the laws of the human mind. It is impossible to distinguish the works of GRACE (as Divines call them) from the works of our *moral and intellectual nature*. By the *fruits* alone can we distinguish that which proceeds from the spirit of God,

and that which arises from the spirit of evil. The clearest proof which I have that my change proceeded from God, is its hitherto uninterrupted result —an invariable wish to do the will of God: my firm hope of a final victory is grounded on that moral certainty; "being confident of this very thing, that he who began this good work in me will complete it."

The moment that my moral affections were restored to Christ, most of the habits of my mind associated with my early belief in Christianity naturally revived. None clearly *papistical* was likely to re-appear among them; yet it might well be expected that most of the notions which the Protestant Reformers retained, (especially such as may be called *theological* or *systematic*,) would also resume their old station within me. An indefinite yet very extensive notion of the inspiration of the Bible was most likely to occupy the centre of the system of theology which I was about to re-construct. That it was so, and that such a notion contained (as it happens almost without exception in those that cherish it in the usual form) a great deal of superstition, tending to make the Bible a responsive Oracle, will be seen by the following passage of my earliest Note Book.

"Dec. 23, 1812.

"This evening, as I could hardly bear the anguish which has oppressed my heart some days since,* I got up, scarcely knowing how to find any kind of relief; and as I came near my little book-case, it struck me that I had neglected of late to read in the Bible. I took it up almost in despair, and

* I meant to say *for some days.*

feeling the greatest dislike to that kind of reading; and opening the book by chance, I began to read at the last verse of the 15th chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. 'Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.' This consolatory hope came so home to me that I could not but look the chapter over; and found it admirably well calculated to strengthen that grain of faith which has been sown by the hand of God in my soul. My sufferings become intolerable to me when I consider that they can have no end but with my life. But how much they would be relieved if I could support myself with the unshaken hope of a future life! These unavailing, these sickly regrets for the loss of my best years . . . . would be undoubtedly allayed, if I could feel a confident hope of having my existence prolonged beyond the grave. Now if any argument is calculated to work that sort of conviction of which the human mind is capable concerning things which *are to come*, I consider that the present chapter of St. Paul must produce the desired effect upon every candid man who will consider it attentively."

...

There follows in my Journal a pretty long argument, much in the style of a Sermon, with which I will not try the patience of the Reader. The object of these quotations is to show the strong hold which religious feelings had taken within me.—But it may be asked how it was that I did not carry on my religious inquiries, and arrange my thoughts in Spanish? —I answer, because the religious phraseology of my native language had become *ludicrously disgusting to me*. When, some time after the period on which I am dwelling, I was requested to correct for the press

a Spanish New Testament, I could hardly bear the disagreeable impression which I received from old associations. I believe that this effect is perceived by all Spaniards who, like myself, have lived long in their country, in a state of incredulity.—But there was besides another difficulty. The Spanish language has hardly ever been used as an instrument of close reasoning. I had resolved (how firmly and irrevocably, time has shown) never to return to Spain: England was to be my country till death; and my mental powers were to be directed to usefulness in this—the country of my free choice. I was at that time sacrificing my health to the object of promoting the union and good understanding of England and Spain, which was, (if existing circumstances were considered,) the best means of improving the condition of the latter. By dint of the most oppressive mental labour I was writing, single handed and without the least assistance, a monthly periodical in Spanish, in which I endeavoured to give every view, political, moral, and literary which might assist my countrymen's improvement. To carry on such a work when the political excitement had ceased, and Napoleon was no longer formidable, was utterly impossible. Even if a Spanish periodical could have found a sufficient number of purchasers to pay the expenses, the possibility of introducing it into Spain would cease the moment that the fear of the French was removed, and British assistance was no longer needed. The desire of serving my native country was never

extinguished in my breast, as will appear in various parts of this sketch. But since that country was impervious to light, it could not be my duty to waste my strength. Every political link between myself and Spain was broken. The country whose laws doom me to death because I will not surrender my understanding, or dissemble my convictions—a country which would force me to make my life and every action of it a Lie—has no claims upon me. Enough it is that having inflicted such misery upon me, that having placed me in a condition, in regard to my national rights, which is that of men who have been guilty of the blackest crimes—enough I say it is that I have watched every opportunity of serving that country, and (to the utmost extent of my means) of assisting its natives when in distress. But I could not devote my life to the hopeless attempt of improving Spain by my writings. It is too true, on the other hand, that I could not look to much usefulness in regard to England; and that, unless I should, in blind submission, employ my pen in the service of some of her political, religious—or politico-religious parties, a clamour would be raised against me on the score of my foreign birth, exactly in proportion to the power with which I might happen to urge any truth not in conformity with their interests. Yet since I had chosen England as my country—since, with the approbation of her laws, I was about to swear allegiance to her Sovereigns, it was my clear duty to make myself an Englishman to the full ex-

tent of my power; and to serve the cause of truth and mankind in England, as much as I could, in spite of every disadvantage under which selfishness, and jealousy, in the shape of patriotism, might place me. It was therefore my most constant and earnest endeavour to re-cast my mind, as much as possible, in an English mould—to re-educate myself as an Englishman. I well knew that no effort, however desperate, could make me attain that object fully. I was aware that my foreign accent, like a shade of the African complexion, in the West Indies, would constantly expose me to an indignant repulse whenever my strong social feelings might make me forget that perfect *domestication* in England would never be allowed to me—that to the last day of my life I could not consider myself completely *at home*. All this however could not prevent my resolution to live and die in this country;—to serve this country with all my heart and soul.—I had no ambitious or intrusive views whatever. If in the execution of some clear duty I should happen to meet with mortification, I knew I should have courage and composure to bear it, as long as I should take care not to have deserved it. Under these views and convictions I undertook the task of forcing my mind to carry on its thoughts only in English. Hard, indeed, was the undertaking; but it was accomplished. While I was employed in the composition of the *Español* I thought, of course, in Spanish, during the act of writing. But with such perseverance did I carry on my silent

thoughts by means of English words, that before the conclusion of that publication I had nearly to translate my mental conceptions into Spanish. Let not national pride (for I have found it in many individuals extending its jealousy even to language) smile at the supposition that I have attained native purity in the language I use; I only assert the fact that English words, exclusively, have been for many years the forms in which my thinking powers have exerted themselves.

If any doubts could be raised as to the purity of the religious feeling which led me to the Lord's Supper the first time I attended it in England, the feelings which I recorded on Christmas day, of the same year, prove satisfactorily to me that I acted under the guidance of a pure desire of living according to the Will of God.

"Christmas day, 1812.

"I do not remember to have passed a day in a state of mind so calm and contented, without the least mixture of either melancholy or exultation. From eleven to two in the afternoon I was at Church, and though it was a very cold morning, I did not feel the least weariness or impatience—nay, was pleased and happy throughout the whole service. My mind was more composed than the first time I received the Sacrament: I was sure that no worldly motive brought me near the altar: and as I was now acquainted with the ceremony, the fear of doing something that might draw the attention of the people towards me (a thing which harrasses my imagination beyond what I can describe*) did not disturb my mind. Nothing, indeed,

* I brought a great deal of *mauvaise honte* to England.

can be more simple and affecting than this ceremony, as practised by the Church of England, &c. &c. &c.—

The passage which is here omitted, concluded in the following strain:

"Why should candid and good men employ themselves in discountenancing the well disposed, and dissuading them from a practice the tendency of which is so beneficial even in a philosophical point of view? Had a similar thing been instituted in Greece, and the ceremony described by some of the Greek philosophers, it would be considered as one of the most admirable contrivances of human wisdom in favour of human nature. But any thing that belongs to the Christian Religion must be cried down by every one who aspires to the title and pre-eminence of a philosopher:—for it would be a shame it seems to approve and partake in a common source of consolation with the poor, the ignorant, and the humble."

I have inserted the concluding words of this passage because in this I perceive the first indication of a mental tendency which has occupied my serious attention during the last four or five years. It is curious that the moment I gave up my mind to religious impressions I should find myself gliding unconsciously into the censorious, declamatory, style of the professed theological writers. Little more than two years had elapsed since I felt the first attraction of Christianity in my heart. During the ten preceding years the very name of religion had been odious to me; and no language was strong enough to express my dislike. But I never had despised the "poor" and the "humble," though it is very true that I could not then, nor indeed can I now, endure the false sources of "consolation" which are fre-

quently offered to the "ignorant." And yet here I find the spirit of the PULPIT suddenly coming upon me, and leading me into an attack against Unbelievers!—The observations with which I began are true enough. There is a prejudice against every thing connected with Christianity; but I might have observed from my own experience, that such a prejudice arises from the intolerable abuse of Christianity and the Christian name which is so glaringly offensive everywhere. But in asserting that Unbelievers, as such, grudge the consolations of the poor I unconsciously uttered what I had no ground to believe. I say *unconsciously* for I could have no inducement to state a deliberate falsehood. I was writing what I had not the remotest intention of showing to any one; and my mental habits, together with the absence of the slightest recollection of self-reproof, entitle me to conclude that I had not the remotest notion that I was stating any thing but the truth. The fact is, however, that with the return of my belief in Christianity there was a revival of all the mental habits which, from my earliest years till the age of about six or seven and twenty, had been closely bound up with my Christian profession. Any one who has paid even a moderate attention to the laws of the human mind, will instantly perceive the internal and necessary truth of the fact. In my case, it is of considerable importance to trace the consequences of this natural tendency.

It is a positive fact that every part of the educa-

tion I received was directed to the production of a strong religious feeling. My parents were eminently religious, and seemed to live exclusively for the cultivation of the most exalted devotion. My friends, from my earliest youth, were either clergymen, or young men intended for the Church. The result of all these circumstances must have been a strong attachment to the Priesthood. A Roman Catholic boy whose first notions of importance and superiority are inseparably connected with the offices of the Church; who has the seeds of that spirit of combination, or party spirit, to which man in society feels a strong natural tendency, first awakened into activity by observing the advantages which the body of the Clergy derive from the regulations which visibly separate them from the laity; a boy who (as it happened to me) has no sooner completed his fourteenth year than he is publicly and solemnly attached to the body of the clergy, whose dress he adopts,—who at that early age is told that by virtue of the *first tonsure* received from the hands of the bishop, he is under the protection of ecclesiastical law; that he is exempted from the jurisdiction of the lay tribunals of the country, and protected from personal violence by a law of the Church which excommunicates the aggressor;—a young mind thus impressed must be of a very peculiar temper to avoid contracting a strong attachment to the source of these gratifications of self-esteem. The Church—(i. e. in all countries, Catholic and Protestant, the clergy)—cannot fail to

possess a strong attraction for a mind which has grown to full vigour under these impressions. A boy certainly may have received the first tonsure and the four minor orders—and yet (as it was on the point of taking place with me) be willing to give up the black dress and the clerical privileges, for a military uniform. But if the early impressions are confirmed by his more immediate approach to the high dignity of a Priest, and by receiving the Order of Sub-deacon, which binds him irrevocably to the Church, every tendency of his social nature,—the love of distinction, and even the most sincere love of usefulness, must bring him closer and closer together with the body of men to which he must belong for life. Now, as nature did not form me of very indolent and sluggish materials, and the social tendencies of my heart were strongly developed from my earliest days, every competent judge of character must be ready to believe that I grew up strongly attached to the body of the Clergy of which I was a member. Indeed it appears to me that I had naturally the most decided propensity to a vehement *esprit-de-corps*. Even at this moment I feel a strong attachment to the College of which I was a Fellow; and I can trace the source of this feeling to the *Masonic* fraternity and union which in Spain was peculiarly characteristic of those bodies. Had I not received as a check to this tendency, an unconquerable aversion to every thing which has not truth for its ground—the Church of Rome would have had in me one of the most

zealous agents of its policy. But my former attachment to the Church became aversion, as soon as I felt convinced that all her advantages and privileges were founded on error and delusion.

Whoever shall take all this into consideration, will not be far from conjecturing the characteristic result of my return to Christianity as professed by the Church of England. By *characteristic* result I mean the mental state into which that return to Christianity would place a man of the character which I have described. I had regularly studied the theological system of the Church of Rome, and even distinguished myself as a young Divine. If I turned away from theology it was not because I had found fault with the scholastic theory in its details and the mutual connection of its dogmas. My quarrel was with the first principle — the very foundation on which the system is built. I had grown up in the firm belief that if there be a revelation from God, it must consist in certain mysteries to which men must give an unhesitating assent; that upon the sincerity of this assent chiefly depends the salvation of those who have been educated as Christians. A person imbued with these notions must indeed be very illogical if he can suppose that God would permit such a revelation to stand upon a wavering and uncertain foundation. Few indeed are the believers in Christianity, either Catholic or Protestant, who do not assume this plausible principle. But since (unless there should be an individual revelation granted to

every Christian) the statement of those mysteries, in words, must be made by the instrumentality of men, and the certainty that the statement is correct must depend upon an unquestionable sanction on the part of the Deity, nothing can be more natural than to suppose the existence of an infallible authority appointed by Christ. Now, if *we admit this supposition*, the Church of Rome can fear no rival. Into the *authority* therefore of that Church I very consistently resolved the certainty of my Faith as a Christian, and of my scientific theology as a Divine. Yet, as, in all fanciful theories, that is the *weakest* which should be the *strongest* point,—namely, the first assumption which forms the basis—I did no sooner allow myself to examine the question of Church infallibility, with a determination not to be intimidated by consequences, than my whole Christianity vanished like a dream. I am aware that the inference which I drew from the non-existence of any infallible authority among Christians, is not true; but I am quite as sure that, the necessity of certainty in the interpretation of Scripture being granted, the inference is *legitimate*. If Christ conceived that an abstract Creed was of the very essence of his religion, and yet left the world without a rule by which to ascertain the Orthodoxy of that Creed, such an oversight is ruinous to the claims which he is generally believed to have made to infallibility. When therefore I became thoroughly convinced that revelation did not give mankind the means of *infallible* certainty in regard to its supposed

disclosures, I had no more to do with the body of theological doctrines. Why should I trouble myself any more with questions on the Trinity, Incarnation and Original Sin? Since upon the supposition of *infallible certainty* connected with Revelation, the most unquestionable facts proved to me that Christianity could not be true, it would have been folly to lose my time in the further examination of any theological doctrines. I accordingly neglected Divinity altogether.

I consider, however, that this circumstance was favourable. My return to Christianity arose chiefly from my examining it anew, not as a collection of dogmatic propositions, but in its spirit and tendencies; from my studying it in the character of its founder and of his immediate followers. I have every reason to believe that if, at the period of that important change, I had undertaken a fresh examination of what are called the Orthodox doctrines, I should have sadly disturbed the mental process which had begun within me. When my renovated belief in Christ had taken root in me—when convinced that whatever human errors might have crept into Christianity, its substance must be divine, I could, with much more safety, undertake an examination of controverted points. In the mean time my mind, relapsing into its theological habits of many years, gave what might be called a *provisional* assent to all the doctrines on which the generality of divines are agreed: and as, with the exception of the points

essentially popish, there is a most perfect agreement in the theological systems of Rome and England, I found myself quite predisposed to be a Church of England man.

But I must anticipate a charge which might naturally be stirring against me in the mind of those who will probably think that, on my embracing Christianity and receiving the Sacrament, I directly became a clergyman of the Establishment. Such was not the fact. I continued more than two years endeavouring to improve myself as a Christian, without claiming the rights of my ordination. During this period I studied the 39 Articles, and a few works of English Divines: and it was not till I had ascertained that I had no ground for any substantial objection, that I applied to the Bishop of London (Dr. Howley) in order to qualify myself by subscribing the Articles.* Nor did I intend, when I took this step, to undertake any clerical charge till I had prepared myself by a long and serious study. My occupation as a periodical writer had ceased, when I applied for the purpose of subscription. Immediately after, I fixed my residence at Oxford (though not as a Member of the University) in order to devote myself to theological studies, and to im-

* I could not help being surprised at the uncertainty in which the important point of admitting Catholic Priests has been left. My excellent friend Lord Holland (as no one knew what was to be done) consulted Sir William Scott. He answered that he conceived nothing more was necessary than to present my letters of Orders to the Bishop and subscribe the 39 Articles. I have subsequently found that nothing is required by LAW.

prove the knowledge of Greek which I had acquired during the three preceding years. But I must leave this for a more advanced portion of this Narrative. I now return to my Journal.

On the 26th January 1813 I wrote a long note in my Private Book, from which the state of my mind may be learnt much better than by any thing I could now say, upon mere recollection.

"A conversation which I had yesterday with Mr. —— produced a very disagreeable uneasiness in my mind. The wild opinions which I had upon religious matters when I came to this country were soon known to every one who was inclined to hear them; for my vanity and the oppression in which I had lived, induced me to introduce these matters as a favourite topic of conversation. Two years at least had elapsed since Mr. —— had heard me speak upon such points; and, being not aware of the change which had taken place in my religious ideas, he very confidently proposed to me the question; What could Jesus Christ's object be, or what did he aim at, in setting up for a preacher? Mr. —— confidently asserted that it was ambition, and the desire of putting himself at the head of the mob and making himself master of Jerusalem. Though the question really shocked me, I blush to acknowledge my weakness in not having shown my real opinion upon the subject. I avoided to declare my faith in Jesus Christ, and merely defended him against that supposition, as I should have defended Socrates, had he been calumniated by such an imputation.

"After carefully examining myself upon this, I find that nothing made me shy of making an explicit avowal of my faith (if I can give such name to the feeble kind of persuasion which I foster in my soul) but that I was afraid of Mr. —— urging some of those arguments against the New

Testament for which I have not yet found any satisfactory answer. I gave him to understand that I approved the system of yielding to the various striking proofs which exist in its favour, without demanding a complete answer to the difficulties which may be started against it. But the reasonableness of this plan I did not feel forcibly enough at that moment, or rather had no clear and plausible reason with which to support it. The next morning—while taking a solitary walk towards Kilburn, as I was endeavouring to hush the uneasiness which the conversation had awakened in my mind, the following thoughts struck me as it were with a sudden light upon the matter.

"If we were to withhold our assent from every thing against which unanswerable arguments may be started, we must certainly fall into the most absurd scepticism. It is not in the nature of the human mind to have a complete view, a full insight of any object whether of the physical or the moral world. The limited compass of our knowledge, the imperfection of our senses, and the slow and gradual operation of our understanding, must absolutely put it out of our power to arrive at that perfect and thorough knowledge, which no shadow of doubt can obscure. This sort of knowledge put out of the question, we must look to something else which to make the rule of our conduct. That rule we shall find in what we call *reasonableness*; and if we carefully examine ourselves, it will appear that Divine Providence has given us no other law to direct our actions even in those things which most immediately and most forcibly affect us. It is our natural duty constantly to exercise our free will in this world and to determine our actions by a *prudential* choice. We can never defeat every objection, dispel every doubt, but must to the best of our knowledge strike a just balance, and put ourselves on that side of the question which shall outweigh the arguments of the other.

"That there are unanswerable objections against the truth of the Christian Religion, if by the word *unanswerable*

be meant that nothing perfectly satisfactory can be said so as to allay every doubt in our minds, I should not decline to confess.* But let every candid man consider whether there are not many more *unanswerable* reasons in favour of that religion; whether the internal evidence which arises from the character of its moral doctrines, and the beneficial effect which they have produced on mankind,† are not very strong proofs of the Divine origin of that religion? I will not enter into a discussion of the *pro* and *con* of this question; my object is merely to state the principle upon which it should be examined; and to show that it is absurd to throw off the light yoke of the Christian religion because we know not how to reconcile some detached facts with our limited reason. In the various professions of Christianity which distinguish its different sects, there is certainly a great deal which is evidently the work of man. Those who form professions of Faith which they set up as the standard of Christianity, do the greatest possible harm to the interests

* This is perfectly correct in respect to what may be called Church or Theological Christianity, that would-be scientific view of revelation which, with very few exceptions, passes for the Gospel itself in the Christian world. Christianity however, in its primitive simplicity, Christianity reduced to a determination of the will to act in conformity with the will of God, as we may know it on every occasion, and even in the most complicated circumstances, by means of an intimate and habitual acquaintance with the life of Christ:—Christianity reduced to this, Christianity animated by trust in God through Christ for the pardon of our repented sins, and for happiness in a future life—such Christianity is not exposed to objections of any weight whatever.—(Note in 1834.)

† This is very ill expressed and was (I doubt not) very imperfectly conceived. The beneficial effects of the Gospel have always proceeded, and must always proceed, not from its laws (for the Gospel is not a collection of laws) but from its Spirit. If I am asked what I mean by the Spirit of the Gospel, I shall not attempt any definition, but only say that the Spirit of Christ may be known and studied in men who live in that state of the Will and Affections which was mentioned in the preceding note.—(Note in 1834.)

of the Christian Religion. Christ never established any Creed to be the test of his true disciples: and it is a very remarkable thing that our divine Saviour, who left us a peculiar form of prayer, never spoke a word about professions of faith. Why should the disciples of Christ make it the very essence of Christianity to believe a certain number of metaphysical propositions, which contain nothing but the feeble attempts of men to explain the original system of the Christian religion by the doctrines of the philosophical schools to which the early Christian writers belonged? They clothe the Christian religion in a ridiculous garb: they set up a phantom of their own making, and expose it to the malicious* eye of their enemies, who easily find out the vanity of what is given to the world under the name of revealed religion. They deify a cloud which their enemies insultingly debauch and pollute."

In spite of the un-english, and certainly *bad* taste of this conclusion, it gives me great satisfaction to find how early my mind discovered the essential difference between Christianity and Orthodoxy. It is true that though that great principle has been incessantly present to my mind, for a long time, I had not, till within the last three or four years, unfolded it completely: it was nevertheless that principle which preserved me from a relapse into complete unbelief in the Gospel, when a most earnest study of the contending theological systems had placed me on the very brink of a second denial. But I will not interrupt the order of time.

* It is clear that I used the word *malicious* in the sense of a derivative of the French *malice*, and Spanish *malicia*.—(Note in 1834.)

About the end of the year 1812 and the beginning of 1813 I tried my pen upon a few subjects, not directly connected with my religious change. In the Spring of that year I began a sketch which was intended, as I see by its title, for the description of Spain in connection with my own Memoirs, which I always had in contemplation, and which some years after assumed a decided form in Doblado's Letters. One or two other fragments, the result of attempts to write a regular account of myself, are still extant.

On Sunday 29th of August 1813 I wrote a Memorandum of the feelings which I had experienced at Church, where my mind had been occupied with the contemplation of the power of religious worship to improve and comfort the poor. It is in this part of the book that I find the first indication of the CLERICAL spirit decidedly reviving in me. I had given some attention to the controversy about the Lancasterian and the Bell Schools, which was carried on with all the violence usually shown about objects which involve danger to the ascendancy of the Church. I knew perfectly well the spirit of the Catholic Clergy, but being at that period totally unacquainted with that of the Church of England, I had formed my notions of that body by mere inference, attributing to it every good which I missed in the papal priesthood, and acquitting them as it were by the rule of contraries, of every tendency which had offended me in my former communion. The real or imaginary superiority which I observed in indi-

viduals of the poorer classes whom I saw at the parish Church of Paddington, where I regularly attended, appeared to me the immediate effect of that form of worship, which, in spite of the faults which I have subsequently discovered, is incomparably superior to that which I had renounced.

"I am perfectly convinced (says my Note) that public worship, according to the spirit and practice of the Protestant Church,* is a most powerful means of cultivating the minds, as well as regulating the morals of those classes of society which are out of the reach of literary education. I do not like those schools in which, for the sake of toleration and liberality, the lower classes are exposed to acquire a perfect indifference for the sort of worship the effects of which I have just pointed out. They will learn, it is true, to read and write; but how very little moral education will they get by this means, and how ill will this advantage compensate for the want of habit of going to Church, which the system of the Lancasterian schools may produce! The labouring class seldom read: they may, besides, fall in with very bad books; while those who acquire an early habit of attending Church every Sunday will be sure to receive some good doctrine which, by the religious impressions produced by the place and the Liturgy and the sympathy which is the infallible effect of all sorts of assemblies, will go deeper into their heart than a cursory reading of a book taken up by chance, or by the desire of spending an idle hour. How few, I repeat, will there be who shall feel disposed to spend it in that manner!"

It cannot be too frequently repeated that mental habits which have been discarded collectively in con-

* Observe the notion of *a Protestant church*, as a definite, individual body. Of all really popish notions this is perhaps the last that the mind shakes off.—(Note in 1834.)

sequence of the rejection of some one principle from which they were supposed to flow exclusively, will necessarily revive the moment we become persuaded that they may rest upon another basis, or that they are not in opposition to some other principle which we believe to be true. Thus, in Ecclesiastical history, we may observe the primitive dislike of the Christians to externals in religion, warmly and decidedly exhibited, in consequence of their recent discovery of the falsity of Paganism, and the uselessness of the Mosaic ritual. But as soon as the first indignation at having been so long deceived, or kept in bondage by their respective priesthoods, gives way, and the Christian Elders begin to imagine themselves a *priesthood* which is to supersede the others, all the old habits revive with such vigour that Christianity very soon appears in a mottled garb made up of the spoils of the Jewish and the Heathen worship. That the revival of PRIESTLY prejudices was very partial, and transient in me, I consider a great blessing; and I have to thank that love of mental independence which seems to constitute an essential part of my mind, for not finding myself at this moment in the ranks of the most violent High Churchmen. Indeed if, unacquainted as I was with the state of religious parties, my horror of putting myself forward to be noticed, had not kept me in retirement, I might easily have been made a Bible-Meeting Show, and stamped for ever as a spiritual mountebank. But the seeds of such evils, though they existed in me, as

they do more or less in all men, did never, I thank heaven, find an appropriate ground in my heart. Though I well remember the spirit of revived subordination in which I used to read the writings of the Orthodox party, the act of mental restraint was never of long duration. It was not unlike the duty of a fast imposed upon the vigorous stomach of a well-meaning Roman Catholic, which having kept him in restlessness for a certain number of hours, is sure to end in a most hearty meal.

I cannot conceal from myself that even upon the subject of the education of the poor, my aversion to the view which recommends only a spare use of instruction, had been somewhat subdued. The fear of demoralizing books expressed in the preceding extract, shows that the Church undercurrent had not totally failed of making me fall off imperceptibly from the straight course. But the impression was very transient, and I well remember that during my first *Novitiate* at Oxford, I had the boldness to oppose the system which would dole out education, not according to the wants of the poor but, in conformity with the jealous apprehensions of the rich.

My notions about what might be called the *educating* power of public worship, and the persuasion that the habit of attending church might, in a great degree, supersede the necessity of school-instruction, I consider as groundless. I do not deny that many parts of the English Liturgy convey notions and sentiments which are in full accordance with the spirit

of the Gospel; but I am far from conceiving that Liturgy to be perfect, and farther still from believing that it can impart instruction to the uneducated part of the people. The Liturgy is too close a copy of the Roman Catholic Breviary and Missal. Like them it contains too great a mixture of the spirit of the Jewish dispensation; and is a glaring instance of that fatal mistake of the primitive Fathers according to which every part of the Bible was conceived to be equally applicable, equally instructive, equally edifying in respect to Christians. Hence the absolutely discordant traits in which the Deity is represented in the Prayer Book. At one moment He appears in the terrific aspect of a God of *pure might*,* a being whom there is a chance of propitiating by the means which sometimes appease an Eastern Despot. The suppliant must stretch his neck, and call himself the most humiliating names, as it were to outrun the wrath and fury of the threatening power. The prostrate slave ventures nevertheless to reason away the anger in which his fears originate, and hints at the unfitness of that anger lasting *for ever*. At another time the true Christian view is opened, and the same God is represented as a Father, who needs

* There are two conceptions of the Deity, which the human mind derives from its own notions of power, and of benevolence, conceived in connection with the notion of infinitude. The God of *power* is the God of the savage state, in all its gradations; the God of *benevolence*, is that of the refined and improved mind. The notion of a benevolent God is carried to its highest perfection in Christianity, by representing the Deity as OUR FATHER.

not be urged, in the tone of slavish flattery, to be merciful and kind to his children. Nothing but long habit and the want of reflection, which is the effect of an incessant repetition of the same expressions, could disguise the perpetual clashing of the Jewish and Christian spirit, which appears in the English Liturgy: nothing less powerful than those two causes could have established the indiscriminate use of the Psalms to express the devotional sentiments of Christians. The same Jewish spirit, embittered, if possible, by the Popish controversy seems to have superintended the selection of the Sunday Lessons from the Old Testament. The most rancorous enemy of Christianity, if contriving to poison the public worship, so as to make it the vehicle of anti-religious doubt, might have been proud at his success in selecting such passages.* I am bound indeed to declare that even in the short periods during which I had forced my mind into a certain degree of *ascetic* submission, similar to that which I had practised in the Church of Rome—I never heard the Old Testa-

* By looking over the lessons selected for Sundays throughout the year, any one will be convinced of what is asserted in the text. The massacre of the Priests of Baal, and the horrible destruction of the last remnant of the family of Saul, never failed to fill me with horror when I heard the Lessons at Church. What can people learn from such narratives? The divine right to deceive and massacre idolaters?—The power of innocent blood to avert natural evils? I can see no other instruction for the ignorant and credulous. Reasoners need not be too bold to suspect some foul play, of the managers of the Oracle, into the hands of the monarch who had been set up by them to the exclusion of the family of Saul.

ment Lessons without pain. I felt that I should blush deeply if any of the Unbelievers whom I knew, had looked at me during the solemn reading which was addressed to the congregation. Let zealous Christians be undeceived—let them listen to the voice of a man whose experience on these subjects must surpass whatever abstract knowledge of Faith and Unbelief they themselves possess:—to make the Old Testament a source of instruction of equal value and authority with the New—is fatal to Christianity. Such a theory must not only lead the greatest portion of the educated classes into Unbelief, but it also presents the widest opening to those who wish to un-Christianize the labouring ones. A comment upon the Old Testament Sunday lessons may be easily written which, proceeding upon the common notions of the infallibility and equal inspiration of the whole Bible, would make the merest clown turn away from the whole book, with as much disdain as any philosopher of the old French School.

The controversial spirit which some parts of the Prayer Book betray, is, in my view, the ground of a very serious objection in respect to its supposed popular usefulness. The baptismal service is controversial from beginning to end. The solemn dedication of the infant to God, through Christ, is converted into a Scholastic Lecture. The whole theory of Original Sin, according to Augustine, and the School view of the Sacraments, as CHARMS operating by means of invisible powers, attached to certain

things and words, is conveyed in a string of asseverations delivered with all the dogmatism of a Professor of the 12th or 13th century. And yet in spite of this dogmatism, the question about the time when the charm has its effect—whether the internal change is produced at the moment of sprinkling the child, or subsequently, at a maturer age, raged with the greatest fury not many years since, and, as it always happens in such cases, nobody knows at this day what was the view which the author or authors of the Service had respecting that point.

As it is not my intention at this moment to write a theological criticism of the Prayer Book, I shall only add that the length of the Service would prevent the desired effect of instructing the unlearned, even if every part of that Service were composed with the happiest skill in reference to that object. The attention, which naturally recoils from verbal forms so often heard, from speeches addressed in a tone of voice quite dissimilar to the tone of social and earnest intercourse—the attention, for which regular forms, when become familiar, are a powerful soporific,* cannot, by any effort whatever, fix itself during an hour and a half upon a well-known service. To complete this practical mistake of expecting such an

* As in other countries people who complain of wakefulness are recommended to reckon mentally from one to a thousand, so in Spain they are advised to imagine themselves hearing a Mass. This is prescribed even to children, and, of course, without the least intention of being satirical.

effort from all classes of people the Sermon is made to follow: and on Sacrament days, that most solemn and impressive Christian rite, is placed at the end of all this exhausting devotional train. Here again a superstitious adherence to the Rubrics makes the length of the administration quite oppressive, by the personal address which is supposed to be necessary in respect to each of the communicants. Where the congregation is numerous the duration of all these services amounts to nearly four hours.—The wisest Rubric I ever met with is one in the Prussian Prayer Book. It positively enjoins that the whole of the Service, including the Sermon, shall not exceed one hour.

But in regard to Sermons, an impartial observation of many years has convinced me that the established custom of a Sermon as a necessary part of the public Worship, is productive of much evil. Strange as it may appear, a false meaning attached to the word preaching is the cause of this evil. Christianity was established by *preaching*, i. e. *publishing* the Gospel: hence it is supposed that *discoursing* on theological, or devotional subjects, which is also called *preaching*, has a mysterious power to maintain Christianity, and is a kind of SACRAMENT, a charm which increases what is called GRACE in the Soul. Hence the claim which the dullest, the most ignorant PREACHERS lay to the respect of the hearers. To censure a Sermon is considered an improper thing in a pious person; and to bear patiently the dull effusions of any man

who is entitled to wear a Geneva gown, is an act of duty to which children are accustomed from an early age. Yet, if any one well acquainted with the average merit of the Church of England Sermons, in England and Ireland, thinks, as I frequently do on a Sunday morning, what torrents of unmeaning words are poured out in both countries, on that day, he surely must stand appalled, unless habit has deprived him of common sense on this subject.

It is not want of ability, it is not want of a really religious interest in the improvement of their congregations which, in general, produces this result. The true cause is the established custom of a formal discourse, at the end of each Sunday Service. No ability whatever can prevent a man who has to write one or two Sermons a week from falling into commonplace topics, or unmeaning declamation. How very few are the Sermons that convey any instruction whatever! 'But do not they move the heart?'— Still fewer can do that; and such as produce emotion are *generally* not only useless but dangerous: they are Sermons addressed to a peculiar congregation, made up of the enthusiastic, morbid, and over-excited persons whom the gifted preacher collects from different parts of a town: they are Sermons fitted to certain *Chapels*. To conclude: had I the power to make a change in the public worship, I should begin by excluding the Sermon. I should make religious instruction a thing entirely apart from worship: there should be an appointed hour for delivering lec-

tures on Christianity: those lectures should be *didactic,* not *declamatory:* and, as the Christian principle is intended to pervade the whole man and his life, they should convey instruction upon every point of morals, upon every social duty, every social relation—every thing, in fact, which may assist the heart by giving light to the intellect,—every thing that may remove those errors which so commonly pervert the best desires of serving God for Christ's sake;* and turn zeal into a curse to him that gives way to it, and to those on whom the effects of that zeal are inflicted.

There is a great chasm in my Note Book, immediately after the passage upon which I have made the preceding observations.—The first entry which I find in it is dated Oxford July 8th, 1815. The events however which happened to me in the mean time, are few, and have been recorded in the first part of these Memoirs. I continued the periodical work *El Español* till the return of Ferdinand VII. to Madrid in May 1814. But when Ferdinand had abolished the Constitution of the Cortes, and subjected the country to his despotic government, the introduction of my work became impossible; and I stopt it. Finding myself quite disengaged from politics I applied to the

* I am struck with the absurdity of the expression which I used, from habit, only two years ago: "Serving God for Christ's sake;" as if God deserved no service for his own sake, on the part of his creatures!—March 1836.

Bishop of London for admission into the Church *as a Clergyman:* and I signed the 39 Articles on the 19th of August 1814. A very short time after this subscription I took private lodgings at Oxford, with an intention of devoting myself entirely to the study of Theology and Greek.

I had now purchased a small collection of theological books, chosen according to the judgment of an Oxford divine, whom my friend the Rev. Hobbes Scott, then an Undergraduate, and afterwards Archdeacon of New South Wales, had consulted at my request; I employed myself upon those works with great assiduity. MARSH'S MICHAELIS was the first which occupied my attention.—I expected to find the most perfect satisfaction upon every important question. The inspiration of the Scriptures was a point which I had admitted upon the general grounds which made me return to Christianity. The absolute necessity of that inspiration, for the maintenance of the divine origin of Christianity, had always appeared to me in the light of an axiom: and, as certainty in respect to the DOCTRINES in the acceptance of which I supposed *Saving Faith* to consist, could not exist unless the ORACLE from which they were derived was proved beyond all doubt to be divine, I felt quite confident that as soon as I should consult the best Protestant writers, every ground of doubt would be removed from my mind.—The foundation of Faith (whatever obscurity and difficulty may attend the mysteries revealed,) must be placed beyond all doubt. In this

expectation, every unprejudiced man will allow that I was fully justified.

I remember however with the greatest vividness the dismay which I experienced when having attentively studied all that could be said to establish this preliminary point, I perceived the weakness of the arguments on which such a mighty theory as that which makes the Bible *infallible* is made to rest.—It could not but occur to me that this theory of inspiration was perfectly analogous to the theory of Roman infallibility.

As an account of my mind, if silent upon this point, would be shamefully garbled, I must endeavour to make my views clearly known.

The inspiration of the whole Bible has become a kind of first principle among English Christians; and to deny it is, in this country, tantamount to denying Christianity. But let us imagine an inquiring mind approaching the subject with the honest intention of accepting or rejecting the Gospel after due consideration. Let us conceive a Hindoo philosopher, perfectly free from the impressions which we (both Catholics and Protestants) receive in our earliest years: a man unaccustomed to connect inseparably the truth or falsity of Christianity with the reality or unrealness of Biblical inspiration; and not habituated to repeat the word inspiration, without trying to understand it. What would be his first question, when he was told this *Book is inspired?*—Would he not demand an accurate explanation of our meaning?—Now, let every one examine his own mind till he understands

what it is he means by *inspiration*. I shall here propose the two usual senses of that word, in order that the reader may choose.

1st. Did God, by some miraculous process, dictate the Hebrew words of the Old Testament and the Greek of the New?

This is conceivable. But where is the proof of this miracle?—Conjecture, inference, will not do in such a case: the miracle would have been performed in vain, if it was left without such proofs, as might convince every reasonable man of its reality. But it is well known that the VERBAL inspiration of the Scriptures has been given up by almost all the Christian Divines, as untenable: this is enough to show that the supposed miracle is so groundless, that even bigotry, superstition, and party spirit, dare not to maintain it. Indeed the fact that under the most exalted claims of Romanist infallibility, the VERBAL inspiration of Scripture was left open to dispute, would prove, at all events, the inutility of the supposed miracle. For here, just as in the question of CHURCH infallibility, we must incessantly keep the following principle before the mind: that which is to give certainty to our *unreasoning* Faith, must possess the highest marks of certainty at which the rational mind can arrive, according to the nature of the subject. We must not ask *mathematical* demonstration; but to *moral* certainty we have a well-grounded claim. If the Christian must surrender his reason to every word of the Bible, because every word of

that book is the *word of God,* this fundamental fact must not stand on conjecture. Neither can it be a matter of Faith: for if we build Faith upon Faith, the Koran will be found to possess an equal authority with the Bible. The miracle therefore, of the divine dictation (internal or external) of the Bible, should be proved beyond all rational doubt. Now, it being agreed on all hands, that such a miracle cannot be proved beyond a certain degree of *probability,* we may feel assured that such a miracle has not been performed: else God would have *wasted* his power, in the very act of exerting it supernaturally for a *particular* purpose: He would have *wasted* it without any fault of ours; for, according to the laws of that guiding Reason which He has given us, we are bound to reject, as false, a MIRACLE which does not stand upon the highest moral evidence.

We may therefore conclude with unhesitating confidence that *God has not dictated* EVERY WORD OF THE BIBLE.

2. Did God put THOUGHTS into the minds of the writers of the Bible, and leave them to express those thoughts in their own language according to each man's *natural* ability?* At first sight there is

* I have expressed this theological view of inspiration in the usual terms; but I take those terms to be incorrect, and the thing stated inconsistent with the constitution of the human mind. Thoughts unattended with something like language, are not conceivable. Let any one examine his own mental powers, and he will soon be convinced that nothing whatever can become a *thought,* except by means of certain mental signs on which the understanding exerts its powers. Fully

nothing objectionable in this view. Whoever believes that "we live and move and have our being" in God —not the God of Pantheism, but a personal, intelligent, sympathizing first Cause,—must also believe in his influence over the minds of men. The wisest philosophers of antiquity acknowledged a divine inspiration, and traced up to it all the blessings which mankind had ever obtained through highly gifted men. That a special assistance was bestowed upon the *naturally weak* instruments employed by Christ in the establishment of Christianity, I am ready to grant. The apostles had the Spirit of God to guide them into "all the truth," the great truth of the Gospel. But can this convert into ORACLES the *occasional* writings which we have from them? I call those writings *occasional* because there is not the slightest indication that the authors addressed them as a rule of faith to all future ages. But this by the

developed periods of words are certainly not necessary for thought: indeed language, at that stage, is the *form* which the understanding finally gives to those original signs (in the inaccurate language of Locke, they would be called *ideas*) which are the necessary *matter* of all thought. If there is therefore any meaning in the expression that God put *thoughts* into the minds of the Sacred writers, and left them to express those thoughts in words, it must be that God gave them *miraculously* some *general notions*, vague, indistinct, indefinite, which the writers themselves should define, and express as well as they could. Now, it is impossible that such a process could have the effect of giving us *infallible* information upon any subject whatever. A communication of this kind may contain some useful *general* hints, but it must also produce many erroneous impressions. It is somewhat like a very general notion of the Newtonian theory of gravitation given to a person ignorant of mathematics, in order that he might develop the theory to others.

way.—Now, if the language which conveys *inspired* thoughts is *human,* infallibility is at an end. If we contend for a miraculous interposition to prevent human language from imparting any imperfection to the revelation, we fall back into the *verbal inspiration,* which we have proved not to exist. Every degree of *supernatural* interference intended to set up the writings of the authors of the New Testament as *verbal Oracles,* requires a clear, unquestionable proof: else it is a miracle thrown away.

The miracles performed by the apostles, as credentials of their mission, are not sufficient to establish their writings as a collection of divine oracles to which the human understanding must pay implicit obedience: all that those miracles can do is to recommend those writings to our respect: to establish them as the highest AUTHORITY in matters directly connected with Christianity. But even that authority is not entitled to implicit and blind obedience. Why? Because the AUTHENTICITY of those writings is only an *historical probability*: because the unquestionable interpolations of those writings are facts addressed to us by Providence, evidently with the intention of pointing out the necessity of trying the Scriptures by exactly the same means as any other ancient writings; because the occasional introduction of popular mistakes, of rabbinical opinions, of quotations from apocryphal books, must witness for ever that no miracle was performed to clear away every thing imperfect, erroneous, and human, from the minds

which were made the original vehicles of the Gospel of Christ. I am, indeed, aware how much ingenuity has been employed to explain away these difficulties, with what obstinate perseverance Divines have tried to convince us that contradictory narratives agree; that popular mistakes in natural philosophy are revealed disclosures of the true laws of nature. The case is exactly parallel to that of the Roman Catholic Divines, when defending the supremacy and infallibility of Peter and his pretended successors. The necessity of so much learning, ingenuity and labour to prove the existence of an intellectual light which is to dispel the clouds of doubt which hang over all the metaphysical doctrines supposed to be the essence of revelation, settles the question at once. If God had intended to give us an infallible rule by which to judge of things on which our salvation depended, he would not have put that light under a bushel. What would be thought of a man who wishing to prove that the sun was above the horizon, should trim a lamp in order to make people see the great luminary? The foundation of certainty must be *certain.* Divines would make the Eternal fountain of Reason more illogical than the weakest man. If God had intended to dwell *miraculously* among men in a Book, as in an Oracle, from which we might obtain *infallible* answers, he would not have left that first foundation of the intended certainty, to probability and conjecture. It is absurd and contradictory to say, you must believe these propositions as articles of Faith necessary

to your salvation; you must hold them with unhesitating *certainty*, because it is *probable* that they are contained in a book, which book, it is *probable*, was in some degree (we cannot tell precisely in what degree) inspired by God.*

It seems to me difficult to conceive how more UNCERTAINTY could have been accumulated upon this supposed source of theological CERTAINTY, than it exhibits to mankind. 1. It is *uncertain* whether infallibility is a necessary consequence of the supernatural assistance granted to the apostles for the propagation of Christianity. 2. It is *uncertain* whether some of the writers had even that supernatural assistance which was given to the apostles, since we know that Mark and Luke were not apostles; and it is *uncertain* whether the authors of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Revelation were Apostles. 3. It is *uncertain* whether the last-mentioned book is genuine, or a forgery; it is almost certain that the Second Epistle of Peter is apocryphal; the same may be said of the epistle attributed to Jude. At all events, much uncertainty hangs over those writings. 4. Where there are such interpolations as the verse on the *three witnesses*, the narrative about the woman taken in adultery, and part of the introduction to the

* This is very like the *probable* laws which Divines will make out by argument. It is difficult to decide which notion is the more absurd —that of a *probable* Divine law, or a *probable* Divine certainty. In both cases the necessity of proving, disproves.

account of the miracle at the pool of Bethesda, it is *uncertain* how many more may exist, undiscoverable by means of ancient Manuscripts. I do not mean to exaggerate this UNCERTAINTY; it is enough that *some* exists. CERTAINTY cannot be built on an *uncertain* basis. Since God therefore has left all these uncertainties upon the New Testament, He could not intend that it should be the foundation of that CERTAINTY upon articles of Faith, which is supposed to be essential to salvation.

To this I must add the CERTAINTY that it never occurred to any one of the writers of the New Testament, that they were supernaturally commissioned to compose and deliver an Oracle, which was to give infallible answers on theological questions till the end of the world. If such had been their notion of so important a part of their mission, either all of them solemnly assembled, or, at least, John who is said to have survived them all, would have delivered the ORACULAR DOCUMENT with some of the forms and precautions which are employed to secure the authenticity of the most unimportant property title. The Apostles did no such thing. * * * *.†

Long, morally dangerous, and intellectually laborious has been the process by which I have arrived at this conclusion. But the effect of my first sur-

[† A lengthened textual Dissertation on the Inspiration of the Scriptures, the substance of which was published in the *Letters on Heresy and Orthodoxy*, is here omitted.]

prise and disappointment, on the subject of Scripture infallibility, was not in the least injurious to my moral condition. My determination to regulate my whole being according to what I clearly understood to be the will of God, expressed by the spirit of the New Testament, remained unshaken. Even the difficulties in which the theory of the verbal infallibility of the Bible must involve all thinking men, were laid aside for a time, though I was constantly under a consciousness of their pressure. But I must proceed.

The disease which began to develop itself in my digestive organs soon after my arrival in England, had made a rapid progress during the four years of excessive mental labour and anxiety which I had passed in London. I was now in constant suffering, and could hardly get rest at night. Yet I continued my theological and Greek studies without interruption. On the 8th July 1815, while occupied in this manner, I received a letter from my Father, which occasioned the following Memorandum under that date.

"A letter from my father dated the 10th of last month (June 1815) which I have received this morning containing a private application to him of the Head Chaplain * of the Royal Chapel of St. Ferdinand, of Seville, for my resignation of the Chaplaincy I hold there, has made me take up this long-neglected book,† with an intention of preserving in it the letter which I intend to address to my

* Hispan. *Capellan Mayor.*

† The Common Place or Memorandum Book.

Chapter. Upon looking over the preceding pages I cannot but feel thankful for the mercies which heaven has vouchsafed to me since the period when I began to write this interrupted Journal. Thanks be to God, my faith, then faint and weak, has been strengthened by the operation of his grace and Holy Spirit; my hopes of forgiveness through the merits of Jesus Christ increase daily; and, I trust his heavenly goodness that I shall end my earthly course as it becomes a Minister of his Gospel.

"As for the desired Resignation, I should have sent it long ago, but for consideration to my parents, and the assurance that, according to the statutes of the Chapel, no emolument is due to a member who absents himself without a Royal licence: so that in consequence of my silence my fellow chaplains have shared my portion since I left Seville, including the three years which are allowed to any individual who may choose to go away, without losing his place; and which did not begin to reckon till the French were driven out of Andalusia.

"Were it not for the same powerful consideration, of sparing the feelings of my poor old parents, I would openly state my motives to the Chapter, that my letter should be a perpetual document of the change which has been produced on my mind upon religious subjects. I will however express myself in very general words, and wait for some other opportunity of displaying my sentiments."

As the above Mem. is very ill expressed, and almost unintelligible, I will explain it in a few words. The stalls of the Royal Chapel demand almost a daily residence, except during two months in the year. The Chaplain who absents himself for any longer time, except by Royal licence, loses his whole yearly income; but the Stall is left open to him for

three years. As Andalusia was occupied by the French at the time when I left it, my absence was considered involuntary, especially because the intrusive Government had deprived me of my preferment in consequence of that absence, as indicating opposition to the usurper Joseph. When the French armies retreated from Andalusia, the Spanish Government restored me to my Stall. It was from that date that the length of my absence began to be reckoned. When the three years were on the point of expiring, the Chapter applied to my Father, requesting either that I would return or send in my resignation: otherwise my Stall would have lapsed to the King, who would have given it away without the previous public competition of Candidates, from among whom the Chapter has a right to elect. The letter in which I communicated my voluntary resignation to the Chapter was translated into English and published by me as an Appendix to my LETTER TO BUTLER.* The letter was written on the 11th July 1815. The following is a Memorandum under that date.

"My birth-day, in which I complete my fortieth year. I have signed my resignation of the Royal Chaplaincy about the hour in which I was born. The preceding letter † was signed and sealed yesterday as it stood before the interlined corrections were made. But as I was writing to my Father,

[* Published in 1826.]

† The letter of resignation, in Spanish, is inserted in my Common Place Book.

the fear of the consequences which my expressions concerning religious intolerance might have, and the danger that the President Chaplain and some other violent fanatics in the Chapter, would blaze the matter abroad so as to come to the knowledge of my afflicted parents, shook my resolution of speaking plainly in my letter, and I thought it my filial duty, rather to forego this opportunity of asserting my character, than expose my family to any danger of aggravated pain in their unfortunate situation. It was necessary however to make it appear in this document that nothing but my private opinions has forced me to give up my situation; since, in consequence of my political quarrels (controversies) with the revolutionary governments of Spain, some people might suppose that I had been judicially deprived of my preferments." . . . . . .

The effects of what may be called the social feelings or tendencies, upon religious opinions, form a subject of great importance which, however, men frequently overlook in the examination of their own heart. My opportunities of watching those feelings have been numerous; and they have not been neglected. At the time when such feelings are acting, it is indeed almost impossible to distinguish them from the higher motives into which they insinuate themselves. But in the clear remembrance of one's inward workings during a past period, it is not difficult to recognize the different impulses, and trace them to their respective sources.

It is at the present advanced period of my life that, upon a calm review of my mind and heart, I

am become aware of the great power which the social tendencies have exerted upon me. To identify myself with some one body of men devoted to useful pursuits, and acting according to a well-directed plan, I know from recollection to have been one of my earliest wishes. I believe I have mentioned, in Doblado's Letters,—in that sketch of the Spanish Clergyman, which I intended as a slight delineation of myself—how I did regret in my earliest youth that the abolition of the Order of the Jesuits had prevented my becoming a member of that Society. I perfectly recollect the points of attraction which that Religious Order had for me. It was its compactness, its effective but not individually oppressive discipline, its widely ramified connections in all parts of the world; in a word, it was its perfect unity that acted upon me like a charm.—I have already mentioned how cordially I joined with the body of the Romish Clergy: and the more I study myself, the more certain I am that, were it not for my love of truth above all things, I should have been one of the most devoted and active instruments of some party. These two contending forces have indeed occasioned all the sacrifices and sufferings of my life, and will, I fear, continue to tear me asunder even on the brink of the grave.

Fully persuaded that by the act of becoming a member of the Church of England, I had placed myself out of the pressure of every important religious error, I gave full scope to my social feeling in

regard to the English Clergy. My desire to identify myself with that body of men was vehement. I cannot describe the uneasiness which I derived from every thing that betrayed the foreigner in me, and marked the line of separation which was always to remain between myself and the English Clergy. My most ardent desire was that of doing duty as a Clergyman of the Church of England; and yet my quick sense, and almost morbid apprehension of exciting that dislike to foreigners which still exists very deeply seated in almost all the natives, not only of England but of its most distant dependencies, most powerfully opposed the accomplishment of that wish. After a long struggle with myself, and encouraged by that most excellent man, my dear friend the Rev. William Bishop, then Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, I determined to read prayers in his Church on a Week-day, when there were scarcely half a dozen persons in attendance. I can hardly describe the state of agitation in which I went to St. Mary's. Had it not been for the inflexibility of my determinations, whenever I resolve to act in spite of fear and apprehension, I should have been unable to accomplish my object. My dear friend Bishop who attended me to the Church, seeing me so deeply agitated, offered to relieve me: but I would not give way. My voice must have been nearly inaudible. When I returned to my lodgings my mind, free from the agitation which had kept it so long on the stretch, took a direction entirely devotional; but the feelings with

which my heart was bursting were of that kind which, had they continued so as to become rooted, would have made me a confirmed enthusiast. With tears and sobs I recollected the day when I performed my first Mass, and compared the circumstances of these two analogous cases. I dwelt upon the long interval of unbelief which came between these two solemn performances. Wanting to unburden my heart, I wrote immediately a letter to Mr. James Christie, of London, who among my friends would most sympathize with my state of mind. I cannot recollect what I said in that letter; but I am sure that it must have borne the marks of a perfectly morbid enthusiasm. Luckily for me, such a state of mind was never permanent. Though such feelings had been most industriously excited in my earliest days by the devotional practices of Roman Catholic piety, the temper of my mind rejected them even in spite of my will. The identity of Protestant and Catholic enthusiastic devotion is to me an unquestionable fact; and few men are likely to have compared them more accurately than myself.

I ventured once or twice more to read prayers to a small congregation in the same Church; but the consciousness that I was attempting what I could never do well, was too painful: and I did not occupy the reading desk for several years after.

The thought of entering one of the Colleges as an Undergraduate had occurred to me; but though my

desire of assimilation and union with the literary body with which I was in external contact was strong, I could not but shrink from the incongruity of putting myself under tuition at the age of forty in company with a crowd of young men. But as the Rev. James Parsons, then Vice Principal of Alban Hall, with whom I was in habits of daily intercourse, had suggested that if I entered there as a Gentleman Commoner, residence, lectures, &c. would be likely to be dispensed with, it is probable that I would have embraced this suggestion, in the hope of obtaining an honorary Master's degree, if an unexpected proposal from Lord Holland, to be tutor to his son and heir, had not reached me while I was deliberating. Lord Holland's proposal was conceived in the kindest terms; yet, at first, I declined it without hesitation. I told him plainly that I did not conceive myself well qualified to be classical tutor to his son. Though I was perfectly familiar with Latin, and had made some progress in Greek, my scholarship was very deficient in that critical accuracy which is expected in England. I had not for many years before paid any attention to the Latin Classics, and the study of Greek which I had been carrying on for some time, had not had time to become a settled and properly rooted knowledge. In spite of this Lord Holland urged me to accept his offer. My pecuniary means were at this time scarcely adequate to support me. Having now honestly stated my deficiencies I did not think it right to persevere in my refusal, though I

felt the greatest reluctance to be a dependent in any family.*

Oxford, August 29th, 1815.

Dear Lord Holland,

Although I scarcely feel justified in not availing myself of the space you have the goodness to allow me for the consideration of the very kind and flattering offer you make me; yet the reasons which, to my sincere regret, oppose my acceptance are so clear and powerful, that I am bound in friendship not to keep you a moment in suspense.

In the first place, my classical learning is very deficient in many points which are deemed of the greatest importance in this country. I never wrote a Latin verse, in my life, and can scarcely scan an Hexameter. Notwithstanding that I am not unacquainted with the Latin classics, I must confess I was always but a very indifferent Grammarian; and, after having for so many years given up writing in that language, I should feel very diffident even in the correcting of a theme. You may easily imagine how difficult it is for a grown up man to make up for the want of a regular and methodical school training; and as you know the circumstances of my early education, I need not trouble you with a more minute disclosure of my literary nakedness.

Far from having any objection to the confinement attending the situation you offer me, I am afraid my weak state of health would make me, especially in winter, very unfit to attend my pupil out of my room. I am subject to very severe colds, which generally begin with the Winter and never leave me till Spring. In such cases, the habitual melancholy which my circumstances for these six or seven years have produced, occasions a dejection of spirits which makes me insufferable to myself, and which would increase to an unlimited degree with my apprehension of being troublesome, and unequal to the duties of my situation.

But great as these objections are, still one remains which you will allow is insuperable. You know that as long as I receive from the Foreign Office the allowance which at present supports me, my time is not entirely my own. Soon after you left England I had to do a work which employed me for three months. Smaller things are not unfrequent in the course of the year. It would, therefore, be impossible for me to combine these occasional occupations with the constant care and attention my situation would require.

You see, my Lord, I speak to you in the full candour and sincerity of my heart. Nothing but insuperable difficulties would make me hesitate a moment to accept a situation which, besides every other

I went to Holland House about the middle of September 1815, and continued there two years. To describe the sufferings of my mind and body during that period is quite impossible. My health was growing worse every day. That I was treated not

advantage I could wish for, would afford me the pleasure of being near you.

I trust both you and Lady H. will fully enter into my feelings, and never doubt my gratitude for this fresh proof of your friendship aswell as for the honour it does me.

Believe me, &c.

Oxford, August 31st, 1815.

My dear Lord Holland,

Whatever may be the weight of my objections, and the conviction I have of my unfitness for the situation you offer me, I should be wanting in every proper feeling if I could refuse your proposal of a trial for some months. If, after having laid my difficultics before you, still you think that the conditional acceptance of the tutorship may be of any use to your son, here I am at your service. Let me, however, assure you that I have not overdone the picture either in regard to my learning or state of health. I shall, certainly, have no objection to learning along with my pupil, or to going but a few steps before him. But a sad experience tells me that I cannot hope for better nerves or lungs than those which have made me an invalid during the last two winters. I therefore wish it to be understood that I accept your kind offer of a trial, *notwithstanding* my strong fears that I shall not be able to continue for any considerable length of time. I trust, however, you will readily believe me when I assure you that I do not mean by this to leave a door open to whim or caprice in my future determinations:—it will be a *fair* trial; and I may add, I know myself well enough to foresee that should I succeed in making a friend of my pupil, I shall not find it easy to leave him. My only object in so explicit and (it might appear) so cautious a declaration, is to secure myself against the possibility of a misunderstanding which might, in the least degree, deprive me of the regard and friendship with which you have, hitherto, honoured me, and to which I now make all my objection give way. You may, therefore, consider me at your orders.

only with kindness but as a friend, I take pleasure in acknowledging; but the feeling of dependence depressed me, and increased the morbid melancholy which was the natural effect of my disease. I was not only anxious to do my duty to my pupil, but to improve my knowledge in the branches of Literature which it was my business to teach. I did not spare myself, and yet I was not satisfied.

In the midst of this misery (for I cannot give it another name) my religious earnestness was on the increase. I went to Holland House under the fear that among the highly refined society of those who frequented it I should feel ashamed of my religious principles. This fear acted as a stimulus to my zeal. Having no higher notions of the Christian temper than those which I had derived in my early years from Roman Catholic devotion, now slightly modified by the extremely similar piety of some excellent persons of the party called *Evangelical,* I led a kind of ascetic life, not indeed by means of bodily mortifications but, by attempts to subdue the understanding: a practice which so many Protestants consider as the sacrifice most acceptable to the Deity. My devotions and meditations were performed with a kind of monastic regularity. I will insert some specimens.

"Holland House, Nov. 13th, 1816.

"'Our thoughts are not absolutely free just after we have received some considerable Loss or Disaster. All that we can do is to take care that we do not give up our mind a prey to Melancholy, and *wilfully* indulge our sorrows; which

is the case of many even under *imaginary* grievances.'—Seed's Sermons: On the Government of the Thoughts, v. 1, p. 235.

"I perceive the absolute necessity of employing whatever powers of self controul I possess, in checking the disposition expressed in the latter part of the preceding sentence. My melancholy increases daily; and I gradually lose my self-command as the fits grow more frequent and stronger. I perceive, however, that these fits generally begin by some slight subject of vexation which by degrees engrosses my whole mind. I am aware that most of the irritation and anguish produced upon my mind proceeds from the disorder which is preying upon me. The strongest proof I have of this is the sudden manner in which the fit goes off, without any change of circumstances in the object on which my peevish melancholy had the moment before been dwelling with the greatest vehemence. I have enjoyed one of these sudden calms for the last two hours; and, besides reading my usual portion of Scripture, and Seed's Sermon on the Government of the Thoughts, which I considered as most suitable to my state of mind, I have employed the rest of the evening in forming the resolution of struggling with all my might against the increase of this my dangerous malady. I am aware that it is a punishment which I have deserved; but as I must also consider it as a *trial*, it is my indispensable duty to exert myself, and not to yield in the mental struggle in which Providence has been pleased to place me. The particular virtue to the exercise of which I am called by my present circumstances is a steady *government of my thoughts*, so that I may not allow this disorder of the imagination and feelings to unfit me for the execution of my present duties, as well as of any others to which God may call me at some future period. I will excite myself to the performance of this difficult task by the consideration of the magnitude of my danger: for I conceive that if this growing evil is not effectually stopped

I shall soon fall into a state of weakness and despondency which will make me unfit for every thing but suffering.

"As I consider the required exertion in the light of a Christian duty, since it is both an act of submission to the will of God, and a determination not to sink under the afflictions with which he is pleased to visit me, I most earnestly implore the assistance of his Holy Spirit, without which I cannot but fail in my undertaking.

"I intend to make frequent use of a short but excellent prayer recommended by Seed in the Sermon I have just read.

"'O God, may thy Mercy pardon what I have been: may thy Grace reform what I am: and may thy Wisdom direct what I shall be.'"

"Holland House, Nov. 14, 1816.

"I have to thank God for a day passed in a composed and even state of mind. May his heavenly goodness grant me the continuance of this blessing, which I humbly beg through the merits of his son Jesus Christ.

"In the constant watch I have kept over my imagination, I have observed that a sort of *reverie*, sometimes upon important subjects, and sometimes on the most ridiculous trifles, but always accompanied by a painful degree of abstraction from the senses, and a want of power to draw any inferences or to come to any conclusion, is either the symptom or the cause of all my fits of melancholy, and of that perturbation of mind which accompanies and precedes them. I have with great diligence repelled the approach of these wandering thoughts, and, although they have very often assailed me, I have succeeded in keeping them off. I trust that God will assist my endeavours and crown them with final success."

"Holland House, Nov. 15, 1816.

"My languor and anxiety have made very close approaches to-day. However, I have exerted myself against

that peevishness and irritability of temper which always attend my lowness of spirits. There is a real indisposition of my body which I think is the chief cause of what I suffer in my mind. I had not this morning strength enough to bear the motion of my horse, and I was obliged to make an effort at every step, which really exhausted me. I shall (will) try however to command my imagination and temper, in spite of this weakness and discomfort which generally attend me.

"Merciful Father! I acknowledge that I deserve a severer punishment for my past sins. My present afflictions are all tempered with advantages and consolations which I have no claim to. Let thy grace make me sensible of thy paternal goodness, and so support me in my hour of suffering that I may not make myself unworthy of thy further mercies. This I beg and trust to obtain through the merits of my Saviour Jesus Christ."

"Holland House, Nov. 16th, 1816.

"Having a moment's leisure before I went down to breakfast, I took up the Bible and read a few verses in the 14th Chapter of St. John. I was struck with the declaration and promise contained in the 21st verse: 'He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him.' There is an admirable simplicity in this rule of our Saviour, concerning the love we ought to bear to him, as well as grandeur in the reward which is promised to this love. 'He shall be loved of my Father and I will love him.' What comfort it must be to those who possess a grain of true faith to feel, in consequence of their sincere though imperfect endeavours to keep Christ's commandments, the assurance of their being loved by God the Father, and by his Son our Saviour! The effects of this love must be a special protection during this life, and the happiness of

living for ever with Christ in his kingdom. It is in that happy assembly of a 'great company of angels,' &c. where, after having granted to all his followers the assistance and consolation of his Holy Spirit, in this life, he will finally *manifest himself* to them in the fulness of his glory. May he through his merits * make me worthy of being with him for ever!

"My bodily health has been better to-day. I have kept my watch against reverie and peevishness; but nevertheless I have been nearly conquered by both. The journey to Brighton † is very trying to my temper. I cannot bear being carried about in this way. It unsettles me and makes me unhappy: it makes me feel too much the dependence of my situation. I will try, however, since God has placed me here, to bear the disagreeable part of my duty, with as much cheerfulness as it may be in my power. May God grant me his grace to curb my pride, which I am certain is the chief source of my dislike of dependence."

The trip to Brighton, which I looked on with so much dislike, did not prove less disagreeable than I expected, but it lasted only ten days. On the 26th Nov. we returned to Holland House. Lord and Lady H. were however to go to their winter residence in town; and I was to be left with my pupil at Kensington. The following passage records the state of my mind.

"Holland House, Nov. 26, 1816.

"All my plans and determinations vanished in the air as soon as I found myself at Brighton. Whether my

* The Trinitarian phraseology is here very awkwardly employed.—(Note in 1835.)

† The whole family were going to Brighton for some weeks.

bodily disease brings on these fits of melancholy, or the indisposition which generally accompanies them is the effect of mental agitation, I cannot tell: True it is, however, that these two things are inseparable. The circumstance of my cheerfulness returning as soon as my body is relieved from the symptoms of the complaint, gives me some confidence in the opinion that it is not altogether in my power to be always cheerful and calm.

"I have however taken a very decisive step concerning my situation. In the agony of a fit of low spirits I begged Lord and Lady Holland to release me from my attendance on Henry. They asked me not to leave them during the winter; to which I readily agreed, notwithstanding I foresee that my melancholy confinement in this deserted house, during their stay in town, holds out a very dismal prospect to me.—Thus I willingly and eagerly throw away all the advantages of a situation which has every desirable circumstance, except *Liberty*. This want, however, embitters my life, when I am already too old to console and amuse myself with future prospects. I hope most sincerely that I am not actuated by any improper motive of pride or want of resignation. I have tried to get the better of my unhappiness; I have prayed God earnestly; but I grow worse every day, so that my life is either a dull state of submission to my circumstances, or a most painful struggle against them. Besides, I do but little good in my situation; and while I allow my own child to grow up without implanting in his heart any principles of affection to me (a thing which cannot be done but by living together), I may be laying up a store of misery for my old age. May God Almighty direct my course through the difficulties which surround me, granting me his grace in order that I may not act against his will or the designs which his mercy may have upon me."

From this time forward I repeated my request

very frequently that Lord Holland should provide himself with another tutor; but it was put off kindly, and upon grounds to which I could not positively object without appearing to act in an unfriendly manner.* In the meantime my life was wretched.

* Holland House, Feb. 19th, 1817.

On Sunday, the 16th, Lady Holland came to my room and dexterously bringing the conversation round, she told me that they had applied to all their friends in search of a tutor. It was chiefly from Edinburgh they expected a favourable answer: but Mr. Allen had received a letter from Mr. T. Thompson, saying that Mr. Pillans did not know any person he could recommend at the moment. Now, said Lady H., we had been thinking (though I know that all proposals to keep you are out of the question), that if we could persuade Mr. Marsh (who owes all he is to us) to take Henry for a year as a boarder, you might without great difficulty continue with him for another, and so divide the period that has been fixed for his entering the University. You would have two full months of that time to yourself, as I intend to take him abroad next summer. But this, I am afraid (she repeated), is out of the question.—It happened that the night before I had been reading with very great interest a chapter in J. Taylor's Scheme of Christian Divinity, on our State of *Trial* in this world, the effect of which was to make me uneasy about the step I had taken in giving up the tutorship. I was afraid that I might be checking the plan of Providence towards me; and I fervently prayed for God's assistance in future.—Besides, a wild scheme of marrying Miss —— has been running violently in my head for some time. The worthy motives which had made me hesitate the night before, now suddenly rushing upon me, together with a vague, indistinct notion that my yielding to this proposal might be the means to realize my plan of a married life, carried me irresistibly away from my former determination never to listen to any proposals but those I had made from the beginning. I confessed that the scheme appeared to me a very plausible one. I begged to have time to think upon it: and we parted under the agreement that they should prosecute their search for a tutor; that they would let me know the result, and that in case they could not succeed to their satisfaction, I should give them my final answer. That evening Lady H. sent me Mr. Thompson's letter to Mr. Allen, to which she alluded in our conversation.

This incident added a great weight to my doubts whether I was

Of the religious state of my mind the following prayer will give some notion.

"Holland House, March 3d, 1817.

"The Anniversary of my arrival in England the year 1810.

"Almighty God, Father of all mercies, by whose Providence I was, in the most evident and extraordinary manner, led out of my country when I sat in darkness and in perfect ignorance of thee; by whose grace I was recalled to the knowledge of thy existence, and gradually to faith in thy Son Jesus Christ, through whom alone I hope for mercy and everlasting life; establish, oh Merciful Father, the work thou hast so far done in me: grant me the assistance of thy Holy Spirit: shew me the path I should follow while in this state of probation: comfort and support me in the trials which in thy goodness thou mayst please to lay on me, and finally, through a calm and truly Christian death, receive me, unworthy as I am, into thy kingdom through the merits of my Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

stepping out of the path assigned to me by Providence: and I formed a determination to be guided by the event of their search. I should be heartily glad that they should find a tutor to their liking: but if, as I suspect, they are not very eager in the search, and the result is, that the offer I mentioned is renewed, I have made up my mind to acquiesce, under a few modifications. In doing this, I hope I am at this moment led by my desire of submitting to the indications of Providence, whatever mixture of other views may have taken place on my hearing the proposal.—I see that in my present circumstances I cannot establish myself in that state of moderate independence which would enable me to make a gentlewoman happy. In giving up my hopes of that domestic society for which I have so ardently longed all my life, I feel a great gloom spread over my mind. I implore, however, the assistance of God's grace; and, if I must finally submit to ending my days without the comforts of a home and family, I most humbly resign myself into the hands of Providence, and say from my heart—"thy will be done."

Much however as my devotional spirit resembled that ascetic self-denial which from my earliest days I had been accustomed to consider as the essence of Christian virtue, I found it quite impossible to submit to the restraint imposed by the duties of my situation as domestic tutor. My efforts to obtain a successor were earnest and incessant. I absolutely panted for liberty, and, though extremely anxious not to spare myself any trouble in the discharge of my duty, I found it absolutely necessary to request, that till another tutor could be found, I should be allowed to have two days in the week, besides Sundays, free from noon till the next morning. Occasional release from my long daily confinement did not afford me an opportunity of visiting some of my friends in town. This was granted, as it might be expected from the kindness of my employers. I took a room in town where I might sleep on the appointed days, after having spent the evening with my intimate and most valuable friends, the late James Christie, Esq. and his family. But I could enjoy no pleasure whatever while, go where I might, I dragged the lengthening chain after me.

In the meantime I continued my theological and classical studies with the utmost possible industry, never losing a moment which I could call my own, though certainly those were but few. Under the date Feb. 6th (1817) I find the following remarks.

"I yesterday evening finished M'Cries Life of John Knox. It is painful to see so great and virtuous a man as the Scotch Reformer, so generally misrepresented and abused.

The work he performed in his native country is really wonderful; and, considering the difficulties he had to encounter, it must be acknowledged that nothing but the direct influence of God's Providence could bring the undertaking to a happy conclusion. That he must have been supported by God's Holy Spirit during his laborious life, his extraordinary and unremitted exertions, notwithstanding his infirm constitution, are sufficient to prove. This is the more evident to me because a sad experience makes me almost daily aware how unfit is a sickly man, in low spirits, for both mental and bodily exertion. Knox was subject to depression of spirits; but the ardour of his mind in the prosecution of the great object he had in view, must have roused him into that energy which is enough to dispel the thickest clouds of melancholy. He was possessed of an undaunted courage; and had none of that morbid sensibility which makes even pleasure a source of gloom and dejection. Whoever has the misfortune of being under this dreadful disease, must content himself (unless God should by a kind of miracle transform him into another man) with the following advice of Cowper:

> 'And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill
> That yields not to the touch of human skill,
> Improve the kind occasion; understand
> A Father's frown and kiss the chastening hand.'"

Trifling as is the subject of the following entry, it is not quite unimportant in a picture of my character. It was written two days after the former.

"I have taken a room in Duke-street, St. James's, according to the plan I proposed to Lord and Lady H.— My absolute unfitness for the common dealings of life is very painful to me; but no previous resolution of mine is enough to prevent the silly awkwardness that seizes me as soon as I enter on business in which I have to contend with the interest of another. My excellent father was as unfit

for making a bargain as myself. Whether such dispositions are hereditary, or whether (as I believe) the early impressions produced by domestic example transmit them from father to son, is a question which I will not stop to discuss. I have however to lament that a ridiculous delicacy for the feelings of people who have no claim to it, as being in all probability perfect strangers to the impression I am anxious to spare them, makes me a most helpless man in the daily business of life. This morning, for instance, I offered a guinea a-week for the room which I am persuaded I might have had for fifteen shillings. The woman who lets it, a mean, sluttish, old creature, asked for some money in advance as a security, though I had given her my address; but I had not the courage to ask for a receipt. It would be endless to enumerate the blunders of this kind which I make on similar occasions. I am seized with a shyness and confusion which could hardly be pardoned in a child."*

It is indeed unquestionable that I have been, all my life, a most unfit person to manage money mat-

* Monday, March 10th, 1817.

Mr. —— came in the evening. He seemed to be in very low spirits. Mr. —— had given him notice that he intends putting his Boys at School. This incident made me reflect upon the special goodness with which Providence seems to direct my affairs, while it made me tremble lest I should be making very unworthy returns, and growing wanton under his favours. Here is a man who certainly exceeds me in the knowledge of those branches of literature which we both have undertaken to teach, a man of perfect honour and integrity, who instead of winning the affections of the family to whom he has been introduced, complains of the greatest coldness, and is dismissed without compunction. He is going again to look want in the face, and to live as it were by chance work. I on the contrary have been solicited to come to this house, and when I have shewn a determination to quit it, every stone has been moved in order to make me stay. On the day when Lady H. pressed me so urgently not to leave them, she told me she was sorry that since my determination had been long fixed I had not recommended Mr. —— of whom I had so high an opinion, to be my successor. I shall therefore tell her his present circumstances.

ters. But, at this time, and during the long period when my internal complaint was increasing, my nervous timidity was extremely painful, and almost unmanageable. I remember the desperate effort which I was obliged to make before I ventured to knock at a door, and inquire whether the person I wanted to see was at home. Any sudden question upon the most simple or indifferent matter used to startle me, and put me in a state of trepidation which deprived me for some time of all the knowledge I might possess upon the subject. I believe that during that period, and at various times when, even in the course of my partial recovery, I have had some return of these symptoms, I must have given the most absurd answers, and often appeared to those who knew little or nothing of me, grossly ignorant. I remember instances of this at Oxford, especially in the Oriel Common Room. I do not know whether from modesty or from pride, whenever I have found myself in that situation, I have never made any attempt to correct the blunder, or to explain the cause of it. I have quietly submitted, most probably from a well grounded fear that I might get into a worse confusion, and from a sense of degradation which I have in connection with a self-defence upon such trifles. If those present will not explain the fact to themselves I prefer leaving them under their mistake.

As I shall have a good deal to say in explanation of my conduct in regard to the Catholic question, I

am glad to find in my Journal two documents which prove that, even at this early period, I had formed the resolution to which without any deliberate effort to act consistently, I always adhered, of attesting whatever *facts* I knew concerning the character of the Roman Catholic Church, without however attempting to interfere with the question of political expediency which was pending in this country.

An intimate friend of mine, Mr. Carleton, had introduced to me an Irish dignitary who wished to collect some information concerning the tenets and tendencies of the Catholic Church. This gentleman wrote to me proposing to call at Holland House. The following is a copy of my answer.

"Holland House, May 21st, 1819.

"Dear Sir,

"If you should be at leisure next Tuesday, I shall do myself the pleasure of calling upon you at your lodgings between three and half past three in the afternoon. . . . . Our friend Mr. Carleton told me that you were desirous of ascertaining some points in which my early and long acquaintance with the Catholic doctrines might possibly lend you some assistance. A sense of delicacy, which from the knowledge you already possess of my circumstances I need not labour to explain, will always prevent my taking any active part, either privately or publicly, in the pending political question. But as I conceive that *facts* such as you want to ascertain, are a species of public property, and that no candid man of whatever party can wish to have them suppressed, you may consider those within my knowledge as very much at your service."

But on this subject, more hereafter.

In the summer of 1817 I found it absolutely necessary to take a decided step in regard to my tutorship. Lord Holland and all the family were going to the Continent for a few months. As it was well known that I had made a firm resolution not to go abroad, no efforts were employed to persuade me to follow them. As soon as they left Holland House, I wrote the following letter which, as it fully explains both my conduct and state of mind, deserves a place in this sketch.

"June 27th, 1817.

"My dear Lord Holland,

"The impression which this letter shall leave upon your mind will, in a great degree, either augment or relieve the habitual distress to which the state of my health has reduced me. My resolution, however, cannot be changed, and I must submit to all its possible consequences. My absence from your house will not end with your return; and I trust you will excuse my taking a leave in writing which I have not the heart to take in person. My persuasion that I am reducing my spirits to an incurable state of dejection is so strong that, whether well grounded or imaginary, it must at last produce the effect I dread. I have tried in all possible ways to enjoy the advantages which your friendship has so kindly pressed upon me; but I find that every return of my complaint makes me more unfit to continue in my present employment. I will not however tire you with a repetition of all my reasons. The strongest is a feeling of unhappiness to which none but myself can give its just weight. That would be greatly increased if all my exertions to continue in the tutorship should end in leaving behind me an impression of dissatisfaction. Yet when I consider your candour and goodnature, I cannot but reproach myself for these fears.

"I must lastly beg leave to observe that my mind was not

finally made up till about a fortnight ago, during the last return of my illness. Being therefore quite sure that my silence in the present circumstances, when you are provided with a tutor for two or three months, could not produce the least inconvenience to you, I thought myself justified in thus avoiding all further discussion upon the subject, and evading a struggle similar to that in which the kind efforts both of you and Lady H. succeeded the last time in altering my determination.

"It is excessively painful to me thus to run away from you all; but I have neither the heart to take an open leave, nor can bear the idea of using the smallest degree of dissimulation.

"With the most sincere regret at leaving you, I pray God Almighty to bless you and all that belong to you."

To this letter I received the kindest answer, in which my services were acknowledged with the greatest cordiality, and I still preserve Lord Holland's letter as an honourable testimonial, which I must confess was earned rather by my desire to do my duty than by my success in performing it.

"Dear Blanco,

"The impression left on my mind by your letter, in which you say so much of your happiness depends, is certainly that of regret, and as certainly neither is nor ought to be in any way that of diminished kindness or gratitude. You not only fulfilled with zeal and friendship all you had undertaken, but you yielded to our earnest wishes and entreaties, and I am afraid sacrificed your comfort to it; but if it is any relief to you to know that you have left behind you, in Lady Holland and myself, two old friends, who have now the additional motives of gratitude to their former good wishes to you, and in your pupil Harry, a boy much improved both in learning and intelligence, and sincerely attached to you, that comfort you really have. After your letter it would be

both unkind and improper to press you to resume your labours on our return; I can only say it would give me great pleasure if I found you so disposed, not only because it would be of advantage to Henry, but because it would prove that your health and spirits were recovered. I can only repeat, my dear Blanco, that our connection has increased and cemented the sincere affection and good will I have always felt for you.

"Yours,

"VASSALL HOLLAND."

"P.S. I have desired Mr. Curry to request you to write him the state of the account between us; for though nothing can be a sufficient return of your kindness, these matters ought always to be attended to in a business-like way."

I had now obtained my long and ardently desired liberty, and this was sufficient to raise my spirits for a short time. My invaluable friend the Reverend William Bishop, who was still Fellow of Oriel College, had at that time undertaken to accompany to Brighton, an old schoolfellow of his who was suffering from a severe attack of a nervous complaint. I thought I could not do better than join them; for, though a great invalid myself, my spirits were frequently high enough to be of some assistance to my friend in the arduous undertaking in which he was engaged. His friend was in a state bordering on imbecility. Disease had affected a mind which at all times wanted strength, and this good man was now reduced to a state of agonizing fear, both for his soul and body. As, from the moment of my arrival, the invalid treated me with the most un-

limited confidence, I had a complete view of the state of his mind. Many a long conversation did I hold with him, in which, besides the hope of cheering him, and the certainty that I was relieving my old friend in the fatiguing task of listening to, and answering, never-ending doubts and fears, I had a peculiar interest arising from the intimate acquaintance with the same complaint which I had acquired in Spain. The mixed disease, i. e. both mental and bodily, called *Scruples*, so common among Nuns and recluses of both sexes, was, to my great surprise, here present in a Protestant clergyman. His conversation, his doubts, his arguments, his apparent conviction in consequence of my answers, his sudden relapse into the identical objections which seemed to have vanished a few minutes before, reminded me so vividly of the long discussions which in the days of my sincere Catholic ministry I had held with several poor nuns in the Confessional, that I had at times to collect myself, in order to dispel the growing delusion that I was in Spain, with my ear close to the grate from which the whispers of the unhappy recluses had conveyed to me the incurable distress of their minds. Accustomed as I was to the treatment of the disease, I had no difficulty in applying the most approved methods of those countries where Catholicism makes it endemical. At first I used argument and persuasion: when this failed I turned the whole into ridicule. The results were exactly similar to those with which

I had been familiar. The patient, though not cured, was frequently relieved.

Our invalid had determined to try the mineral waters of Leamington. He intended to travel in his gig. As my friend Bishop had his own horse, on which he wished to travel, I bought a pony for the purpose of travelling in their company. But at Leamington I grew very ill, and was obliged to go by coach to Oxford,* where I stopped about a

[* At this time he published, at Oxford, a series of short lectures on religion, the first part of which had been delivered to the younger members of Lord Holland's family. The Lectures are entitled, 'Preparatory Observations on the Study of Religion, by a Clergyman of the Church of England.' The following characteristic Letter from Southey relates to these Lectures.]

My dear Blanco, Keswick, 19th Nov. 1817.

I thank you for your Lectures. They are admirably adapted for their occasion. One of my children is old enough to profit by them, and I have put them into her hands. It is indeed curious that such a teacher should have come to us from Seville! Whatever the result of the convulsion in Spain may have been to others, you at least have obtained in its consequences a benefit which is beyond all price. Nor is this exposition of our Divine Religion the less remarkable for the place where it has been written. God grant that the good seed may take root where you have so faithfully sown it, and that it may not be choked by weeds. Mr. Fox is said to have died an unbeliever; in doubt even of a future state. I know how prevalent this fatal error is among the persons of his party, and trace it but too clearly in much of their political conduct; it is the secret principle which explains things otherwise inexplicable. Hence their eagerness to co-operate with Catholics, Methodists, or Socinians, against the Established Church; hence their adherence to Buonaparte in spite of his atrocious tyranny. The evil is increasing among us, and on the other hand a spirit of fanaticism as wide from the truth, increases also. We stand in need of able and zealous labourers, and it is a consolation to see that by God's blessing they are not wanting.

During my journey I made what inquiry I could concerning the state of religion in the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland, where I

month, till my friend Mr. Francis Carleton, who had given me an invitation to his cottage, at Little Gad-

had an opportunity of seeing some of the clergy. During these late years which have dislocated the whole fabric of civil society it has not escaped serious injury. The power of the clergy has been lessened,—it was not too great, and it was used discreetly. Their influence has diminished with it, and a visible deterioration of morals is the consequence. Geneva has become a school of Socinianism: it was never a good school, and we in England have sustained much evil from it in former times: but this change is for the worse. It is not from the ashes of Socinus, whom they murdered so cruelly, that it has arisen, — it is the thin cloak which Philosophism condescends to wear. Their countryman, Jean Jaques, has left his leaven there, and a blast from Ferney has infected the place. Yet I think good may be deduced from it. The Pastors in other Cantons appear to be awakened by it, and it may occasion a revival of sound doctrine and of zeal.

You will see in the next Quarterly Review that I have translated one or two of Lope de Vega's devotional sonnets. I do not possess Sancha's edition of his works, and unluckily have only the first part of his Rimas Sacras, where among many gross absurdities, are some of his most powerful writings. If I could have afforded the time I should have translated more, but my long absence from home has drawn on me heavy arrears of work. I am proceeding in the press with my history of Brazil, the most laborious historical work which has ever been composed in our language. The history of the Peninsular War is in progress; and I indulge myself at intervals by going on with a Life of John Wesley, upon such a scale and with such comprehensive views of the subject, that it will include an important portion of ecclesiastical history. Then I have a poem in hand—a little volume it will form—its title, A Tale of Paraguay.

——— vain feelings to excite
No tales of morbid sentiment I sing,
Nor tell of idle loves with ill-spent breath,—
A reverent offering to the Grave I bring,
And twine a garland for the brow of Death.

This is the conclusion of the dedicatory lines, which are addressed to my daughter Edith, and this will show you the character and spirit in which I am composing the poem.

I trust we shall see you next summer. Come when the days are lengthening, that you may see our country in its greatest beauty. I

desden, Herts, should have a spare bed-room for me. His uncle, Lord Carleton, who had been upon a visit there, having left him, I arrived at my friend's village about the middle of September. At this time my illness had so increased that I could hardly stand on my feet. The country air seemed to revive

went through the finest parts of Switzerland, and saw beyond the Alps the Lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore; yet this country has borne the comparison,—the charm of its *proportion* compensates for every thing in which it is inferior. And the beautiful clearness of its streams is perfectly delicious after the turbid torrents of the Alps, which carry with them the wreck of those crumbling mountains, and produce goitres and cretinism. You will find here quiet, and an air which I believe to be as wholesome as any in this island;—Bedford was sent here by his physicians in despair for a liver complaint, and if his recovery can be assigned to any definite cause, it must be to the air of these mountains.

It was at Como that I first read of the revolution at Pernambuco, in the Lugano Gazette, and I guessed but too truly that the man who was there called Isaac Rebeiro Person, would prove to be Rebeiro Pessoa,—a man with whom I was in communication through my friend Koster, and with whose history and opinions I was perfectly well acquainted. He was a man of great ability and of excellent heart: a priest, who saw the falsehood of his own church, and unhappily did not see the truths which are smothered under it. With the best feelings, and the best intentions, he lent the whole weight of his talents and high character to this miserable attempt, and when once in blood, was in imminent danger of plunging himself into the deepest damnation. He had consented to the desperate resolution of setting fire to the city, and murdering all the royalists in their power; but I rejoice to say that Koster's expostulations moved him from this purpose. He perished by his own hand,—God be merciful to his soul! He has left a woman whom he regarded as his wife, and several children. This is a dismal story: the man who thus died an Atheist, a traitor and a rebel, was a noble creature who might have been an ornament and a benefactor to his country and his kind.

God bless you, my dear Blanco,

Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

me, but the improvement was very transient. The kindness of my friend and his wife was exceedingly great. After spending two months with them I determined to return to London, though, unhappily, I had no business there, no home, no cheering or interesting prospects whatever. On the 30th of October I took lodgings in Bury-street, St. James's.

The period which I am about to describe is very remarkable in regard to the object of this Sketch, my Mind. The disease which had so long distressed me was now rising to a fearful height. As I have never heard it definitely named by any of the physicians whom I have consulted, I will not take upon myself to classify it. All I can say is, that its symptoms showed themselves chiefly in the bowels. The disease itself was certainly known to the late Dr. Bailey. I consulted him only once; but had he attended me for a long period, he could not have given me an opinion more fully ratified by subsequent experience. "Sir (he said to me) I conceive that you have courage to bear an honest opinion. You are suffering under one of the most dreadful and unmanageable diseases with which I am acquainted. There is nothing to be done: you must make up your mind to suffer for a very long time—years. You may, after all, recover; but, if you do recover, the period of relief is very distant." Nearly twenty years have elapsed: my sufferings have been most distressing; and though an organic derangement, occasioned by the disease, precludes the possi-

bility of a complete recovery, the original disease has been very much allayed.

It is probable that my internal disorder, combined with my external circumstances, had the effect of bringing my mind to the very borders of religious enthusiasm. My Common Place Book contains many proofs of this morbid state: but it equally attests that my reason, though frequently compelled into temporary silence, never allowed the process of infatuation to proceed undisturbed. My morbid devotional feelings were rather the effect of that social weakness which I have described, than the result of conviction. The only friends whom I frequently visited, and from whose kindness I received some comfort in my extreme solitude, were pious, in that peculiar manner which is called *Evangelical.* They were indeed far superior in every respect to the generality of that class of *Pietists*; and, indeed, models of Christian virtue. Yet that virtue showed itself under those peculiar forms. I wished to imitate them, though my judgment resisted.—I will subjoin some specimens of my forced mysticism. My readers may smile at my weakness; but, if this account of myself is to be useful, it must be full and ungarbled.

"Sunday Morning, Nov. 2nd, 1817.

"As I was thinking how I should employ the interval between breakfast and the time for going to church, where I intend, with God's blessing, to receive the Sacrament, I opened at random the 1st No. of Bagster's Polyglott, and found, at the top of the page, the 6th verse of the

xivth chapter of Leviticus. It is a part of the law of leprosy. The whole passage runs thus:

"'V. 4. Then shall the priest command to take for him that is to be cleansed two birds alive and clean, and cedar-wood, and scarlet and hyssop.

"'5. And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel over running water.

"'6. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar-wood and the scarlet and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water.

"'7. And he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field.'

"I was forcibly struck with this beautiful figure of our being cleansed from the leprosy of sin by the sacrifice of our Saviour Christ Jesus. One of the birds is killed over running water; and that water mixed with blood cleanses the leper. Our Saviour's blood is the source of the purifying powers of the *washing of regeneration*.—The one bird dies; the other, dipped in his blood, is let loose.—May I add a conjecture on the other more minute appendages of the sacrifice? or can the scarlet,* the hyssop,† and the cedar-wood, pass unnoticed by any one who remembers the history of the crucifixion?

"Observe that the cedar-tree is very common in Palestine. Perhaps the Cross was made of that wood. Any wood, however, would answer to the prophetic representation in the passage."

Whilst copying the preceding passage, I could not help smiling at the striking similarity of its style to that of a certain sort of popular preachers. Had not

* Matt. xxvii. 29. † John xx. 29.

my natural taste been unconquerably averse to all such theological foppery, I might have risen to be the idol of every Dorcas Society in and about London, and have been in great request for Tea and Bible parties. But this sort of mysticism had no chance of striking root in my mind. A more serious thought occurred to me, at this time; one, indeed, which I recollect with satisfaction, as a proof of my sincere desire of religious usefulness.—It is recorded under date of December 11th, 1817. As usual, I copy my memorandum literally.

"I called this morning on Mr. Wilberforce. He had either forgotten or taken no notice of the proposal I made to him of engaging in ministerial duty in the island of Trinidad, if Government should send me to it in any ecclesiastical capacity. He was rather pressed for time, and we could not enter into any particulars; but he seemed to agree that my circumstances appeared well calculated to do some good in that island. The idea of engaging in that work occurred to me at Little Gaddesden, Herts, a few days before quitting that place for town. It came into my mind as I was thinking that my health could hardly improve unless I removed to a warmer climate. I do not know how the recollection of a country in which the Spanish language is spoken and which yet is out of the reach of the Inquisition occurred to me. I was suddenly struck with the thought that, perhaps, that might be a proper place to lay the foundations of a Spanish Protestant Church; and though the necessity of quitting England had something so painful in it that I felt inclined to reject the idea all at once, I could not help thinking that I could not, in duty, turn my face so abruptly from an object of so great importance, for which my circumstances seemed particularly to qualify me. I

really think that there is no other Spaniard in the world who is both a Clergyman and a Protestant. I, therefore, made up my mind to offer myself for this most interesting service. If an opening were made to me, I should embrace it as coming undoubtedly by the direction of Providence; if not, I shall rest contented with my present state of comparative idleness, until it may please God to 'show me the way I should go.' It was about the latter end of November, just after my arrival in town, and while I was looking out for lodgings, that I communicated my ideas on the subject to Mr. Wilberforce.

"May God bless my intentions and desires! I feel a great reluctance at the idea of engaging in such a work, in a distant country, where I shall have to encounter great opposition from the Spanish Clergy, as well as from the corrupt part of the English population,—but if God, notwithstanding my very great unworthiness, should be pleased to make me the instrument of so much good as I think may be done, he can overrule every difficulty and remove every obstacle.

"Grant therefore, O merciful Father, that the minds and hearts of those who have it in their power to accept or reject my offer may be led by the influence of thy providence; that I may not rashly engage in a work to which I am not called. But, if such be thy mercy towards me as to have chosen *me*, who was for so many years the open enemy of thy word and religion, to be now the instrument of spreading the true spirit of the Gospel of thy Son among those who are so deeply plunged into the darkness of superstition as to make the power of thy revelation ineffectual, inspire me, oh Lord, with strength and courage, with faith and charity, and all the other virtues which are requisite for such a work, and make the power of thy grace be shown in me, who, without it, am the most unfit instrument to produce the great change which it is my wish to promote among such members of the Spanish nation as may, through

me, come within the hearing of the pure doctrines of the Gospel. I humbly implore thy blessing upon this scheme of usefulness, through the merits of thy Son, my only Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

The weakness, pain, and general distress under which I was constantly suffering, could not subdue the ardour with which I pursued every branch of knowledge conducive to the attainment of truth in religious matters. I had about this time begun the study of Hebrew. It was however a very unfortunate circumstance, which, in a great degree, contributed to my soon desisting from that undertaking, that the person recommended to me as a teacher was *then* (he has subsequently published a Hebrew Grammar) exceedingly ignorant of what he professed to teach. In the midst of pain I was always occupied with my books. I have still in my possession an accurate account of the portion of time which I employed in every kind of study and reading.—But the anxious and servile spirit which I was forcing upon myself in connection with religion evidently narrowed my mind, and hampered my faculties. I am aware that the extracts from my Common Place Book which I have just inserted, and those which I am about to make, will be tiresome to some of my readers, and very painful to others. Those who may wish that I had continued as I was at this period of my life cannot but be horror-struck at what they will consider my backsliding on the path of devotion;—

and such as may believe that even my present religious state is a delusion, will turn away with disgust from my enthusiastic ramblings. None, except men of a similar mental constitution, will take interest in observing the painful but sincere workings of my heart and soul in the pursuit of religious truth. Most of the Notes written during this highly devotional period conclude with a Prayer. I will however spare the reader, by omitting those which do not express feelings of absolute importance to my mental history.

"December 12th, 1817.

. . . "I begin to be afraid that, from an excessive eagerness to get through the difficulties of the Hebrew Grammar, I do not attend either to prayer, or my theological studies, as much as I should. The study of Hebrew, however, may be considered as a preparatory branch of learning for Divinity. But prayer cannot be superseded by any thing else. I have therefore employed half an hour in reading the Diatessaron, and praying over that part which I read: and I propose to follow this practice every day, at some time between morning and evening prayer."

That the miserable slavery to which I had now reduced myself arose from a desire to silence the constantly rising suggestions of my reason, against the totally mistaken view of Christianity which I had taken up and wished to preserve, appears from certain expressions of the prayer at the foot of the preceding Note.

"O Lord my heavenly Father, who knowest how much of sin still remains in my heart, root out of my mind, I beseech thee, the habits of unbelief which I often feel in

myself striving against the full persuasion of my understanding, on the truth of thy Revelation, and the strong desire of my heart after that perfect and tranquil assurance in the promises of thy Gospel, of which, through the impious conduct of my youth, I have made myself absolutely unworthy. Add this to the many wonderful instances of thy mercy to this thy formerly ungrateful but now repentant creature," &c. &c.

Now, after many years of self-experience, I can perfectly account for all that, at the period to which this part of the narrative relates, was passing within me. The substance of Christianity—that pure Gospel which, lost, as it may seem, in a mass of notions and practices perfectly opposed to its spirit, attracts nevertheless every heart which sincerely desires to surrender itself to it—that pure and original Gospel had made such an impression upon me as no objections could overcome. Yet my understanding could not submit to the demands of the theological systems which, both before and since the Reformation, have been considered by the greatest part of the world as identical with Christianity. Unable to shake off the prejudices which my education had implanted, and my studies in England had confirmed, I was most anxious to reconcile myself to what the religious world about me most heartily embraced. I thought that the kind of mystic and ascetic life recommended by the *Evangelicals* might produce in me the effect at which I aimed. I did not spare any of the most approved means; but my reason incessantly resisted,

and, thanks be to heaven, I never denied its natural rights to that highest of God's natural gifts.

I am about to insert a passage containing a proof of the truth of Christianity, which has without interruption been the main support of my Faith since I renounced my unbelieving notions, to the moment when I am writing these words.

"Sunday, Dec. 14th, 1817.

"I was just a moment ago looking at my Bible as it lay on my table. The idea of some one of my old acquaintances, who do not believe in it, occurred to me, who looking with contempt both on the Bible and myself, should ask me if I really believe in that book. The answer that came into my mind may be comprised in a few words. You must (I think I should say) prove to me that there is no God; or that the Deity cares not for the moral part of the world; or that there is another set of doctrines claiming to be a revelation from him, which is better calculated than this to make us good and happy; or I shall certainly receive this book as coming from God. This collective view of the subject has with me all the weight of a demonstration."

The word *geometrical* precedes demonstration in the original note. I omit it here because, even at the moment when I wrote it, if any one had made me reflect upon it, I am certain I would have rejected it. But, although not *geometrical*, the argument expressed in the extract has certainly, to me, the character of a *moral* demonstration. Only we must take care not to take the Bible literally and indiscriminately, as a book from heaven; for in that case the demonstration is completely destroyed. The substance, or rather the final end of the series of

providences and instructions recorded in the Bible—the Gospel of Christ, consisting in the promise of forgiveness or repentance, and the assurance of salvation by a faithful surrender of the will to the will of God as taught by Christ's doctrine and example—this pure and undefiled Revelation—if there is a living God—must be from him: of this I continue firmly convinced. But I am equally convinced that the mass of fanciful metaphysics which is proclaimed to the world as a revelation from God, and as identical with Christianity, is incapable of proof, and can only be embraced through the operation of deep-seated prejudice.

On the night of the 15th Dec. 1817, after a day passed in fever and pain, I was seized with an inflammatory attack in the bowels. Concerning the state of my mind I find the following note.

"During my great sufferings that night I think my mind was resigned to the will of God. I felt however great terror when I conceived that my death would follow—not that I was in fear of the consequences, but I felt a natural horror at the sudden transition from this to an unknown region. This is the only source of animal fear which I know, when I think on death.—I am however alarmed at the coldness on religious subjects I perceive in me immediately after this illness. I shudder at the idea of being taken ill in a similar manner either on board a ship or in a strange land. I confess that even at this moment" [this was written on the 19th, four days after the severe attack] "I feel rather discouraged about my plans of usefulness at Trinidad: my health is certainly very bad; and, until it is radically better, it would be madness to undertake an object

which requires great exertions of all sorts. I am glad, however, to hear from Dr. Hewett that, in his opinion, a sea voyage is likely to do me good."

The history of my mind affords frequent and clear proofs that the resistance of my reason against every religious view which does not stand on grounds that will bear an accurate examination, though it may be occasionally checked cannot be finally subdued by devotional feeling.—I was at this time, and had been for a long period, living like an ascetic, and striving with all my strength to follow the practices, and imbibe the spirit, of persons whom I conceived to be far, far above me as Christians. My Common Place Book, at this period, attests in every page, the prostration of my self-esteem, and the awe with which at times I struck my understanding. At this very time, nevertheless, and while I was most sincerely ready to expose my life for the sake of Christ's Gospel—at that very time, my daily reading and reflections were constantly raising doubts on the theological doctrines of the Atonement and the Trinity—doubts, indeed, which after long and fierce struggles with myself gained a complete victory.

A note, dated December 21st, 1817, records the miserable state to which I had been reduced between my reason, and the truly monastic spirit which prevails among a numerous class of well-meaning but mistaken Protestants.

"Being confined to my room by the continuance of my indisposition (though, I thank God, much relieved from its

violent symptoms), I have purposed to spend the day in self-humiliation, in order to implore God's grace for the improvement of my soul, and *especially to obtain a release from the want of Faith which I perceive in me*, particularly under the effects of this complaint."

The plan of self-examination which follows this note might be taken for a part of Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, or for a passage translated from some of the most approved Spanish Mystics.—And yet, at this moment, I was reading with avidity that very enlightened book, Newcome's *Life of Christ*. Books of this kind, whenever they fell in my way, had an irresistible attraction for me, while Doddridge, Hall, and that kind of writers, much indeed as I tried to like them, I found quite intolerable.

"I am reading (says a note of the 23rd, same month) Newcome for the third time, and I do not change my opinion that it is written in a very sensible, pious, and learned way. I find it a very excellent book, and am sorry that it is not more generally read."

The *Trinidäd* plan was not forgotten. On the 24th I wrote down as follows.

"Archdeacon Pott called this afternoon to see me. It was his first visit to me. Trusting however to his goodness and piety I brought about the conversation on Trinidad. He seemed to take great interest in the subject, and offered me to speak about it to some of his friends. May God direct his steps, and make an opening to me if it pleases Him to accept of these my feeble endeavours to employ myself in the service of his Church."* . . . .

* 1817, Thursday, Christmas-day.

I endeavoured this morning to make up for my absence from Church, which I find my pious friends think highly proper during the

I omit, for fear of disgusting the reader,—certainly not in order to spare myself—a great quantity of morbid devotion, that I may copy a record of more importance; a protest against the Athanasian Creed, which even, under this miserable dejection of my mental powers, broke out in the presence of some of the most sensitively timid, though certainly most worthy Christians I ever knew.

"Sunday, December 28th, 1817.

. . . ." I employed my morning in reading the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, and ended my reading with a prayer on my knees for several Christian virtues, which I took from a Manual of Devotion. In neither of these exercises could I feel any degree of devotion: I went through them merely because I thought it my duty to employ the day in a religious manner. I have dined at —— and have had very pious and I hope useful conversation. I have, in perfect sincerity, ventured some notions against the dogmatical declarations and definitions of the Athanasian Creed, which are certainly not warranted by the Scriptures, and which cut and carve, I may say, the Divine nature and attributes in a very unwarrantable way. I think such declarations

cold weather. I hope, however, I shall be able to attend the Sacrament before long.

I have dined at my friends the C——s. I was often during dinner struck with their great goodness, their sincere, unaffected kindness to an old clerk and his wife whom they had to dinner, as if they really were members of their family. My heart was much affected with the thought that the Source of all goodness from which that scanty emanation was derived must be lovely beyond all human conception. Oh! that my soul was habitually possessed with a lively feeling of this truth! Oh! for a lively faith that might make me love the author of my being in every work of his hands! What must be the loveliness of our blessed Saviour in whom human nature has been invested with the fulness of the Divine perfections; in whom we acknowledge *a man* who is the image of the Father who is blessed for ever.

the offspring of that metaphysical, scholastic spirit, which since the fourth century has been constantly at work among the Christian Divines. God forbid that I should be tempted to join the enemies of the Divinity of Christ.* Their assertions are as bold and far more dangerous than all the Athanasian positions. I wish to avoid only positive assertions concerning the Divine nature, which I do not find in the Scriptures. I believe that *Christ is the Son of God* in a peculiar way, far above all human comprehension: that *the Word was with God, and the Word was God, and that the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us*; but I will not enter into questions, which I deem irreverent, about the *substance* of the Father and the distinction between *procession and generation*, &c. I believe that the Word *is God*; I believe that the Holy Ghost is God; but that they are God in the *same sense* as the Father *is God*, and yet there are not *three* Gods, is a *verbal* contradiction which, I think, ought by all means to be avoided. I bow myself to the dust before Him who has made me, who has redeemed me, and who (if I do not reject his blessings) has sanctified me. But why should I be called upon to define his incomprehensible Being?—The Greek word for defining is very appropriate, and shows the impropriety of such attempts with respect to the Deity: ὁρίζειν, *to set bounds.*"

I might here have said something on the very common mistake of supposing that *contradictions* can

* This is the feeling which keeps up the popular delusion in connection with the Trinitarian question. *To be God*, is considered as a dignity which may be conferred on a *Man*. Unitarians are accordingly considered in the light of persons who are determined to strip Christ of his Divinity. There is scarcely any degree of Scriptural evidence able to oppose this feeling. The simple reflection however that since there is but ONE God, if Christ be God, he must be that very Deity for whose exclusive supremacy the Unitarian is concerned, might allay this almost childish fear of enmity against Christ. But superstition is insensible to argument.

be of any other kind than *verbal.* Contradiction in things is inconceivable. It is therefore no valid answer, in the present question, to say that the contradictions of the Athanasian Creed are only *verbal.* That indeed is a most sufficient reason to reject them all. What absurdity can be greater than to assert as a matter of Faith necessary to salvation, what in the next verse you deny by a *contradiction*?

It is evident that this subject of the Trinity was constantly occupying my thoughts at this period. Part of a note written the next day is as follows.

"I took up, in the course of the evening, Gastrell's Institutions, and looked out all the passages he adduces for the Divinity of Christ. I cannot help thinking that some of them are not fairly stated;—they certainly leave not the same impression as when read in the original connection. I firmly believe, however, that Christ may be safely called *God*, though St. Paul never uses that absolute and decisive word upon the subject. I think that θεος ἐφανερωθη ἐν σαρκι is not the original reading but ὁς;—Griesbach's arguments are very strong indeed. A passage in the 1st Ep. of John, v. 20, is decisive: there, Christ is not only called God, but the *true God.* But besides the doubts entertained by many on the genuineness of that epistle, the insertion of Christ's name has very much the appearance of a marginal note made part of the text. I protest again and again before God that I would rather die than detract in my opinion from the dignity of my Saviour. I sincerely and fully acknowledge him for the *Son of God* in the full meaning in which he claimed that appellation."

It makes me melancholy to reflect on the anxiety and suffering, the weak fears and alarms which my

mind has endured, in consequence of the absurd and mischievous notion which attributes guilt to the conclusions of the understanding, even when the will is most entirely devoted to the love of truth. How lamentable it is to have had to waste so many years, so much care, so great anxiety upon this pitiful weighing of words and particles, when, were it not for that absurd notion, a dispassionate consideration of the general spirit of the New Testament, if it had not been able to remove the mass of early prejudice upon this subject, would have certainly prevented all anxiety.

One of the observations contained in the preceding note shows clearly what erroneous impressions may be made by detached passages of Scripture. The words of John, 1 Ep. v. 20, appeared to me decisive in themselves, and had it not been for the doubts which I had about the authenticity of the epistle (to what doubts I alluded I have no idea at present) and the suspicion concerning the reading, I should have compelled myself to assert what few Trinitarians (those I mean who have studied that subject regularly, not in the desultory manner in which it is generally studied in England) would venture to say. Now, after many years of constant meditation of the New Testament, the passage is in my eyes so far from conclusive, that, on the contrary, I think it affords a proof, in the looseness of its grammatical expression, of the absence in the writer, of every notion connected with the supposed divinity of

Jesus: else, having mentioned the *true God*, an appellation which, without doubt, is frequently given to the Father, the writer would have taken care to make a proper distinction between him and the Son; for it is evident that the writers of the New Testament did not believe that Christ was God the Father. John allowed himself a grammatical construction which is capable of two senses, because he felt assured that even the most fanciful, or most ignorant of his readers, could not but reject at once that which would make Christ the only true God.—Compare John xvii. 3. "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God" (*τὸν μόνον ἀληθινὸν θεὸν*), "and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."—1 John v. 20. Οἴδαμεν, *ὅτι ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ θεοῦ ἥκει, καὶ δέδωκεν ἡμῖν διάνοιαν, ἵνα γινώσκωμεν τὸν ἀληθινόν*: where it is evident that the *true one* is the Father. He goes on, "And we are in the *true one*, in his son Jesus Christ:" i.e. by means of his son Jesus Christ. Any other interpretation would imply the absurd supposition that Christ was the *true God*, and his own Son. Such persons, however, who may take this to be the mystery to which they have to bend their understanding, should recollect that if the writers of the New Testament had been employed in teaching such doctrines they would have had more to do in order to reconcile the minds of their readers and hearers than carelessly to drop such expressions as this, here and there in their writings.

CHAPTER II.

A SKETCH OF HIS MIND IN ENGLAND.

[1818—1824.]

On the first day of the year 1818, I drew up in writing a review of myself during the year that had expired. It is, if I may so say, overcandid. In the spirit of exaggerated humility which I was cultivating, I frequently represented myself in colours that might make people believe I had been a monster of iniquity. I do not, at present, mean to extenuate, before God, the sins of my youth. I speak according to the usual estimate of the world, when I say that my deviations from the path of strict duty were neither numerous, nor uncommon. One thing is certain, that in the few inexcusable things I did, I was more tempted than tempting; and had my punishment in the anguish of heart which I suffered. I was certainly not made to delight in vice.—But I must proceed with the history of my mind.

Under date January 3d, 1818, I wrote thus:

"I have found a passage concerning the *Logos*, in Lardner's Supplement to the *Credibility*, &c., which, at first sight, appears to me very luminous and scriptural. It

seems to reconcile together a number of difficult passages in the Scriptures. I wish to be very cautious in embracing theological opinions. I shall, however, transcribe it and think upon it, not without prayer that I may not be led into any error injurious to 'the Faith which was delivered unto the Saints,' and in which I wish to live and die."

How many years of study, anxiety, and meditation have been necessary to deliver me from the fatal and common notion that the "Faith delivered unto the Saints," consisted of assertions concerning the divine nature, and the laws of the invisible world!—But here follows another important and very descriptive record.

"Sunday, January 4th, 1818.

"My complaint has kept me the whole day in a state of weakness and dejection. I did not feel strong enough even for a short walk. I have also been deprived of the pleasure and advantage of attending public worship. I read this morning one of Venn's Discourses in his *Complete Duty of Man.* I cannot say that I derived any benefit from it. His Calvinistic views show themselves too much in the explanations he gives of our redemption by Jesus Christ. Besides, I cannot well brook some of the arguments and exemplifications which are often brought forward in books of this kind. It may be that my mind is not yet quite free from philosophic pride. Yet I most willingly and humbly yield my whole understanding to Divine truth. I think I object merely to those theological explanations and attempts at demonstration which are so common among Divines of all parties and Churches. That Christ has been offered up, a sufficient atonement and satisfaction for my sins and those of all the world; and that it is only by *faith in him,* or trust in his merits and

intercession, and not by virtue of any works of mine (though my utmost endeavours to be holy are required), that I am to be saved, *I most truly and firmly believe.* But let no one tell me that this great mystery is explained by saying that God substituted a victim—the just for the unjust—and that by punishing his own son, and saving *us*, he reconciled the claims of his justice with the suggestions of his mercy. This leaves the mystery as impenetrable as before; for if they appeal to our notions of justice, this substitution is not agreeable to them. There is, certainly, a link in this wonderful chain of events and dispensations which lies absolutely concealed within the impenetrable veil which separates us from the world of spirits. If our human notions of justice are appealed to in this case, it is evident that the necessity of such a substitution could not arise but from the existence of a third person or being who, having claims against Man grounded upon God's justice and covenant, should require a satisfaction in the sufferings either of mankind or their substitute. I speak with fear on such a subject. But if human reason is called upon to yield to an *argument*, it must not be stopped, as long as it treads upon its own ground. I am inclined to think that the mysteries of Revelation, as far as they concern mankind, are and will be, as long as we are in this life, incomprehensible to us, not so much from their naturally being above our reason, as because we now *see but in part.* We know very little about the *moral creation* of God. We are informed of detached events. Had we a complete knowledge of every thing that relates to mankind as connected with the rest of the *rational* creation, I conceive that every thing in Revealed Religion would appear to us, what we call, *natural.* I conjecture that if we knew the history and nature of the great adversary of God and Man, many things which at present lie in the greatest obscurity would become perfectly intelligible. There is however no use in indulging vague conjecture. Let us be modest and humble,

adhering faithfully to what *is written*. But as we should avoid by all means *philosophical*, so should we *theological* conceit. When a Divine has fixed as his standard of Faith some human *abstract* of the Scriptures, in which the plainest truths contained in them are mixed with the corollaries which the Schools appended to these revealed truths, every lame attempt of his Logic to elucidate and confirm his Creed is called luminous, pious, orthodox. But if any one should touch the *wood and stubble* of his superstructure, he would immediately accuse that man of impiety, and brand every argument with the imputation of pride. I might instance this in the defenders of the language of the Athanasian Creed. What is that composition but an attempt of the human reason to explain the nature of the Godhead in the metaphysical language of the Constantinopolitan schools? It tells me that in God there are three *persons*; a word which the Scriptures never use. So then, there are three *persons*, who are each properly God. Now as these Divines use human language, every one is entitled to retort the argument in the same language. *Person*, if it conveys any distinct idea, means an *individual*: if, therefore, there are three individuals every one of whom is God —the language of these Divines (I do not say *they*) says there are *three Gods*. If their words do not mean this, they mean nothing. The same may be said, and perhaps with greater reason, of the Greek word ὑποστασις, for which the Latins use *Persona*.—Now as long as any one goes along with these Divines in the application of Logic and Metaphysics to the Christian Scriptures, he is wonderfully Orthodox; but I am sure that I should be set down as a Unitarian, a disguised Deist, if they were acquainted with these observations on their theological explanations of the Holy Trinity; a mystery which (without my being able to explain it in any language more definite than that which the Scriptures use) I believe and adore. May God enlighten my understanding and, by the assistance of his

Holy Spirit, prevent any error contrary to His blessed revelation into which I may be liable to fall."

Those who in 1835 (when I am proceeding with this part of my Memoirs) have been surprised by my declaration of Unitarianism, would have more reason to be struck by the length of time which that determination has taken to come to maturity. The mind that, while earnestly endeavouring to subdue itself, by all the means recommended by the enthusiasm of certain Protestants, could assert its rights in the manner which is shown in the preceding observations, was not likely to bear *for ever* the trammels of the Orthodox Creeds.

The Trinidad project, fortunately for me, came to an end a few days after. Archdeacon Pott had spoken to the Bishop of London (Dr. Howley) concerning my wishes, and his Lordship sent me word to call upon him. I had drawn up a paper stating the reasons I had for offering myself as a Missionary in that particular spot. This paper was sent to Lord Bathurst, who (as I had reason to believe from the expressions of the Bishop) was alarmed and angry, conceiving that my presence in Trinidad threatened religious disturbances and was likely to raise dissatisfaction among the Spanish inhabitants. The Bishop himself thought that I had some temporal advantage in view. I assured him that all I wanted was a free conveyance, and protection; that I intended to live upon the same resources as I had in England; and that, in truth, I offered myself

from a sense of duty, and under the greatest apprehensions for my health and happiness; he desired me to be satisfied with what I had already done, and not to think any more on the subject.

A combination of circumstances, which I have previously stated, made me change my residence, with the most favourable but, as the event proved, deceitful prospects. My excellent friend Mr. James Christie proposed that we should live together, in lodgings, in the same house, without interfering with each other's pursuits. It was natural that I should expect comfort from this arrangement. But my friend's distress at that period was beyond the power of any alleviation which my presence could give him. On the other hand my disease grew apace. The methods employed to stop what was conceived to be a slow inflammation of the liver, were very severe. I was reduced to the utmost debility. The female servant whom my friend had engaged to wait upon both of us, neglected me most shamefully. My misery was indeed very great. But my studies were never interrupted. At the recommendation of Mr. Wilberforce I undertook the correction of a Spanish translation of Bishop Porteus's Evidences; but I found it so exceedingly bad that I translated anew the greatest part of the book. The same thing happened with regard to the Prayer Book. I offered my assistance to Mr. Bagster, *gratis*, (as I had done with the former work,) that he might print a corrected

translation, which, in case of a favourable opening, I might introduce into the Spanish Colonies. I could not however superintend the Press, and I fear the translation was printed with considerable *errata*. One of the petitions in the Lord's Prayer was left out. I do not know whether it continues so to this day.

As I am upon the subject of translations I will mention here a rather curious circumstance connected with that which I made of Paley's Evidences. I had begun a translation of that work into Spanish, at Oxford. Mr. Wilberforce urged me about this time to finish it, engaging to have it printed without delay. I worked with great activity, and the translation was finished in the course of not many weeks. But Mr. Wilberforce, whose memory was evidently failing, had forgotten both his request and his offer. I would not press the subject upon him; both because it might put him to inconvenience, and because it might also have the appearance of my wishing to gain something by the work. In the year 1820, when the Constitutional Government was re-established in Spain, thinking that the translation of Paley's Evidences might be of use in that country, and wishing to avail myself of the assistance of a Spaniard less accustomed to Anglicisms than so many years' residence in England had made me, I sent the manuscript to my brother. No opportunity however presented itself of printing it in Spain; nor did my brother make any corrections in the style.

I forget what induced me to desire that the manuscript should be sent back to England. The vessel however by which it was sent, was wrecked on the French coast nearly opposite to Dover. But among the things that were saved out of the wreck, was my manuscript. It had been under water, but still it was legible. In this state I kept it for some years. It happened however that a religious society was formed in London for the purpose of publishing translations of such English books as the Members considered well calculated to promote religion in foreign countries. A Spanish Clergyman, by name Muñoz de Sotomayor, who had become a Protestant in France, came to England and was introduced to me: he was in distress, especially as his Protestantism had been the occasion of his marrying an Italian lady, whom he had to maintain in his exile. It occurred to me that he might get some money from the Translation Society by means of my translation of Paley. I gave it to him on condition that he would revise the style and remove any Anglicisms he might find.—I believe the good priest was not up to that kind of criticism. The translation, as far as I have observed, was printed *verbatim* from my manuscript. Sotomayor wrote however a very short preface, in which with that peculiar awkwardness which Spaniards feel when they have to mention, in print, any common transaction, he only alluded to the manuscript having been under water, and left the reader to guess the cause and manner of that un-

usual immersion. No Englishman can conceive the aversion which Spaniards feel to anything like common life in serious writing. Every thing of that kind appears to them undignified; and if they mention it, it must be by distant hints, and pompous circumlocutions.*

The objections against the Trinity which haunted me continually became almost irresistible about this time. On the 27th January 1818 I wrote down as follows.

"The spirit of unbelief is at work within me. I have prayed to God in fervent ejaculations to preserve me from this painful state of mind, and to increase my faith. I trust that nothing could move me from that intimate conviction, that, whatever errors may have crept into the Creeds of the Christian Churches, there can be no doubt that Jesus is the Son of God, the promised Messiah, through whose death we obtain pardon of our sins, and whose doctrine and example sanctify all those who sincerely endeavour to obey the one and follow the other. Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has granted us this knowledge of eternal life, and who, through his son, has brought life and immortality to light. O Lord, in thee have I TRUSTED, let me never be confounded."

At the foot of the page there is a marginal note written June 24th, of the same year, in these words.

"This feeling, or persuasion (of the substantial truth of Christianity), is strongly fixed in me. My mind is again in a similar state of uncertainty with respect to other points.

* I believe that the partial freedom of the press which Spain has enjoyed for part of the last quarter of a century, has removed that affectation in a considerable degree.—1836.

May God defend me from any thing displeasing in his sight. Amen."

The records of this distressing state of mind become now more and more numerous in my Common Place Book. Of my desire to do the will of God and avoid whatever might offend him, every page of the same book bears witness.

"Feb. 8th, 1818.

. . . . "I hope there is no lurking self-confidence in my heart. My doubts on many theological questions which are considered as of the first importance in Religion, seem to increase every day. May God have mercy on me, and defend me from a spirit of unbelief. I do not, however, feel in the least inclined to doubt the Gospel. I think my heart is sincerely attached to my blessed Saviour. But I imagine there are more doctrines of men, and more errors blended with his doctrines, than I would allow myself decidedly to suspect.—What am I to do? Am I to shut my eyes, and abstain from further inquiry? This would be unworthy of a man and a Christian. I must however pray fervently and judge cautiously."

The passage which I am going to copy appears to me of considerable importance. It was written during the first revulsion of feeling which I experienced in the course of this long struggle between the habits produced by education, and the natural freedom of my understanding. The two powers are here seen acting for a time, side by side, and as it were avoiding a collision. I desire the attention of the reader to the revived feelings of obedience to *a* Church, which manifest themselves in the passage.

It is to those deeply-rooted habits that I trace my relapses into orthodoxy; relapses for which I had *no reason,* and which arose entirely from feeling.

"Sunday, March 8th, 1818.

"I have prayed with all the earnestness and sincerity in my power that God would not allow me to fall into any error concerning my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. My mind has been for some time full of doubts concerning the doctrine of the Trinity, and I felt very much inclined to Arianism. I thank God, however, that I have not allowed myself to form any decided opinion against that of the Church to which, through his especial Providence, I belong. But I will not bewilder my mind in the mazes of controversy. After examination of the Scriptural grounds for the doctrine of the Trinity, I am persuaded that it will stand the attacks of its adversaries: I mean, chiefly the attacks of the *Arians*; for *Unitarianism* I deem absolutely *untenable.* Under this persuasion, and the firm belief that mere abstract doctrines have been left by Providence in that degree of obscurity, which might allow interminable controversy, even amongst the most pious and sincere men—when I consider such men as are strictly on the Athanasian side of the question, and then look to a Clarke, a Lardner,* and many others not inferior to them, who incline to Arius's doctrine—I feel utterly convinced that *mere error of judgment* upon this or any other theological question cannot stand in the way of salvation. Now, adding to this, that though much may be said for what is called semi-Arianism, and that the difference between those who do not admit the word ὁμοούσιος, and the Athanasians, seems to me in a great degree *verbal,* provided that the dissenters from Athanasius's language (I might call it *nomenclature*) confess that the *Logos* is not *a creature*—

* I was not aware at the time of writing the above that Lardner died a Unitarian.—(Note in 1835.)

considering, I say, that though much might be brought forward in favour of the Semi-Arians, yet the doctrine held by the Church of England on the Mystery of the Holy Trinity is undoubtedly the most ancient, and most generally received in the Church,* I shall, with God's blessing, make up my mind upon this subject, and will not allow myself to be distracted by the partial difficulties which may occur to me against it. If there could be found a decided weight of argument against it, it would be my duty to follow the side on which I should find it. But that there are no such *clear* proofs in favour of any other system, I am perfectly convinced; and though I cannot pretend that the Athanasian doctrine is above objections, yet I sincerely declare my persuasion that, with the exception of some *expressions* which it might have been better not to have employed, I consider it, not clearer, or more satisfactory to the mind, but less exposed than any other to Scriptural objections.—This being now settled in my mind, I thank God that he has brought me to this Church, where I have received so many and so great benefits: and now imploring anew the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I confirm my adherence to the Church of England.—N.B. The other doctrines contained in the Articles are certainly of minor importance. (I do not mean to call the doctrine of *Redemption* a doctrine of *minor* importance. To me it is the vital principle of Christianity.) I subscribed to the Articles upon the same principles that have allayed my uneasiness on the doctrine of the Trinity. That is to say—the doctrines contained in them are not *per se*, necessary to salvation: no *demonstration* can be made out on either side; but the Articles take that, in general, which has the best scriptural grounds. This has always been the impression upon my mind. This persuasion, however, is

* Nothing can be more questionable: I should say the contrary is certain. But such were the impressions which the studies of my youth had left upon me.—(Note in 1835.)

absolutely unconnected with the question concerning the propriety of enforcing subscription. I speak of things as they are at present. Perhaps something might be reformed and improved in it. But that is nothing to me, who am most evidently not called into its bosom to *improve it,* but to *improve myself.*"

This is a piece of most edifying submission. But though perfectly sincere, it was not made to last.—On the 24th of June I thus recorded the state of my mind.

"I fervently renew my last prayer (it is a most ardent prayer addressed to Christ).* I am again in considerable doubts about many points of Divinity. I adhere to the practice, never to close with any opinion against those which the Church of England holds, without evidence of

* Sunday, March 22nd.

Thanks be to God I have again attended the Sacrament, and have returned home in a very happy frame. My sense of God's presence seems to increase in me, and Christ my Saviour is to me an object (Oh, that I may not be mistaken!) of heartfelt affection, if I may use that familiar word. That excellent man the Archdeacon of London consecrated the elements. After the service was over, as he was standing near the railings, to give away the remaining bread, I came up to him, just to salute him. The affectionate manner in which he took me by the hand was delightful to me. There is a primitive simplicity in his manner which I never have seen in any one, except my friend Wm. Bishop. I came home in a quiet and composed state of mind, which I most humbly pray God to continue to me, if it be his pleasure. The sight of a *good man* is really glorious. What must have been the impression made upon sincere and candid persons by *Him* who is the very image of the Father. Well might those who heard him, say, "Never man spoke like this man." Blessed Lord Jesus! grant that I, even I who so often denied, insulted and blasphemed thee, may behold thy glory, and live with thee for ever! Amen. Let no one, O Lord, perish by my instrumentality! Grant me, O holy Saviour of the world, grant me this petition, by the blood which thou didst shed for them and for me. Confirm and increase my faith. Leave me not to myself—or I must perish!

that kind which makes me reject Transubstantiation. It has lately occurred to me, that such is the obscurity of most of the subjects controverted among Christians—the proofs adduced on both sides so equally strong, or so equally insufficient, that it would be best (if possible) to hold no opinion, at all, upon them. The discordant opinions of so many learned and good men, who have employed their lives in the discussion of these points, make me apply to this subject the observation of Socrates upon the points which employed the ingenuity of the ancient philosophers. *Εθαυμαζε δε ει μη φανερον αυτοις εστιν, ότι ταυτα ου δυνατον εστιν ανθρωποις ευρειν· επει και τους μεγιστον φρονουντας επι τω περι τουτων λεγειν, ου ταυτα δοξαζειν αλληλοις.* . . . . (He used to wonder how they did not perceive that these things cannot be found out by man; since those who most exerted their minds in order to discuss them, did not agree with each other.) . . . May God enlighten my mind and preserve me from presumptuous errors! I am perfectly convinced, however, of the truth of Christianity: my hopes of salvation are stayed on Jesus Christ, my Saviour. The evidence for the truth of his mission is incontrovertible:—the wonderful effects of his religion in ameliorating mankind are visible:—the truth of all his moral doctrines is *felt* by every sincere heart. If there is a God (blessed be his name) Christianity cannot be an imposture." . . .

I can hardly expect that if this account of my tortured mind should find patient readers, they will sympathise with my sufferings. Yet no one who has not passed through this mental agony can have a conception of the distress which I have endured for many years of my life. I well know that the unbeliever will despise my weakness, and the Orthodox

will condemn my want of submission. But I implore the candour of my fellow creatures, and entreat them not to forget the peculiar circumstances of my life. Of the sincerity of my return to the Christian religion, the sufferings so repeatedly attested by these extracts are unquestionable proofs. Deep indeed must have been my attachment to the substance of the Gospel and the person of Christ, to have prevented my seeking relief from this mental torture by rejecting the Christian religion a second time. But accustomed from my earliest dawn of thought to consider Christianity as essentially consisting of abstract doctrines; confirmed in this prejudice by the opinion of almost all the Protestant churches; full of the notion that heterodoxy is a great sin, and heartily desirous to avoid every thing sinful; on the other hand, firmly persuaded that blind belief, the acceptance of certain propositions without sufficient reason, is unworthy of a rational being; and incessantly haunted by reasons—to me quite unanswerable—which proved that the Trinity, the Atonement (in the sense of payment of ransom by suffering), Original Sin, and other dogmas, generally considered as the very essence of the Gospel, were not revealed by God; I could not but be in a state bordering on distraction. Was I to blame?—The subjects which produced this dreadful trial may raise a smile in many. But, if they have any respect for a sense of duty, let them pity (I will not claim more) a man who, valuing highly the rights of his reason, and

being tremblingly alive to the fear of using them in a manner which might (as he then erroneously supposed) offend the Deity, endured unshaken and undismayed an ordeal, which, had the struggle been upon more tangible and less disputed objects, would have not been considered inglorious.—I cannot blame myself: I blame, indeed, those deep-rooted theological prejudices which make the Gospel consist in any such doctrines. I blame the bigotry which closes its eyes to the unquestionable fact that God has not given us the means of settling such points, and to the inevitable conclusion that to settle them cannot be the condition of our eternal happiness. I blame the dogmatic indifference with which the Orthodox of all denominations see multitudes daily driven into disbelief of Christ in order to avoid the intolerable mental burdens which the school philosophy has added to the simple and attractive Gospel of Jesus. Alas! how many who most unmercifully contend that Christians must bear these burdens, "will not touch them with one of their fingers!"

My doubts on the Trinity, and Atonement, though exceedingly distressing, were a stimulus to indefatigable study. Upon looking over my Student's Journal for 1818, I was gratified to see the regular account of the time which I employed every day at my books. Though extremely ill, I still continued the study of Hebrew. I studied the Greek Testament regularly every day: and I may state here, once for all,

that I have continued this practice without any important interruption. In the study of the Scriptures, I availed myself of the assistance of the best commentators. As my mind was particularly engaged in the Trinitarian question, I read a great deal on both sides; but certainly more on the Orthodox than the opposite. In the meantime I did not neglect my classical studies. There is a regular reading of some Greek classic recorded every day. I went through Horsley's Sermons, Tracts, and Controversy with Priestley, whose defence I also read. Jones on the Trinity was the last work on that side which seemed for a time to restore me to Orthodoxy. April the 26th, I mentioned in the *Student's Journal* my having finished it, and added these words: "It is an admirable little work." Under this note there is a line dated December 21st of the same year; it is in these words: "Lord, what is man!" On turning to the record of the 21st of December, I find that it was the day when, with the greatest reluctance on the part of my WILL, and in great distress, I found the convictions of my understanding so decided in favour of Unitarianism, that I resolved not to resist them.—Conscious of the weakness which had frequently led me back to the Orthodox side, merely by the power of habit, and the influence of those whom I loved, and from whom I feared to be divided, I wrote the words above mentioned.

In the latter end of this year I paid a visit of some

weeks at Little Gaddesden, Herts. If agreeable society could have contributed to the restoration of my health, this would have been the place of my recovery; for in friendliness, in hospitality, no man can exceed Mr. Carleton, and it would be difficult to find a more clever, lively, accomplished, and good-tempered woman than his wife. She happened to have one of her sisters with her part of the time I was there. I have recorded this visit in my Common Place Book, and it will be seen by the subjoined note that the ascetic tone of mind which I long tried as a specific against my heterodoxy, was still kept up.

"Sunday, November 29th, 1818.

"On a review of my general behaviour among my friends at Gaddesden, I have to thank God that I have not to reproach myself with any great faults. My peevishness (probably arising from my complaint) is considerably subdued. I think that, upon the whole, I have not behaved to my friends in an unpleasant manner. I have entered a good deal into that sort of domestic mirth which consists in laughing at very unmeaning things. But, though I am not quite sure whether this sort of *badinage* has not a certain tendency to produce levity, I cannot condemn it in the present case. It gave our small society that ease and absence of restraint, which I have never enjoyed since I quitted my home. The female part of our society were pure and innocent, kind hearted and good natured. I felt the charms of their company, and my spirits were cheered by their conversation. As to my friend C. I hope I have acted towards him as his kindness and friendship deserve from me.

"My behaviour, however, has not been what pious people, of the *Evangelical* sort, would call *quite so serious* as that of the summer before. I have not, however, as far as

I am aware, neglected any opportunity of enforcing religious truths, in my walks, and in conversation at home; as well of showing in my attention to religious duties, the serious and Christian disposition which I strive to keep up in my heart and mind. I have composed a set of Morning Prayers for the family. May God bless their effect upon them.

"But my mind has been constantly disturbed with doubts on the *Divinity of our Saviour*, and the degree of *Inspiration* under which the Scriptures were written. Whether I have directed my mind, in the examination of the first of these difficult subjects (for the second I have not yet been able to enter into) with the modesty, humility, and soberness which alone can either ensure success in finding the truth, or take away all responsibility and guilt, in case of error, God alone is the judge, and I humbly commit myself to his mercy. I have not yielded without considerable resistance to the strong and irresistible conviction of my mind, on the insufficiency of the arguments on which the Athanasians ground their persuasion. I cannot find better authority in the Scriptures for asserting that Jesus Christ is *the God* who created the world, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, than for defending *Transubstantiation*. Nay, there is not a passage so strong in favour of the divinity of Christ, as that *literal* declaration on which the Romanists ground their peculiar tenet. *This is my body*: *this is my blood*. Now, if the testimony of our senses is a sufficient reason to justify our giving a metaphorical sense to those expressions, the palpable contradictions which follow from the Athanasian system should, I think, lead us to a similar mode of interpretation respecting the passages which are brought forward as the strongest foundation of that doctrine. What I see to be *bread* cannot be the *body of Christ*. In the same manner, He who declares himself to be a *man*, cannot be *God*. The school language under which the Athanasians wish to avoid this plain infer-

ence, is not better than the Aristotelian distinction of *substance* and *substantial forms*, by which the Romanists evade the arguments against *transubstantiation*. A *man* is an *intelligent agent*: a *person* conveys the idea of an intelligent agent, or that word has no meaning at all. If, therefore, Christ is *a man*, he cannot be one *in person* with another intelligent agent, either limited or infinite. No more can three *persons* in the Trinity, that is, three *intelligent agents*, be *one* intelligent agent, i. e. one God. According to the Athanasians, there is a *Man* who is not a *Person*; but though he possesses an active intelligent principle, namely, his human soul, yet this intelligent principle and another intelligent agent, who is one of the three in God, form only *one* intelligent principle or person, and these two agents, blended into one, together with the two other agents which they (the Athanasians) conceive in the Godhead, make not *four* agents or *persons*: they make only *three*, while the *three* make, in their turn, only *one agent* or principle which they will not call person, but *essence*. Am I to believe all this, and yet deny that what appears to me *bread* and *wine* may be *flesh* and *blood*?—Perhaps the patrons of the Athanasian system will dispute the accuracy of my definition of Personality. But let us appeal to common sense instead of using words to which no definite meaning has ever been applied by Divines. When Christ prays to *God*, I may say, *He* prays to God. *He* prays to *Him*. But now, according to the Athanasian system, of the two intelligent beings expressed by the pronoun, the first is one of the *three intelligent agents* who together make up the *second* or *Him* to whom the prayer is addressed. If this has any meaning in human language, let it be proposed as one of the essentials of Christianity; but if it amounts to a contradiction in terms, no less than when I say one and one and one, are three, and one and one and one, are one, let us, at least be silent upon the subject."

As I do not insert these passages on account of their internal value, but because I could in no other way describe the workings of my mind so authentically and correctly, I must venture upon inserting part, at least, of what I wrote,—

"Sunday, Dec. 12th, 1818.

"I have had a great deal of suffering and pain. I now feel relieved, and wish to collect my thoughts upon the important subject last entered in this Journal."

Here follow some observations against the doctrine of the Trinity similar to those expressed in the preceding passage. But I earnestly request the attention of the candid and benevolent to the conclusion. It is the following.

"But I feel tired and bewildered.—I did not intend to write controversy. I wished only to collect my ideas concerning my own circumstances, which I perceive to be very awkward and difficult. It is very probable that my change upon this point will be looked upon by some of my best friends as a very dangerous falling off from the faith. But what can I do, when after a long struggle I find that my understanding will not submit to my earnest desire of acquiescing in the reception of these doctrines? The very suspicion of error, mixed with religion, produces a baneful effect on my mind. It casts a cloud upon the whole system, and deprives my faith of its vital influence. I give my most humble and hearty thanks to God that during this struggle I have not lost sight of my Saviour, and though doubts innumerable have crowded upon my mind, so as to deprive me of all sensible comfort from religious acts (practices), I have steadfastly adhered to my Christian profession. But notwithstanding my firm persuasion that Christ (Jesus) is the Messiah, the Saviour of the World, I cannot but very

strongly suspect that there are still some more errors intimately blended with Christianity. Fortunately the practical doctrines of the New Testament are undoubtedly pure, as they proceeded from our Saviour. May God's grace support me in that Faith which produces obedience to his will, as revealed through his blessed Son! May he enlighten my mind, that I may not fall into error, through pride or any other sinful motive! I hope my love of God, and of my Saviour, through whom I know him, are not on the decline. Since I have yielded assent to the dictates of my understanding* against the Athanasian doctrines, I feel relieved. I think I can see the Christian Religion in a clearer and more advantageous light. May God, of his mercy, forgive me if I am in error. I really am not conscious of any improper bias upon my mind. On the contrary, my situation is very difficult and perplexing. I have subscribed the 39 Articles. My best friends would be grieved to know my change. I cannot think of ever taking preferment in the Church, even if my health were to improve. I must avoid giving offence, by speaking freely on the state of my mind—at least, I think that such is my duty, though I have not yet fully examined that very complicated point. But, supposing the general obligation of giving whatever weight every individual possesses to what he conceives to be the truth, I am placed in such circumstances, that another public change of denomination would, as far as I am concerned, bring nothing but obloquy and ridicule upon religion, on the part of her enemies: while, amongst her friends, the greatest part would consider me as an apostate from the Gospel; and those with whom I agree in opinion would look upon me as, at best, a man without steadiness and judgment, carried away with every breath of doctrine.

"I humbly pray to God that he may have mercy upon me: that he may direct my mind, and that his grace may

* I should have said *Reason*.—(Note in 1835.)

lead me through the difficulties in which I find myself involved. May he do it for the sake of his Son, my Saviour. Amen."

I doubt not, when considering this state of mind as a link leading to the result which at this moment (March 17th, 1835), through the mischievous influence of Orthodoxy on my dearest friends, is occasioning to me the greatest anguish which I ever experienced—that the Providence of God, though then laying deep the foundation of my now settled views, prevented the resolution of 1818 from coming to light. The fears expressed in my preceding Record, that my change would produce an unfavourable impression in regard to religion, were well grounded. Few years had elapsed since I was a deliberate unbeliever. I had written nothing that could give me any weight whatever with the public. Had I then declared myself a Unitarian, it is probable that the change would have wanted a thoroughly sound foundation. The popish habits of my mind had not had time to spend themselves fully: they would have lurked, unknown to me, and probably reappeared at the touch of some social feeling, similar to that which not long after this period reconciled me, for some years, to the Orthodox system. The course of events, I hope, has been directed to better purposes, and with visible wisdom. I had subdued my doubts, and was perfectly sincere in my attachment to the Church, when circumstances induced me to write against

Popery; and my works attracted more attention than they would have obtained if I had left the Church. In the interval of my unpublished dissent from Orthodoxy, my mind, disburdened of the oppressive weight of those doctrines, was more fit for the composition of *Doblado's Letters*, than if it had been in the Orthodox trammels. These works gained me the Oxford Degree, and that honour made me settle at Oxford, where I became more and more known; so that, in spite of the vote I gave for Sir Robert Peel, and the bitter feeling which it occasioned against me, my reputation for honesty and disinterestedness could not be shaken. I left the University in a state of reputation which approached to that of a public person. Age, in the mean time, had advanced. My intimacy with the Archbishop of Dublin became publicly known. I need not observe how greatly these circumstances have increased the *pain* of my last change; but may I not hope they have, in the same proportion, given it a fair chance of *public utility*?

On Sunday, December 20th, 1818, I made the following entry in my Journal:—

"I am going to write down a full examination of Myself, which has occurred to me this morning to be the best means to unravel my ideas on the subject of Religion. I firmly purpose to exclude from it, as far as it may be in my power, pride, vanity, or any other selfish feeling.—Almighty God, my Creator, who knowest that our 'heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' assist me, I implore thee, in the examination of my past conduct and present state of mind, as they relate to Religion, and grant

that I may neither deceive myself, nor express any thing that may be a stumbling block to others. May the result of the intended work be that peace of mind supported by Faith in thee, which is the only object I am conscious of having in view. Grant this for thy love in Jesus my Saviour. Amen."

I find that on that very day I began to write the intended examination. The recollection of one of Rousseau's last works made me give my own the quaint title of—*The Examination of Blanco by White.* It is in the form of a dialogue. Upon looking it over, after many years, I find it earnest, and rather too severe against myself. Much of what it contains is to be found in the *Evidence against Catholicism.*

The all-absorbing interest of religion kept my mind and my pen in constant activity. While I was carrying on, day by day, the written examination of my youth, I found time to meditate deeply on the subject of Christianity, exerting all my faculties to distinguish the original Gospel from its numerous corruptions. I believe the Record, which I am about to insert, will not be uninteresting to the few who are likely to think this narrative worthy of attention.

"Monday, December 21st, 1818.

"My mind is so greatly unhinged, owing to the weak state of my nerves, and the many doubts upon religious subjects which every moment crowd upon it, that, after trying to pray to my Almighty Father, I wish to attempt collecting my thoughts, in order to ascertain the extent of my belief, and the points on which it is unshaken.

"I firmly believe in one God, the Creator of the Universe, the Father of all Mankind.

"I believe that, as his wisdom and power are visibly employed in the direction of the material world, so his Providence governs the intellectual and moral part of the Creation.

"I believe that he has, at different times, made extraordinary communications concerning his own nature, his will, and the future destinies of man. By the word *extraordinary*, I mean communications independent of the common progress of the human understanding. But I do not know in what manner such communications were made.

"I believe that the Old and the New Testament contain the substance of these extraordinary communications; but I must confess that I *cannot* persuade myself that there is nothing in the Bible but what God has been pleased to reveal to mankind. I suspect that, together with *revealed truths*, there is in it a considerable portion of human error. But at the same time, I believe, because I see it to be a clear and positive fact, that the mixture of error which I suspect in the Bible has never deprived the divine truths contained in it, of a most salutary influence on the moral improvement of mankind. To comprise all in a few words: I believe that the Bible is the clearest and best rule of Morality, the Supreme Code of Virtue, and the chief treasure of Divine knowledge.* This is all I can, at present, believe concerning *inspiration*.

"I believe that *Jesus of Nazareth* is the Son of God, in the sense in which he claimed that title. As I believe that he was a man, *in all things, sin excepted*, like ourselves, I cannot persuade myself that he could be GOD, properly so called. I have tried to modify the doctrine of the Divinity

* The only thing which I wish to add to this declaration is, that the Bible cannot be regarded as the best rule of Morality, unless it is explained and applied to practice according to the *spirit of the Gospel*.—(Note in 1835.)

of Christ by means of all the verbal distinctions which have been employed by the Orthodox Divines, to this purpose; but I cannot say that Christ is *God* and *Man*, without a consciousness of a contradiction in terms. Man cannot be God, and God cannot be Man; and, therefore, to predicate these two things of *one* subject involves a contradiction. The only sense in which Jesus can be called *God*, he himself has clearly explained. (John x.) 'The Jews answered him; for a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy, and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. Jesus answered them'—(not asserting his Divinity as the occasion required), 'Is it not written in your Law, I said, ye are Gods? If he called them Gods, unto whom the word of God came, say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said I am the Son of God?' This passage has always had a great effect upon my mind. Christ clearly claims the appellation of *Son of God*, as a title of honour expressing the peculiar favour with which God had distinguished him, above all created intellectual Beings. If I am in error may he pardon me, whose words taken in their natural sense I make the ground of my disbelief in the Athanasian doctrine.

"I believe that Jesus Christ is my Lord and Saviour. My Lord, because he has been made the Head of the Church by God his Father: my Saviour, because through his means I am a Christian, and, having enjoyed the moral advantages attached to that profession, I have been called to repentance, and to the blessed hope that God, in his great mercy having pardoned my sins, will through that same mercy, eminently displayed in Christ, make me happy through all eternity.

"From my own feelings, from my notions of the nature of God, and my intimate consciousness of my absolute dependence on him, I firmly believe that every good thought,

every virtuous action arises from his Divine influence. I feel that I have only one independent power — that of turning away from Him, and using for evil purposes the faculties he has given me.

"I repeat that I hope for salvation through Christ, and not by my own deserts. But whether he has made an *atonement* for my sins (in the sense that some Divines give to that word) or whether he has opened the gates of Heaven to all believers by submitting to the death he endured, because his doctrine could not have had its full effect without the confirmation given to it by his resurrection—I cannot clearly make out from the Scriptures. The first opinion seems to imply a doctrine injurious to the merciful Father of mankind. But whatever may be the truth on this point, I humbly accept the proffered boon, without thinking it necessary to ascertain the manner in which the goodness of God has prepared it.

"I most solemnly declare myself a subject of the kingdom which God has given to Christ. Consequently I am bound to obey the moral precepts contained in his Gospel, in the spirit which his blessed life and actions display.

"I declare before God, whom I call to witness with great awe, that I am not conscious of refusing my belief to any of the doctrines called Orthodox, from any vanity or self-conceit: that I have, for a long time, struggled against my judgment in order to continue in the profession of them with sincerity: and finally, I declare, that I do not make my own reason paramount to the revealed word of God; but that I use it, as my Mind's eye, to distinguish that Word from the inventions of Men.

"My firm belief in the resurrection of Jesus is one of the principal grounds of my faith. I therefore may confidently say: 'I believe that he rose again from the dead, he ascended into heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father; from thence he shall come again to judge the

quick and the dead.' But I cannot proceed any further; at least in the prevalent sense given to the words immediately following.

"These are the leading articles of my Faith. The view of them in writing has afforded me considerable comfort, by removing the anxiety of mind with which I looked upon my doubts, as they rose in a confused mass.

"My fear of being in error is certainly great. As I am not, however, conscious of any thing that can make any error on these matters a wilful one, I humbly throw myself upon God's mercy."

Examining as I do now (March 18th, 1835) this authentic record of my own thoughts — a record which was written in the most solemn and religious state of mind, in the absence of all idea that any man would read it till after my death—and finding myself in regard to the document, exactly as if I were reading the words of a stranger, I feel delighted and grateful that I possess a proof so perfectly satisfactory, of my earnestness and sincerity in the examination of these religious subjects. That a revival of those old, and deep-rooted feelings, that the desire of assimilation with the friends I most valued, prevailed for a time over these convictions, is true. But such clear and definite views as are here recorded, though forcibly put aside, for a time, cannot remain long inactive, in a thinking and sincere mind. As soon as the impression which subdues them has lost its freshness; the moment that some one clear and important idea, though belonging to another subject, finds itself obstructed by its con-

nection with the theological doctrine, to which you have surrendered your reason in spite of its remonstrances,—the whole intellectual work which you had endeavoured to obliterate, rises again, perfect, fresh, and unimpaired. Years of resistance may intervene (as has happened in my own case), yet the moment that the will removes that resistance, you perceive that the old conviction has been all along identifying itself with the mind. Thus it is that I find myself as settled an Unitarian as if, since the end of 1818 to the present moment, I had read nothing but Unitarian works. My Unitarianism is the result of my own thoughts, in the study of the New Testament. But I shall have a better opportunity of showing this if I live to bring this Narrative down to the present period.

"Christmas-day, 1818.

"I am getting towards the evening of this day, which I have passed in absolute solitude and considerable suffering. God be merciful unto me and help me through this trial until it be his pleasure to relieve me, or to take me away from this world to a better. Thanks be to his goodness, my mind is not fretful, as it used to be. This is certainly a great blessing, for the continuance of which I most humbly and earnestly pray.—As writing, in order to embody my ideas, engages me, sometimes, not unpleasantly, I shall try to put together some thoughts on *Articles of Faith supposed to be necessary to Salvation.*"

The pages to which those thoughts were consigned are not to be found in the book from which I make these extracts. It seems that I cut them out. From

the first line, which still remains, I am able to discover the contents of the whole. It was an argument against the notion that the acceptance of some particular view, respecting the points of doctrine disputed among Christians, is necessary to salvation. I have lately introduced that argument in the *Letters on Heresy and Orthodoxy*, which I am about to publish. The argument is simply this: the Protestants have clearly proved against the Catholics that there exists no authority divinely appointed to settle the dogmatic questions which divide the Christian World. The Catholics have proved (and experience confirms it) that, unless such an authority exists, there can be no satisfactory certainty as to what is the truth on such points: therefore, either Christianity is not true, or it does not consist in the disputed doctrines. This argument has, ever since the period when I committed it to writing, continued to possess my mind most fully. The inveterate habit of considering Christianity as being *essentially* an assent to certain propositions of the kind which divide the Christian world was on the point of making me embrace the first side of the dilemma. But the change to which I have already alluded, and which I shall have to relate at length in the course of this sketch, prevented that relapse into unbelief.—The following record appears to me of considerable interest. It shows the exquisite sufferings which the deep-rooted intolerance of even the most kind-hearted people in this country are sure to produce on such a mind as

that with which the patient reader who has followed me hitherto must be pretty well acquainted.

"January 9th, 1819.

"After some consideration I have cut out the pages which contained my thoughts on Articles of Faith, and Inspiration, as I set them down on the 25th and 26th of last month. I find that *Controversial Zeal* indisposes even some of the best men, for candour on these matters; and though I do not intend that this book be read before my death, I cannot endure the idea of having my words misunderstood by some whose esteem I wish to preserve even in the grave. I think I now have a clearer and more distinct notion of the subject; that is, I think I have arranged my ideas in a better order; and as I understand myself better, my words will naturally be less exposed to misconstruction. I shall state my views in some subsequent page. But I must entreat my friends, whoever they may be who shall peruse this book, to be cautious against the injustice (common in such cases) of construing my expressions into a disbelief of more religious points than I explicitly declare. The eagerness and anxiety of my mind would, I trust, be a strong proof of my sincerity, even if the whole tenor of my life did not show how little disposed I have been to dissimulation. ...The opinions which, with so much labour and pain, I have discarded, having, at first, been embraced by me from an eager desire of enjoying the general benefits and comforts of Christianity, with which, in consequence of my early studies and associations, I thought them intimately connected, my belief in them was, for a long time, grounded more on the general credibility of the Christian religion, than upon the Scriptural passages by which these secondary tenets must stand or fall.* When I began to

* Here is a fundamental error which I could not remove till many years after: the notion that these doctrines are to be settled by single passages—as if the Scripture consisted of detached oracular sentences, like those of the Cumæan Sybil.—(Note in 1835.)

suspect the soundness of the arguments alleged by Divines in favour of these doctrines I tried to hush my doubts, and I read books on that side of the question which I doubted; and, by an act rather of the heart than of the mind, I, several times, embraced them (the orthodox opinions) with fresh ardour. Nevertheless they (the doubts) rose up every moment, and disturbed all my acts of devotion, casting a cloud of uncertainty over the very substance of religion. God alone knows how painful and harrassing have been my struggles. But now, thanks be to his mercy, my faith in him, through his Son Jesus Christ, being freed from all doubtful appendages, affords me a purer and more heartfelt comfort than I ever enjoyed. May the Almighty preserve me from the delusions of error. I humbly acknowledge the great danger of deception; but, not being aware of any negligence in the use of means to avoid it, I cast myself upon the Divine Mercy."

Who can conceive the miseries of the mental slavery from which I tried so desperately to escape? None but the few who have experienced it, and have had the courage to struggle with it till they finally conquered it. It might be imagined that having so far successfully combatted the evils produced by Orthodoxy—i. e. the belief that right opinions on dogmatic theology are necessary to salvation, I was already near the full enjoyment of my mental liberty. But years were still to pass before that notion should be identified with my mind, and become a part of myself. Conviction has no chance against old prejudice till the new habit, by being perseveringly brought into action, shall have destroyed the old.

The record, dated January 3rd, 1819, describes

one of the many painful trials which bigotry, combined with the most amiable qualities, has made me experience in my intercourse with religious people. The person concerned in it, was (alas! he is now no more!) one of the best and kindest men I ever met in the course of my life. But the spirit of Orthodoxy which had full possession of his soul, had poisoned it with intolerance. The original narrative, though rather long, must be inserted. Here it is.

"I have gone through a painful scene, which shows the baneful nature of that Dogmatic Divinity which has so long harrassed and divided the Church of Christ. My excellent friend —— came up to see me after Church. We had last night been talking about a little work which I bought yesterday: *Smith, on Divine Government.* My friend read the conclusion deduced by the author,* and would hear no more because, in his opinion, it was unscriptural. I had, as yet, formed no opinion on the book, waiting till I had gone through it. Upon my friend entering the room this morning, I told him I should like him (as soon as I had finished the book) to read a chapter which I had marked in it. It is one on the goodness of God. My intention was far from trying to make him a proselyte to the opinions of the author, which I myself have not yet sufficiently considered. Besides, I know so well, by my own experience, how painful it is to change our views upon religious subjects, that I shall never suggest a doubt to any one, except on tenets which are unquestionably dangerous, and *that,* only in cases which may openly call for my interference.—To return to my melancholy subject: the mention of some part of the system adopted by Smith, brought

* I believe the author concludes in favour of universal salvation—a doctrine which I have found to shock some of the most pious persons I have known.—(Note in 1835.)

forward some observations from my friend. My answers (not in defence of the system but against the objections he started) led on to a discussion, without anything like an angry spirit on either side, but with considerable warmth, even which I tried constantly to check in myself. At last I declared my conviction, that no abstract tenet is a subject on which salvation can depend. My friend, with great anxiety, asked, if not even the *doctrine of the Atonement*. I said positively, *No*. That excellent man, with tears in his eyes, declared that *all the love he bore to me was necessary*. . . . . I did not understand the conclusion of the sentence; and am inclined to believe that he did not finish it. In vain did I say that it was not my intention to find him, or his doctrine, wrong. That my excluding all articles of *Dogmatic Divinity* from the conditions of salvation, was founded on the fact of their not being so clearly expressed in the Scriptures as to make it impossible for a candid and honest man to understand the passages alleged in favour of them, in a very different sense. I mentioned that Taylor, a great and pious Divine, did not find the doctrine of *Original Sin* in the Scriptures: That it was therefore possible that many others should find themselves in the same case without any guilt, or endangering their vital Christianity. I should have insisted on the fact that the doctrine which he considered as the *sine qua non* of Christianity was looked upon by the best Divines, only as a theological question, and not as a primary article of Faith. I do not think, however, he would have admitted the fact. He retired, leaving me his blessing (one from the heart, I am sure), but uttered in that tone which might have been fit if he had found me plunged into crime and Atheism."

I will not carry this painful narrative to the end. I have only to remark that something very similar has happened to me this very year (1835) upon that very point. What is the peculiar charm of a doc-

trine so strange, so detracting from the character of God, the Father?—I believe the secret attraction lies in its power to allay a servile fear of what is called the *Justice* of God. That justice is made to consist in something like the passion of revenge. The assurances of pardon upon repentance, given in the Gospel, or rather, which are the Gospel itself, are not believed, unless the *justice* of God or his vengeance (for so it is called and conceived) has been spent upon some one. The language itself in which the doctrine is expressed, discloses the feeling from which it arises. *Blood, blood* is the object on which the frightened imagination dwells for security. God has had *blood*—the blood of his own Son; and he cannot demand more: therefore I am safe. The feeling which this theory betrays can only be excused by the frantic fear which superstition is capable of producing.

In the Note which follows the above, I find these observations concerning my determination to show deference to a man of no great talents and very limited reading.

"I hope he will find a clear proof of my love to him in the deference I have shown, and with God's assistance I intend showing him, whenever he shall in future touch upon these points; so long as I keep clear of hypocrisy and dissimulation. May God bless him and assist me. I shall add, that there is scarcely any thing in the Church of England Divines, except upon points controverted with the Church of Rome, which is not to be found in Petavius, Bossuet, and many others, in the study of whose works I

spent the best part of my youth, and that consequently I must feel mortified when I am considered a mere smatterer on these subjects."

The most elaborate theological inquiry to be found in my records of this period is one in which I endeavoured to analyse the subject of the inspiration of the Scriptures. But I will not dwell much longer on this period of my mental life. Harrassed, exhausted, disappointed in the pursuit of revealed Truth, as, misled by the unanimous consent of Christian Divines, I expected to find it; convinced of the uncertainty of all dogmatic conclusions, on the subjects disputed among Christians; convinced that the Scriptures do not afford the means of even high probability for settling those questions, and practically and historically aware of the futility of all Church pretensions to guide the Christian world on such matters; I felt on the verge of absolute disbelief in Christ. Yet the admiration which I preserved for his character, and the deep respect I felt for all his *practical* doctrines (including the habitual state of the mind in regard to God), I continued *practically* his faithful disciple. I however gave up my theological studies for some time, and only read in the New Testament daily, with the object of keeping up a religious feeling totally unconnected with dogmas. I trusted in God; I was a practical disciple of Christ; but had no definite, dogmatic Creed. I will subjoin the last entry contained in my first Journal. It was

written when I was at the highest point of disappointment.*

"Ramsgate, February 2d, 1820.

"I have this day, for the first time, met with the follow-

* Some Extracts from the Diary of 1819.

Jan. 10th. Prayed twice out of the Psalms. [A similar Entry is constantly occurring.]

24th. Finished *Hartley on Man.* I do not recollect a book that had a more powerful effect on my mind and heart.

29th. Was cupped. During the operation Lord Holland called. He wished me to write the Sketch of a Spanish Letter to the Prince of the Peace, informing him that the Government would not object to his living here if he chose it. This application was made by Lord Holland of his own accord, as a proof of gratitude for the pardon he obtained for a young man of the name of Powel who was under sentence of death at Madrid in 1805. I felt delighted with the whole of this transaction.

Feb. 4th. Received the news of my dear Mother's death. Was seized with violent pain: bleeding relieved me.

July 28. Gaddesden. Finished Priestley's Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion, an ingenious, though, in my opinion, superficial work.

Aug. 10. Intolerance will prevail in the same degree as the persuasion of the existence of any *infallible* authority. A living one, like the Pope or the Church of Rome, will produce intolerance of the most violent kind, because it will bring *all* its influence over the mind to bear on every disputed point, and will exclusively favour one of the contending parties: a *dead one*, that is books or records, will be the source of an intolerance of a more gentle description, because it may be made to speak in favour of all parties, and by dividing Christians, it will not allow any one party to become strong enough to oppress all others. It will in the end show the vanity and folly of the attempt to settle abstract points in matters of Religion. Popery is already on the decline. The time, I hope, will come when the nature and object of the Christian records will be understood. Christians will then perceive that those books were preserved by Providence to teach us the *spirit* of Christian Morality; and not to be an *infallible* guide for the decision of abstract questions. May God forgive me if I am in error.

Nov. 30. Took coach for Ramsgate. Slept at Carleton's new house.

ing account of Chillingworth's opinions. I do, by no means, compare myself to that eminent man; but whoever will take the pains of reading the preceding pages, must be struck with the similarity of the course of his mind and mine, in matters of religion. This similarity is indeed the more striking because we did neither set off from the same point, nor take up our objections in the same order. I was brought up in the belief of the *infallible, living Judge*. The glaring abuses of the *infallible Church* brought me to *Scripture, the sole Judge*. Scripture involved me in the inextricable difficulties arising from the conflicting texts.* The perfect conviction that it was impossible to settle a Creed from the *Scripture alone*, reduced me to the alternative of acknowledging a *living Judge*, or having no Creed. Not being able to find the accredited Judge, I have found myself inevitably fixed on the other horn of the dilemma.

. . . . . 'One of the Sheep
Whom the grim wolf . . . with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said,'

is Mr. William Chillingworth, Master of Arts and Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford: who, at the ripe age of twenty-eight years, was persuaded to elope from Oxford, to the English Seminary at Douay, in Flanders. Some disputes with Fisher, a subtle Jesuit, might first awaken him from the prejudice of education; but he yielded to his own victorious argument, that there must be somewhere an infallible Judge; and that the Church of Rome is the only

* This is an erroneous view. There are no conflicting texts in reality. The apparent conflict arises from the false notions which dogmatic Divinity has attached to *a few passages*. Those passages so perverted by false associations, become discordant anomalies. Those passages being made the hinges of the New Testament, disturb its general spirit and turn it into a riddle. Did we not take it as a collection of verbal oracles (for which there is no foundation), and did we not look for mysteries in metaphors, we should have no reason to complain of *conflicting* texts. They would be easily explained by the general context.—(Note in 1835.)

Christian Society, which either does or can pretend to that character. After a short trial of a few months, Mr. Chillingworth was again tormented by religious scruples; he returned home, resumed his studies, unravelled his mistakes, and delivered his mind from the yoke of authority and superstition. His new Creed was built on the principle, that the Bible is our sole judge, and private reason our sole interpreter: and he ably maintains this principle in the *Religion of a Protestant*, a book which, after startling the Doctors of Oxford, is still esteemed the most solid defence of Reformation. The learning, the virtue, the recent merits of the author, entitled him to a fair preferment; but the slave had now broken his fetters, and the more he weighed the less was he disposed to subscribe the 39 Articles of the Church of England. In a private letter he declares, with all the energy of language, that he could not subscribe to them without subscribing to his own damnation; and that, if ever he should depart from this immoveable resolution, he would allow his friends to think him a madman or an atheist. As this letter is without a date, we cannot ascertain the number of weeks or months that elapsed between this passionate abhorrence and the Salisbury Register, which is still extant. '*Ego Guillelmus Chillingworth . . . omnibus hisce articulis . . . et singulis in iisdem contentis volens, et ex animo subscribo, et consensum meum iisdem præbeo.* 20 *die Julii* 1638. But alas! the chancellor and prebendary of Sarum soon deviated from his own subscription: as he more deeply scrutinized the article of the Trinity, neither Scripture nor the primitive Fathers could long uphold his Orthodox belief, and he could not but confess 'that the doctrine of Arius is either a truth or at least no damnable heresy.' From this middle region of the air the descent of his reason would naturally rest on the firmer ground of the Socinians: and if we may credit a doubtful story, and the popular opinion, his anxious inquiries at last subsided in philosophical indifference. So conspicuous,

however, were the candour of his nature and the innocence of his heart, that this apparent levity did not affect the reputation of Chillingworth. His frequent changes proceeded from too nice an inquisition into truth. His doubts grew out of himself: he assisted them with all the strength of his reason: he was then too hard for himself; but finding as little quiet and repose in those victories, he quickly recovered by a new appeal to his own judgment; so that in all his sallies and retreats, he was in fact his own convert." —*Gibbon's Miscell.*, vol. i. p. 49.

Among the points of similarity which I here find with myself, none is to me so remarkable as that which I discover in the concluding observation. I have always been my own convert. My resistance to the internal, converting power, however, has been much stronger at all times than that of the celebrated Chillingworth.

In order not to interrupt the extracts from the first volume of my irregular Journals, I have already inserted a passage which was written in February of 1820. Having, however, turned to the *Student's Journal* of 1819, I perceive that I ought to insert the *Retrospect* of that year, which I wrote on the 2nd January 1820. I must premise that on the 30th March 1819, I had taken my residence at *Little Gaddesden, Herts,* in the house of my excellent friend Francis Carleton, Esq. Though I was not engaged as a regular tutor to his son, it was my wish, by acting as such, to make a fair compensation for my board.

"*The Retrospect.*

"January 2nd, 1820.

"My sufferings during the first three months of the last year grew to the most alarming height. I did not, however, relax in my studies till I found that deep thinking exhausted me in a manner which might do irreparable injury to my mental faculties.

"The gradual and irresistible change in my Theologic opinions, which had been in rapid progress the year before, came to a close about the time when I was obliged to give up reading upon the harrassing points of Metaphysics and Divinity. I was, and am at this moment, conscious of having, to the best of my power, examined those questions, endeavouring to bring myself to a settled persuasion of the truth of the orthodox doctrines.* My efforts were in vain. I came to the opposite conclusions.

"In this state of mind I removed to Gaddesden, where the kindness of my friends had offered me an asylum against my loneliness and wretchedness. Had I remained in London, under the necessity of living in lodgings, without the power of going out and enjoying the advantages which the Metropolis presents to a man in health, my life might have been prolonged, but I strongly suspect that my mental faculties would have been unsettled by suffering and solitude. The rapid improvement which I experienced at Gaddesden restored me to a state of comparative comfort, to which, for years, I had been a stranger. From the day of my arrival at the house of my friends, to this moment, I have been gradually approaching to that state in which life is a source of enjoyment.

"In this calm retreat my principal occupation has been

* Here I find again the deep-seated notion of the duty of searching for truth, without removing the bias in favour of the *established* doctrines. Though the notion is absurd, the *fact* is satisfactory, since it proves the irresistible strength of the objections against those doctrines. —(Note in 1835.)

the instruction of Hugh Carleton, with whom I have regularly spent three hours every day. I cannot however complain of want of reading, when I look at the list of books read in the year. The principal works I have gone through are Herodotus, of whom I had formerly read the first four books. I have read him again from beginning to end; Aristotle's Ethics, Cicero de Officiis, Hartley on Man. I lately took up Gibbon's Rome, by mere accident. Now I have regularly read to the 9th volume inclusive. I have written a rough sketch of an Account of myself, and wish to accustom myself to the habit of writing a little every day. I am now reading Thucydides very slowly.

"The works I have done for others are; preparing for the Press the Old Spanish Translation of the Prayer Book, which I corrected with great labour, but little success. It would perhaps have been easier to make a new version, than to make good Spanish of the old one. I am correcting the proofs for the edition of Scio's Version of the New Testament, which the Bible Society is about to publish.

"I have made some progress in the knowledge of the Principles of Harmony.*

"The study of Hebrew is one of those undertakings which I have been obliged to give up.

"In other respects, the year which has expired has been an unhappy one for me. My dear Mother finished her life of suffering on the 12th January. My dear little friend Georgiana Fox,† a charming girl, whose extraordinary mental powers I had an opportunity both to observe and to help when they began to develop themselves, has been snatched by death in the ninth or tenth year of her age. My excellent friend Mrs. Parsons, of Oxford, has been lost to her husband‡ and children; and her daughter Mary

* From a very early period of my life I had been a good practical musician, but I had not regularly learnt the principles of Harmony.—(Note in 1835.)

† The youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Holland.

‡ The Rev. James Parsons, of Wadham College.

Anne, an interesting girl, now between fourteen and fifteen, has suffered the amputation of a leg, and I do not yet know whether her life is safe at the expense of such a painful sacrifice.* She was much attached to me when I was at Oxford, and I have felt great anxiety on her account.

"I wish, however, most sincerely to acknowledge with devout gratitude, the blessings which I have received from the Eternal Source of all Good. I render thanks for those things which have increased my portion of happiness, and humbly hope that the pleasures which his Providence withholds from me, and the positive sufferings he lays on me, will be, in the end, productive of eternal happiness. I commit myself to my Creator, and trust for time and eternity to his mercy."

Of the year 1820 I have no other records but the *Student's Journal.* It contains notes on my daily course of reading; and, occasionally, short extracts, which help me now to recollect the state of my mind, in regard to religion. I may describe that state in a few words. I adhered practically to the Gospel; but I thought it a hopeless task to ascertain what were its doctrines, on speculative subjects. Full of the Popish notion that to partake of the Lord's Supper in a state of mental dissent from the Church was a kind of profanation, I abstained from that rite for a long time. I believe it was about the end of that year that I ventured to attend the Sacrament, after having seriously considered that the state of my mind in regard to doctrines was involuntary. I

* She died a few days after.

joined the communicants, trusting in God's mercy, as if that had been the last hour of my life. The sincerity of my wish to *believe* in the doctrines of the Church was unquestionable; but I could not prevail against my judgment, which told me those doctrines were not true.

The literary occupations which employed me part of that year, have a reference to the political change which took place in Spain. Though I never had the remotest idea of returning, I entertained the most sincere wish to assist my countrymen in every attempt towards political and moral improvement. When the Military insurrection at Cadiz forced Ferdinand VII. to accept the Political Constitution of the Cortes, every one who knew the state of parties, in Spain, feared that the cause of liberty would (as it actually happened) be lost by the injudicious efforts of its friends. Lord Holland suggested to me that I might do much good by writing a letter upon that subject, to my old friend Don Manuel Maria Quintana, whose influence, as an eminent literary man, and a sufferer in the cause of liberty, was expected to be great. I acceded to Lord Holland's wishes, and wrote a long letter, of which his Lordship kept a copy: I have none. With the same view of serving Spain, I translated the first part of *Cottu's Criminal Law of England.* Another translation, however, had been printed in Spain before mine could be got ready. I gave, subsequently, my translation to the Mexican *Chargé d'Affaires* in this

country; who had it printed, and sent to Mexico. Thinking that the time might come when a work of mine, in Spanish, relative to England might be of service in Spain, I began a series of Letters, in which I intended to describe the manners, customs and principal institutions of this country. I believe I wrote three letters. They were published, two or three years after, in the VARIEDADES, a periodical work, in Spanish, which I wrote for Mr. Ackermann: and of which I shall speak hereafter.

My whole time was now employed in reading and writing. My health continued in a wretched state; and exhaustion alone checked my private studies. I believe I have already mentioned my want of success whenever I have attempted to instruct boys. My friend Mr. Carleton perceived that the fatigue which teaching occasioned to me was not compensated by the result, and he requested me, not to go on, as he intended to send his son to school. Nothing therefore but my bodily sufferings could interfere with my studies. Yet I found it necessary to read more for amusement than solid instruction. As variety relieved my attention I indulged in it, and pursued no very regular plan.

At the end of the Student's Journal for 1820 I find some observations on Lord Monboddo's Ancient Metaphysics.

My taste for Metaphysics, which at no period of my life has been totally dormant, seems to have been

pretty active at that time. Under date Gaddesden, April 5th, I find this note.

"If there are two substances in the world so absolutely distinct that not a single property of the one belongs to the other, it seems that *organization* is the only means by which they can be brought to operate upon each other."

"Had I laid a mark on any natural production, say, a young tree; upon recognizing the mark many years after, I should say it was *the same* tree, however altered it might be in shape and size. Suppose that by a peculiar property of the tree it could produce another with the same mark; and that this new tree was shown to me, I should be inclined to call it the same tree. However, being informed of that singular circumstance, I should feel no doubt that it was *another* tree. It is therefore clear that we predicate *identity* as long as the mode of existence in which we knew an individual has not ended by the cessation of those phenomena to which collectively we gave a particular name."

In the first part of these Memoirs I have given sufficient information of the circumstances which obliged me to leave my friends, the Carletons. The more than brotherly invitation to me from the Rev. William Bishop, to live with him, has also been recorded, as well as my having determined to pass some months with him, till I could fix upon a permanent residence.* On the 12th December 1820, I received

* I cannot omit mentioning, that not many months after I left the house of the Archbishop of Dublin, my friend Mr. Bishop informed me that, having long wished to remember me in his last will, and considering that our ages were the same, within the few months by which I am his senior, he had now determined to convert his intended legacy

my friend's cordial welcome at Ufton, where I continued till the 2d April of 1821.

The state of my mind in regard to religion continued the same. I could not give my assent to the doctrines of the Church respecting the Trinity and Atonement, but I thought that I might, without blame, avoid an open separation. This determination was grounded both on my earnest desires to improve the religious principle by the means which the Church employs, and by the total impossibility which I then found of professing any other creed in more perfect conformity than that which I had with the English Church. My journals, up to 1824, when I received the last and most powerful impulse towards orthodoxy, bear ample testimony to my religious desires, as well as practice. Sundays (though never observed by me in the Sabbatarian spirit) were particularly, not exclusively, apportioned to the study of the Scriptures, and to the reading of religious books. I was a regular attendant at the Lord's Supper; and I may say, without exaggeration, that I lived in a state of uninterrupted consciousness of my dependence on God, and my desire of serving him. Such a state, I am impelled to add with thankfulness, has been permanent to this day, (April 8th, 1836,) under every

into a donation *inter vivos*, and would place fifty pounds in the hands of my bankers. About the same time this year, he informed me that the sum which I had received was only the half of what he had intended the donation to be; and placed fifty pounds more at my disposal. Let me be allowed to feel proud of being the party obliged by such a man.—Liverpool, April 8th, 1836.

change and modification of doctrinal views. I trust in God that it will continue to my life's end.

On the 11th of February 1821, I received a letter from Thomas Campbell, acquainting me with his having become Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, and requesting me to write for that periodical. I have already mentioned one or two attempts to give an account of Spain, under the cover of some slight fiction. This invitation had the effect of urging me into a regular and methodical exertion of mind directed to that purpose, and *Doblado's Letters from Spain* were the result. The great bodily weakness under which I laboured made me doubt of success, but the repose which I enjoyed in my friend's beautiful parsonage; the kindness with which he attended even to the minutest accommodations which might relieve my fatigue while writing; his heartfelt pleasure when, returning from his daily ride, he learned the progress of my work;—all contributed towards an improving state of mind and health, which carried me favourably through the work which I had undertaken. I had lingered for many years without any aim, except that of my own literary improvement, of which, for want of visible proofs, I could hardly be aware; and now, the favour with which my first work in English was received, began to remove that overwhelming sense of my living to no purpose, which had so long and so hopelessly oppressed me, more than my bodily sufferings. The following note, which I wrote on New Year's Day, 1822, will au-

thenticate the state of mind in which I was, more than any thing I can say from recollection.

"I wish to return my humble, and, I trust, sincere thanks, to the Giver of good, for the mercies I have experienced during the past year. My health began to amend since my arrival at this place (Ufton*), about this time a twelvemonth, and though I still continue weak, and subject to attacks of my complaint, I enjoy a degree of mental and bodily health which enables me to use my pen in the prosecution of the little work which I began on the 12th of February last, and which I have already brought near to a conclusion. It has been favourably received both by my friends,† and (as far as I can judge) by the public. It has

* I had lived in lodgings at Chelsea, near my friends the Christies, since April 1821, and had passed several weeks at Gaddesden with my friends the Carletons. As scarcely a year did pass till I went to Ireland, in 1832, without my paying a long visit to Mr. Bishop, I wrote the above note at Ufton, where I had returned about Christmas, 1821.

† *Letter from Southey.*

Keswick, 28th June, 1822.

My dear Blanco,

It gave me great pleasure to receive a letter from you. I intended to have ordered Leucadio Doblado's Letters, because the name had led me to fix upon the right author. The book reached me two days ago, and I have read it, as I expected, with great delight. The only fault is that there should be only one volume. I will take is as a text in the *Quarterly Review*, and use it to introduce some speculations upon the state of Spain and Portugal.

My feelings respecting those countries differ not a shade from yours. Both nations appear now to be experiencing the dreadful consequences of that abominable church-tyranny which has so long been dominant there, and which in no other part of the world has ever been exercised with such remorseless rigour. The nature of the disease cannot be mistaken, nor the deep hold which it has taken. But where to look for any remedial causes, I know not. At present I see little more in either country than a change of evils, and the imminent danger of a civil war, which, if there be anything like a balance of parties, will be

brought me some profit, and afforded me an easy and pleasant occupation.

carried on with all the tremendous obduracy of the national character. I happen to know some of the members of the Portuguese Cortes, and perfectly understand that the constitution of that body is just like that of the neighbouring assembly, that it contains the same mixture of atheism and bigotry, ignorance and presumption, good intentions and deplorable opinions.

The more I know of history, and the more I know of what is going on in this disturbed age of the world, the less am I able to expect good from popular assemblies. Like most persons in this country, I hoped everything from a Cortes in Spain. This was the last prejudice to which I clung, and the result has *disabused* me (to use a Portuguese phrase). Had I been a Spaniard or Portuguese, beyond all doubt my heart would have burst its fetters, if it had not broken in the attempt, and in my abhorrence of slavery I should have rushed into the opposite extreme. But looking at these dispassionately, and from a safe retirement, it appears to me that great beneficial changes in countries not accustomed to a representative government, may best be brought about by the ascendancy of a single mind, if indeed they are practicable in any other manner. For instance,—if Ferdinand had had a minister with the strength of character that Ximenes possessed, as well adapted to the spirit of this age as that Franciscan was to the spirit of his own, such a minister might have reformed both the church and state, and have prepared the people for liberty by a wise use of despotism. Pombal would have done this in Portugal, had he lived half a century later.

It will not be long before I shall send you an epitome of our religious history, written for the purpose of making the rising generation feel and understand what they owe to the Church of England. I hope and trust that it will not be without effect: and I am sure you will approve the spirit in which it is composed.

The first volume of the History of the Peninsular War is nearly completed, and waits only for the printer. I am also preparing a series of dialogues upon the progress and prospects of society, taking for my text three words of St. Bernard,—*Respice, aspice, prospice.* It is a comfort to know that the world will never be worse for any works which I shall leave in it. My endeavours are to strengthen the moral and religious feelings, and to uphold those institutions upon which the welfare of society depends. God bless you, my dear Blanco,

Yours most truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"My reading has not been extensive. Having but little strength, and being afraid of trying it to the utmost, I have contented myself with keeping up my Greek, and reading more for amusement than instruction, both in that and in the other languages with which I am acquainted.

"I propose, however, should my present state of comparative health continue, to employ my time with a more steady view to the increase of my stock of knowledge, and not to allow myself any reading for mere amusement. The study of the best English writers, both in prose and verse, will indeed afford me a sufficient portion of mental pleasure, without wasting my time in that sort of reading which leaves no traces behind it. But I must be methodical, and try to study the good writers whose works I may finally choose to take as models for the improvement of my English style."

Reading these resolutions at the distance of more than fourteen years,* I can discover in them some traces of that pervading spirit of asceticism which my education implanted, and which I cannot be sure is totally extirpated in my character. It is an error to suppose that any moral habit acquired during childhood and youth, may be totally confined in its operation to the subject with which it was originally connected. This observation is especially applicable to religious views, which unquestionably give the general moral tone to the mind. Every kind of religious education stamps a certain form upon the mind, which unless it be deliberately and assiduously effaced, will identify itself with every

* Liverpool, April 22nd, 1836.

subsequent wish of improvement, especially when the wish to be virtuous comes suddenly upon the mind in consequence of superstitious fear. There is a well known story of a man who being overtaken by a storm at sea, a scene to which he was a stranger, asked for a Prayer Book, in the utmost anguish; and finding none, did not cease to repeat the first and half of the second question in the Catechism of the Church of England, which he had but imperfectly learned in his boyhood. To these fragments of the form of his early holiness he had now recourse in his distress; for the fear of death raised in him an agonizing desire to possess that degree of moral goodness without which he conceived himself in certain danger of hell-fire. The story, I believe, must be true: few men will not be able to discover something analogous to it in the experience of their lives.

To apply this observation to myself: I find when I look back on the long period of striving after moral improvement (for such, I thank God, without interruption my residence in England has been) through which I have passed,—I find, I say, a habit of dissatisfaction with myself, an unconscious tendency to represent myself much worse, in every respect, than a subsequent more cool and collected view shows that I had been. I think I have already mentioned how powerfully this ascetic spirit of humility acted upon me when, upon taking the pen to write the *Evidence against Catholicism,* I felt as if I had been at the Confessor's feet, entirely under that infantine fear of

not being a sufficiently severe accuser of myself, which the early practice of confession raises in a sincere boy. A similar habit is discoverable in the records of my self-examination in regard to intellectual conduct. I now look back upon the period with which my last quoted words attest myself to have been dissatisfied, and cannot help being surprised at the persevering industry with which I fought against bodily pain and dejection, and above all with the effects of that total want of direction to a definite object which my external position has constantly forced upon me. My reading was not more desultory than the absolute necessity of some recreation demanded. There are few people who can form an idea of the bodily sufferings with which I have contended for many years. When now, in a state of comparative improvement, I bring to my mind the distress and agony in which I lived, year after year, I feel convinced that the preservation of my mental faculties, and my submitting to live in that state of misery, are facts which deserve my especial thankfulness to God. Under those circumstances, however, I persisted in my determination to supply, to the utmost of my power, the deficiencies which my Spanish education had left. In that state I pursued the dry, fatiguing, and alas! disappointing study of theology. But the hopelessness of the past attempts to extricate myself out of that tangled labyrinth prevailed so far as to allow me a kind of partial rest. I began to read more Greek, and wrote more

English than hitherto; but the idea of taking some one author as my model, had sprung up rather from the usual suggestions given in works on Education, than from my own deliberate judgment. I did not follow it up. The result of my experience and reflection is, that such fashioning and modelling of the mind are injurious to its native powers. Our earliest taste is usually the result of external circumstances, especially in the choice of books. But where the individual energies are strong, there will arise a modified taste, in the vigour of life, which will lead us to writers congenial with ourselves; writers who appear to us as the interpreters of our own thoughts, and expounders of our feelings, which seem at once to find a ready organized body in their words, to dwell and breathe in. To these we naturally apply for a fresh spirit when mentally exhausted; but if we take them up to *copy*, we shall only waste our powers. The more we feel the beauties of our standards, the more dissatisfied we shall be with ourselves, and the more discouraged in our pursuits. I have sometimes taken up a favourite book, as musicians listen to a strain, not for the purpose of playing *variations* upon it, but that the soul of music may be awakened within them. Shall it be thought the affectation of an anglicised foreigner, if I say that the book which I have most frequently taken up in that way is Shakspeare? So it is however: and remote as his subjects are from every thing that I have ever taken in hand, such is never-

theless the mental vitality of his works, that it breathes a life upon me perfectly applicable to all purposes.—I have also employed another literary tuning key, (if I may use the expression,) when wishing for that peculiar state of the mental powers, that soft yet clear sunshine of Reason, which in the silence of passion and even of excitement, enables the discursive faculty to exert itself without bustle or contention. It is to Addison that I have frequently applied for this purpose. During considerable periods I have daily read some Paper or Papers in the Spectator and Guardian: and probably I still preserve the quick perception of Addison's manner which I once possessed, and frequently proved by trial, and which made me distinguish his compositions from those of Sir Richard Steele. I shall mention here, at the risk of being charged with affectation, that one of the greatest attractions which I find in Addison, is the perfect purity of his *English style.* If this be fancy, it is certainly not the result of imitation. The poor, servile system to which Lindley Murray's Grammar and Exercises have given currency through the medium of Ladies' Schools and similar establishments, had begun to cripple the English language before I established myself in England. Blair had set up the example of finding fault with Addison's periods, and given specimens of corrections which, for the most part, might be quoted as instances of a pedantic stiffness—or rather of that total absence of style which might be expected in works written in a

universal language,—a language wanting every mark of individuality. The teachers of Grammar and Elocution in most of the establishments just mentioned could not fail to follow up this school of criticism to the most extravagant extent. Even if they could be expected to belong to a higher class of scholars than that which naturally supplies the demand for this kind of employment, the multitude of circumstances which oppose their teaching, according to any but a *technical* method, would gradually force them into the usual routine of such business. So many guineas a-quarter, imply a certain number of proofs, either by the quarter or the year, that the money has not been given away for nothing. The young ladies or gentlemen must exhibit their progress in Grammar and style; and this can only be done when language and composition have been reduced to a certain number of technical rules—when both have been deprived of individuality and character.* I have had not unfrequent opportunities of observing the mental character of this class of men, not only personally but in the numerous school-books which they produce. Both would be indeed unworthy of remark were it not for the extensive influence which they exercise upon the public taste.

* "What are you doing at School, Sally?" I once asked an exceedingly clever girl, whose vein of satirical humour was constantly under the check of her excellent mother. "We are correcting Addison with the Rev. Mr. ——," was answered with a look which would have called forth the most pointed periods of the Divine's best didactic style.

But if we consider the number of girls, from the varied class called *Middle,* to whom such men and such books become the standard of propriety in language, we shall be convinced that their power for mischief in taste and literature is extensive. Add to this that in no country whatever can be found a more superstitious fear of *vulgarity* than in the middling classes of England. It is this fear which has condemned already a large number of pure English idioms: they have all died under the rod of Lindley Murray and his school of Grammarians. With these men every expression which cannot be analysed according to the narrowest rules of *universal* grammar, is incorrect and vulgar. Totally ignorant of those exquisite laws of thought, in which the *idioms* of all languages originate—incapable of perceiving the delis cate analogies which in the infancy of language are discovered instinctively—dead to all perception of the elliptical character of a multitude of expressions preserved by the mass of the people—these men would have reduced the English language to a mere grammatical skeleton, were it not for the influence of Shakspeare and the established translation of the Bible, both of which, by being frequently read and listened to, check the process of banishing words and phrases out of fashionable usage. I wish I had kept some notes of the criticisms which I have met with, among these literary Masters of the Ceremonies. But though I could mention a few from memory, I will not prolong this digression for their sake.

One of the most tiresome tasks performed this year was correcting the proofs of an edition of *Scio's Spanish translation of the Bible*, which, at the request of the Bible Society, I superintended gratuitously.

Let me here mention the various states of my mind in regard to that Society.

Constantly anxious for the attainment of a thoroughly devout tone of mind, I availed myself of every external method of cultivating that spirit within me. Such was the sincerity of my striving after religion, that, if I had not had an internal monitor in what may be called my moral taste, I should have been among the foremost of the religionists of England. But no sooner did I find myself among them, than an irresistible sense of disgust arose within me, which, though it did not immediately settle into a deliberate opinion against them, still forced me away from them without making a second trial.

I had not been long in England, under that revival of my religious principle, which took place in the manner already described in this narrative, and in the *Evidence against Catholicism*, when some friends took me to a Bible Society Meeting. It was one of the general annual Meetings of the Metropolitan Society, and every thing had been prepared to produce an impression. One of the speakers was a very out-of-the-way personage—some specimen of an uncivilized country, brought home by the Missionaries; but my recollection of particulars, after so many

years, is too faint to be relied upon. What I cannot forget is the general impression I received. I left the room (it was the Old Concert Room at the Opera House) under the conviction that the object of such meetings was chiefly mutual excitement; and that this was procured without much discrimination of the means. I well remember the disgust with which I heard one of the last speakers, who appeared professedly as the devout *gallant*—the Ladies' man, in the spiritual world of fashion. It was quite ludicrous to see the pretty compliments which he tried to bring out of the present subject; and to observe the blush and the smile which they raised under the tears of devotion which were still on many a rosy cheek, from the deep impression of the previous speech. It reminded me of the custom (I do not remember whether I have mentioned it before) observed among the Spanish Monks in some of their public disputations. At these Scholastic Tournaments, which, especially in agricultural towns, such as Cordova, and Ossuna, have a peculiar attraction for not a small portion of the ladies, the last opponent—a good looking young friar, probably well known to many of the fair audience personally, and to all as the leading *Beau* of the monastic world, in that particular place—proposes, in the vulgar tongue, a wittily turned argument, drawn from some satirical passage of one of the Fathers against the first human agent of the Old Serpent; something, in a word, that will raise a laugh, in the midst of which

the combatants leave the theatre of their learned exploits.

I left the Meeting with a determination never to be present at another; and it is curious that, notwithstanding the various states of my mind in regard to devotional feelings, I have been perfectly faithful to that resolution. I believe that my leading motive to become a subscriber to the Bible Society, several years after, was a desire of perfect sympathy with the often-mentioned Christie family—the highest and purest specimen of the Evangelical class which I ever met. In the midst of this excellent family I constantly forgot whatever had disgusted me in individuals or bodies of that broad and vague denomination. I have never affected what I did not feel; but I have often, very often indeed, sacrificed a multitude of intellectual objections for the sake of that social sympathy in respect of which the circumstances of my life have kept me for many, many years, in the condition of a beggar. People say that I am intellectually proud: I find, on the contrary, that I have constantly made my understanding bow humbly to those in whose hearts I wished for a place. Whenever, in conversation, some startling principle, some doubt had escaped me, my mind turned instinctively in search of some token which might allay the alarm—that alarm which even among the best of our religionists is constantly apt to make some latent seed of aversion spring up. My wish was by no means to deceive: it was to show that I agreed with

those I loved, in the substance of that which reigned supreme in their hearts. I have at all times been of opinion that many parts of the Bible are totally unfit for popular instruction: but, being also persuaded that the *spirit* of the New Testament might act as a corrective; considering also that the *Bibliolatry* which prevails in England made *selections* for general circulation impracticable, I joined in the attempt to circulate the Bible in all languages. I also subscribed for a time to the *Church Missionary Society*, in the same spirit, and from similar motives. I indeed went so far, at one time, as to become a Member of the Prayer Book and Homily Society. But from the two last mentioned I soon withdrew my name, though I had translated one or two of the Homilies into Spanish, at the request of the Society established for the circulation of those strange compositions, and might have continued a Member by means of a trifling subscription. I had been led into union with such Societies by a sincere wish of promoting the spirit of Christianity, though I could not conceal from myself the fact, that the Gospel was sent abroad from such sources mixed with much enthusiasm and superstition. But as soon as I came more in contact with the Societies, and read their publications, my repugnance to the inferior ingredients of the mixture prevailed, and I withdrew. With the Bible Society I continued my distant connection, as a mere subscriber, for a longer period, purely from the fear that my withdrawing might be mis-

understood as a sign of indifference to religion itself.

But as soon as my coming forward in the controversy with Mr. Charles Butler secured me from that imputation, I withdrew my name from the list of subscribers. Similar motives, particularly strengthened by the *clerical* spirit which that controversy revived in me, made me become a Member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.—I must conclude this point by repeating my solemn declaration, that the only reproach which my conscience makes me for all this is, that of having neglected to subdue a rather indiscriminate warmth of the social affections, which often took the lead of my judgment.

The success of *Doblado's Letters* procured me an application from Mr. Macvey Napier, the Editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with the object that I should give him a Supplement to the Article SPAIN. I was glad of this employment, though it occasioned me some fatigue. Works requiring research, comparison of dates, and juxtaposition of facts, have been much above my strength during my long, long illness. I can think deeply when the materials of thought are within me, and this exercise is neither unpleasant nor exhausting; but whenever I have been obliged to have three or four books open before me, comparing passages, and arranging facts out of them, my physical strength has failed me, and I

found myself under the necessity of making a desperate effort to get through my task. In spite of this, Mr. Napier was satisfied with my article, of which, indeed, he spoke with great good nature.

August 1822. It was not long after, I believe, that I found myself unexpectedly, and almost unwillingly engaged in a Spanish work of some consequence and extent. Mr. Ackermann, of the Strand, wished to establish a Periodical for the Spanish part of America, especially *Mexico*. Mr. Colburn, the publisher, introduced Mr. Ackermann to me, and I found myself strongly urged to write again in Spanish, and be not only the Editor, but the only writer of a Spanish Quarterly Pamphlet. The proposal, at first, raised very strong objections in my mind. Since I had given up the *Español*, I had very seldom written so much as a letter in Spanish. The habit of thinking in my native language had been totally neglected for several years. The attempt to renew it, even occasionally, and just as I have now and then written Latin, since my arrival in England, was always very painful. I feel on similar occasions puzzled as to my own identity, and have to awake as it were from a melancholy dream, and assure myself that I am not again in that country both of my love and aversion, reviving my attachments only for the purpose of tearing myself, with renewed difficulty and danger, from people to whom I am attached, in order to fly from institutions which I abhor. On the other hand, I could not well justify my rejection of

this opportunity of doing some substantial good to the Hispano-Americans. Yet even on this point I was to be under restraints; for Mr. Ackermann, very naturally, desired that the circulation of his Periodical should not be stopped by the Priests, whose power in Mexico seems to have been great at that time; and indeed I believe even at this day. Any thing which might undermine the superstition from which the clergy derive their power, was necessarily precluded. Much useful matter, nevertheless, remained, which, by enlarging the mind and refining the taste of the most backward people of all whose language is Spanish, might indirectly prepare them for moral and religious improvement.

Pecuniary considerations have not great power over me; but it has been impossible, under the circumstances in which I have passed the greatest part of my life, to overlook a fair opportunity of supplying my wants. And here, though at first sight it may appear out of its place, I will return to a subject which in the first part of my Memoirs I have very briefly alluded to. My *Son* had been sent by me about three years before the period on which I am dwelling, to Neufchatel, in Switzerland, in order that he should learn French perfectly. In his education I had not spared expense; but a boy, not intended for any of the great public schools, had at that time (I believe there has been some improvement since) very little chance of receiving any real instruction in most of that multitude of establishments

for *young gentlemen* with which the country abounds. On hearing therefore of a worthy family at Neufchatel who chiefly employed themselves in educating English boys, I sent my son to them, and I do not recollect a determination in my whole life upon which I have had more reason to rejoice. Mr. Droz, under whose roof he passed (as he still declares) three years of perfect happiness, not only improved his mind both intellectually and morally, but aided the development of his bodily strength, by a most judicious system of healthy exercises, among which were delightful tours on foot through the neighbouring cantons.* Now however the time had arrived when it was necessary that my boy should return to England in order to prepare himself for the military profession. A friend had promised to procure him a Cadetship in the East India Company's Service, and he would in two or three years be of age to enter the Hailybury College. He was now again with me, enjoying the invaluable advantage of being only a few doors from the Christie family, by whom he was treated as one of themselves. Mr. Christie's eldest son, whose early loss I have lately bewailed as if it had been that of a near relation, was at a School, near Brentford, under Dr. Jamieson, and to that school I sent him. Let me add, in justice to Dr.

* I believe that Mr. Droz's son, a Protestant Minister, who, at the time above mentioned, assisted his father in the education of the pupils, is now at the head of the *establishment*. I should be glad, indeed, if this acknowledgment of gratitude to that worthy family could be of any advantage to them.

Jamieson and his excellent Lady, that I had every reason to be pleased with the result: the affection which their pupil preserves for them is the best proof of their almost parental kindness to him.

And now the reader whose patience may have borne with me hitherto, will perceive the connection of the proposed Spanish Journal with this digression. Three hundred a-year in addition to the two hundred and fifty on which alone I could depend with some certainty, were a very opportune help in the maintenance of a grown boy, whose education was to continue as expensive to me as that of any gentleman's son in England, not intended for one of the learned professions. This consideration decided me, and the Spanish Journal was set on foot with the title of *Las Variedades, O Mensagero de Londres.*

The first Number of the Variedades was published before the end of 1822. There is a note in my *Student's Journal* for that year that records with sufficient clearness the state of my mind.

"The year just ended has been the most prosperous I have spent in England. My health, though very weak and subject to daily attacks, has been better. The success of my *Letters on Spain* has been above my expectations; and could I overcome the reluctance which obliges me to give up the Spanish periodical work which I undertook two months ago for Mr. Ackermann,* I should, from this year, begin to reckon upon an income of about six hundred a-year.

* I was prevailed upon to continue it till October 1825, when Mr. Ackermann put it into the hands of a Spanish Refugee called Mora. Liverpool, May 2nd, 1836.

"I cannot think on the seasonable increase of my pecuniary means this year, without a feeling of the most sincere gratitude. My opinions on particular and general Providence partake of the same doubts and uncertainty as I am forced to submit to upon almost every abstract point of this nature. Yet my heart is full of gratitude for the favourable combination of circumstances which has enabled me to meet expenses amounting to nearly double my usual income. Ferdinand's return from Switzerland would have distressed me exceedingly but for the produce of my literary labours this year. May the recollection of this, and of many other merciful alleviations of the sufferings and privations which I have endured through life, be a source of confidence for the future.

"Ferdinand is a very promising lad;—and that he is so, when chances were so much against his turning out so well, is, to me, another source of thankfulness.

"I have to add to all this, the pleasures I have derived from a few (and but a few!) acts of benevolence.

"I have however thrown up an addition of £300 a-year * to my income; and though I could not bring my mind to submit to the drudgery of the Spanish Paper for twice that sum, I am not without doubts about the propriety of this step. Had the Paper been purely literary I might have satisfied myself with the prospect of improving the Spanish Americans. But would it not be a proof of mercenary feeling to scribble about Mr. A.'s Plates and become his Gallanty show-man;—to write puffs for his articles of fashion, and lend my assistance to his commercial speculations? I should thus condemn myself to the life of a journeyman writer, and give up all prospect of my own improvement."†

* My resolution not to continue the Spanish Journal had been taken immediately after the publication of the first Number.

† All this was effectually avoided while the Journal continued under me.

The mention of such books as Grosse's Armour, and Froissart,* reminds me of an undertaking which, like some others, having been abandoned, fails to be mentioned in the preceding notes. There is a curious account of a Spanish embassy sent to Tamerlane, which was unknown to Gibbon. It is written without the least art or method; but the simplicity of its style is a voucher for the accuracy of the narrative. The whole route from Cadiz to Constantinople, and thence to Samarcand, is accurately given. The names of the places, though distorted by the orthography of the Spanish writer, and still more by that of the Spanish publisher of the MS. at Seville in 1582, were recognized, for the most part, by Major Renell, whom Lord Holland had consulted some years before, and who, through the kindness of his nephew, Capt. Beaufort, sent me a copy of the Itinerary he had made out in confirmation of the Spanish narrative. The writer, Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo, was the only one of the three ambassadors sent by Henrique III. who survived. I thought of publishing a translation, with notes and illustrations, of this curious document. For this purpose I wished to become tolerably familiar with the military terms of the middle ages. What was still of more consequence was to catch the spirit of Froissart, in order to give to the translation a touch of the Old Chronicles. I translated a portion, and sent it to Mr. Murray; but receiving no encouragement, I gave up

[* Occurring in the list of books read in the year.]

a task, which evidently was not suited to my pen. I gave copious extracts of this much-neglected Spanish book, in the *Variedades*.

As a Motto to my *Student's Journal* of 1823, I find these lines from the Fox of Ben Jonson. They express the strong sense I had of the unimportance of what I had to record day by day.

> "Pray let's see, Sir. What is here? Notandum,
> A rat had gnawed my spur-leathers. Notwithstanding
> I put on new, and did go forth; but first
> I threw three beans over the threshold. Item
> I went and bought two tooth-picks, whereof one
> I burst immediately, in a discourse
> With a Dutch merchant, 'bout *Ragion del stato;*
> From him I went and paid a *mocenigo*
> For piecing my silk stockings; by the way
> I cheapened sprats . . . . .
> Faith these are learned notes!"

My constant indisposition during so many years might be supposed to have a tendency to abate the melancholy feeling inseparable from the kind of life to which inevitable circumstances have condemned me. But the want of a definite pursuit—the consequence of that state of health—is a great evil. Even my studies—though pursued with ardour and to the utmost extent of my physical strength—even those studies have wanted an aim—an aim, I mean, in connection with the business and concerns of the world. I have, it is true, laboured incessantly in the vast but miserably barren field of theological inquiries, yet, with the exception of the short period during

which I became engaged, by accident, in the Catholic question, my reading had no further object than that of finding a solution to my own difficulties. In all my other studies I had no object, no motive, except the satisfaction of removing my own ignorance. I do not deny that such a satisfaction is worth all the labour I have bestowed on such pursuits; what I miss is the cheering stimulus of sympathy, the social feeling which most men have to encourage them. I can never forget the painful exertion which my Spanish works required for want of such stimulus. My only comfort is, that I have not chosen such a manner of life for its own sake. It is the consequence of an expatriation dictated by principles in which I still glory, and of a state of health which has taken from me the power of discharging active and regular duties.

On looking over my notes of 1823, I can clearly remember, not only my principal studies that year, but, what is the chief object of my present writing, the state of my mind in regard to religion.

My observance of every practical duty was as scrupulous as the strictest conscience could demand. Nor did I, in the least, neglect the practices recommended by the Church to which I continued attached. As I have mentioned somewhere, I only abstained from the Sacrament, because my Roman Catholic notions raised a scruple in regard to receiving the Lord's Supper in a state of internal dissent from the principal tenets of the other communicants.

But I continued, nevertheless, studying the New Testament on Sundays, and attending public prayers whenever my wretched health permitted it. In one of the accounts which I have given of my doubts, as well as of that last effort by which I clung to the Church of England, I mention that, after mature consideration, I ventured to attend the Lord's Supper, in the same state of reliance on God's mercy as I was determined to die in, if death should overtake me before I could regain more confidence in the truth of the established doctrines of Christianity than I had been able to obtain. The resolution was judicious, considering the state of my mind; and both the anxious debate with myself which preceded my resolution, and the feelings with which I put it into practice, speak volumes in proof of the involuntary nature of belief,—a practical and experimental truth, which never would have been questioned, but for the power of superstition to obscure every thing. What can be more evident than my constant desire to embrace sincerely the doctrines of the Church of England; or what trial of that sincerity could equal that of the internal sufferings which I have for many years submitted to, in the pursuit of a belief which I could never thoroughly obtain?

It was on Christmas day 1823 that I went with one or two of my friends the Christies, to Park Chapel, and there ventured on the reception of the Lord's Supper in spite of my doubts. These had extended further than ever, since my joining the Communion

of the Church of England; while on the other hand there was the most powerful combination of *feelings* to oppose those doubts. Those excellent friends just mentioned were living three or four doors from me. My boy and myself were domesticated among them. When he was from School he dined there, with me; for those more than brothers and sisters to me had allowed me most kindly to make an arrangement for this purpose which should prevent our being burdensome to them. To live on such intimate terms with persons whose every breath might be said to be directed by their religious notions, whose belief in the connection of eternal happiness and the adoption of certain doctrines was more active than that of any mathematical demonstration—to love and be loved by such people, and be conscious of views which if known to them would at once place a great gulph between the believer and unbeliever, is a state of constant violence within, which, were it not for the nature of my mind, would have drowned, as it were, every intellectual objection in affection disguised by devotional feeling.—But to what extent had my doubts arisen?—In the first place, the original difficulties as to the supposed inspiration of the Scripture, especially the Old Testament, had assumed a distinctness which hardly allowed the possibility of letting them rest, aside, as a kind of *trial of faith.* I never looked into the Old Testament, but tried with great industry to make the *spirit* of the New bear up the crumbling fabric of the Jewish Scriptures. Upon

this point I must once for all declare that, at no period whatever, have I been able to satisfy myself: that in the most palmy days of my belief, I was obliged to avoid by all manner of means the pressure of the greatest part of the Hebrew Scriptures; for otherwise it crushed my Christianity. At all times have I suffered the most painful uneasiness at Church when many of the Sunday lessons were read. No effort of mine could conceal the conviction that the oracle which ordered the cruel destruction of the last descendants of Saul, could not be from God. No pious evasion could remove a similar conviction that the treacherous plot to destroy the priests of Baal was treated with approbation by the writer of the books in which it is mentioned. The miracles of Elisha revolted me; the history of Samson exhausted my patience, and that of Balaam appeared to me as a mockery of the Deity. The utmost I have been able to do, during the period of my highest Orthodoxy, is to adopt the evasive interpretations of all these passages which are found in commentators, who, groaning under the weight of the obvious objections, have employed their ingenuity in maintaining the supposition which makes belief in all these things an essential part of Christianity.

My difficulties in regard to the divine authority of the Writings of the New Testament were considerable, but they could not be compared to those just mentioned. Here however I clung to the character of Christ; the only thing indeed which has always

kept up my sincere determination to profess myself, and be, his follower, that is, to worship God as *he* did, and serve God, as he set the example.

But at the period of which I speak, the systematic notions of my early theology were still in full force within me. I had not approached the point from which, at the last period of my long inquiry, I perceived that neither Christ, nor the writers whose productions make up the New Testament, had conceived the plan of making a creed the foundation of the religion which they preached to the world; that Christianity has no *letter*; that the internal monitor, called the *Spirit*, and whose voice cannot by any one, not an enthusiast, be distinguished from that of *Conscientious Reason* (let me use this name, to avoid the mistakes which that of Reason alone generally occasions); that Christianity, in fine, was published more as *destructive* of Judaism and Idolatry, than a constructive system of doctrines and ceremonies.

The absolute and *gross* (so I must call it) rejection of Christ which prevails every day more and more, is a necessary consequence of the theory of dogmas and Scripture Inspiration: a consistent mind, which does not perceive that the connection and mutual dependence supposed to exist between Christianity and these views is groundless, must renounce Christ altogether. My struggle arose from the attachment which I had to Christ and the impossibility of accepting the present prevalent conditions of being his disciple.

Liverpool, August 8th, 1839.

Long as I fear this present Life-in-Death of mine may last, I cannot conceive any amendment to be possible, which might enable me to carry on the above chronological account, which my sufferings obliged me to interrupt more than three years ago. I am now about to attempt a brief statement, which may stand as a link between what is written here, and the conclusion of this narrative.*

J. B. W.

[* This statement, which is a Letter to the Editor, will be found under date of August 21, 1839. It is a review, in relation to the history of his mind, of the Period between that date and the close of this Sketch as prepared by himself. By the aid of his Journals and Correspondence, we preserve the autobiographical character of these Memoirs.]

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

[1824—1828.*]

1825.†

London, Jan. 8.

To the Bishop of Durham's and Lord Holland's: met Campbell, who suggested, from Colburn, a work on England similar to Doblado.

[* The years 1824, 1825, and 1826 are noticed in the First Part of these Memoirs, but as the 'Sketch of his Mind,' fully written out by himself, terminates at 1824, this Third Part, presenting from his Journals and Correspondence, both the events of his Life, and the history of his Mind, commences at that date.]

† 1824. London. Chelsea.

Feb. 16. Mr. Migoni a Mexican Gentleman was introduced to me by Yriarte.

April 15. Delivered to Migoni the translation of Cottu [1] with a Preface, of which I have made him a present for the benefit of the Mexicans.

April 28. Began writing an English Grammar for the Spaniards.

June 11. Put on a truss to press on the whole of the right side from the small ribs to the groin.

July 11. Sunday. Entered my 49th year.

15. Called on Gen. Alava, at the Duke of Wellington's.

18. Holland House—dinner;—the Duke of Bedford, Marquess of

[1 Mr. White's translation into Spanish of Cottu's work on the administration of criminal justice in England was published, in London, in 1824.]

Letter from Southey.

Keswick, 17th April, 1825.

My dear Blanco,

It is long since such a battery has been opened upon the Romish Church as I am bringing to bear upon it. They have called me a calumniator for saying that the system of their Church is a prodigious structure of imposture and wickedness,—and I will substantiate the charge. I will favour them with a Life of St. Francis at due length, and with a chapter upon monachism, and another upon the Council of Trent, and one upon the miracles of their Church, illustrated by examples: —and a life of John Fox, whom they slander.

In the introductory letter I have related in what manner my attention was first attracted to the fables of the Papal Church;—it was by straying into the cloisters of the New Franciscan Convent at Madrid, and there seeing the life of St. Francisco in a series of pictures, which a draftsman was then employed in copying. I think I have satisfied myself concerning the Stigmata; you know how many cases of these wounds have received the sanction of the Church: but I have met with several others which have not, and

Lansdowne, Mr. Heber, Mr. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Agar Ellis, Lord Henry Thynne, Mr. Wilkie.

Sep. 9. Mr. John Kiddel, a young man brought up at my house at Seville, came to see me. Spent the whole morning in talking about my family and friends.

15. Received a letter from Mr. Migoni inclosing a check for fifty guineas, for the writing of some private documents; which sum I returned to him, being unwilling to be paid for what I did as a mere act of friendship.

Dec. 21. Writing to the Bishop of London in favour of the Spanish Clergymen, who have taken shelter in England.

22. Attempting to write for the Spaniards. The Bishop of London called.

24. Saw the Bishop of London (Howley), who gave me £20 for the three Spanish Canons.

which are plainly of two kinds, either tricks, or a frantic imitation, in the last extreme of insane fanaticism. There were examples of the latter at Paris among the Convulsionnaires;—and there was one at Venice in 1811, which I related in the Ed. Ann. Regist. for that year (p. 240)—it is a most extraordinary account. St. Francisco's I take to have been a case of this kind, and the miscreants by whom he was surrounded added the miraculous part of the story.

My materials for the life are ample; he occupies half a volume in the Acta Sanctorum:—moreover I have his works with those of St. Antonio, Cornejo's Chronica, &c. But I am going to Holland in June, and shall look after a set of Wadding's Annales, in the Low Countries. I believe there is no other work which contains so much important information concerning the age immediately before the Reformation, as this.

But to pass from the most important of all subjects, (one alone excepted,) ecclesiastical history, to one of the most insignificant,—I am puzzled just now in translating a passage from Juan de Zavaleta,—upon such a subject that it almost requires an explanation lest I should be thought to waste my time and yours in mentioning it. Beginning then *ab ovo*, my Tale of Paraguay is in the press, and the Proem (*ab ovo* likewise) traces the origin of the Jesuits to Loyola's wound at Pamplona,—and his undergoing an operation upon the wounded leg that he might be able to wear a well-shaped boot. Now I have a note to show the prevalence of this kind of foppery, and in that note comes an extract from El dia de Fiesta by Zavaleta, describing a Spanish Dandy undergoing the operation of putting on a new pair of shoes for the first time. Pray tell me how to translate the passages for which I have left gaps.—* *——

Did you ever see this book of Zavaleta's? It makes about half his works, which are in one ugly volume of the worst age both for printing and composition in Spain (1667). With all the faults that might be expected, (and

some of them in great perfection,) I have no where else met with so full a picture of the manners of that age.

The second volume of the Peninsular War is about half printed. I have seen an impudent assertion that great part of the first has been derived from Llorente's book (Nellerto). All I got from him was an important letter of Urquijo's, and something about Cuesta before he had taken part against the Intrusive Government,—and for that the references were duly made. I shall be glad to have this work completed, chiefly that I may put the History of Portugal to the press. For age is drawing on, I feel the uncertainty of life, and feel an uneasy apprehension that the labour of so many years may be lost. My object in going abroad for a few weeks is that it seems to offer some chance of averting an annual catarrh which recurs always at that time, is very violent, and of late years has attacked the chest.

I am glad the Romanists have provoked this controversy. It will surprise you to see of what disingenuous dealing Mr. Butler has been guilty, and the impudent falsehoods which I shall prove upon Milner, who, if it were in his power, would persecute with as good a will as ever Torquemada did,—or his favourite Gardiner.

God bless you,

Yours with affectionate regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Jan. 18th. Finished reading Butler's Book of the Roman Catholic Church.

Letter from Southey.

Keswick, 26th April, 1825.

My dear Blanco,

I will not refrain from expressing to you my sense of the great utility of the task which you have undertaken, and my full persuasion of the good it must produce. The controversy which has slept since the Revolution of 1688 is now rekindling, and must be carried on. The Church of

England, which has endured insult and obloquy with too much indifference, is rousing itself, and will command respect when it puts forth its strength ; for if ever there was a cause which would bear the strictest investigation, it is this. But let what may be written on our part, nothing can be likely to have so much effect as your intended Letters. The Priests will keep them from the devoted part of their flocks, as effectually as if they had a Holy Office to back their authority, but they cannot keep them from inquiring and ingenuous minds;—such minds there always will be, and these are the minds which stand specially in need of such a guide as you will prove, for otherwise they are in imminent danger of passing into utter unbelief. You will be assailed in the most inhuman manner, but you are prepared, as you ought to be, for this; and such attacks, sooner or later, produce a proper feeling on behalf of the calumniated person. I have had my share of such calumnies. The foulest that were ever poured upon me came from some Roman Catholic, in the Morning Chronicle, about five months ago. He charged me with bringing forward the foulest impieties in the obscenest form. I could not at first imagine on what this devilish calumny was founded; till at last I perceived that what the true Romanist had thus described was neither more nor less than a literal extract from a book of Catholic devotions to the Virgin Mary, extracted in the Omniana, as a specimen of such devotion.

It is probable that their current books might be obtained without difficulty in Ireland, and there I will make inquiry for them. The "Munster Farmer" (O'Sullivan is his name) is engaged in exposing Milner's dishonesties. I am assured by his brother, that in every instance where he has traced him in the Fathers to which he refers, he has detected him in some gross deceit. Happily they cannot keep their history out of our hands.

If I did not *know* that Butler's book had produced consi-

derable effect, I should not have believed it possible that any persons possessed of the slightest knowledge, and the commonest capacity, could have been deceived by such shallow sophistry. Partly this has been, because there are persons who wish to be thus deceived, that they may swim with the stream; and partly because his thorough disingenuousness cannot be even suspected by those who are acquainted with Jesuitism only by name. There is a notable example of this, I am told, in his reply to the Bishop of Chester, in which he professes to transcribe the obnoxious passage, and actually omits the words which have given offence.

Thank you for explaining what, without such help, I could not have translated. I was puzzled by thinking of a shoe-*horn*, and could not imagine how two were to be used.

I hope soon to see you, for in about three weeks I shall be in London, on my way to the Netherlands. I am going to look for books of monastic history at Brussels and Antwerp, and to see Holland; where I shall visit, with something like a pilgrim's feeling, the prison, the place of refuge and the grave of Grotius. The book which I most want is Wadding. Like you, I have a duty to perform. The French Revolution led me astray from the service of that Church for which I was designed in childhood. I now understand and feel the inestimable value of that Church, and will serve it with my utmost ability while I live, glad to think that whatever I may produce will come with the more effect as proceeding from a layman.—God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

May 16th. Sent the last proof of the Evidences against Catholicism: finished the work in three months.

Letter from Southey.

Keswick, 22nd May, 1825.

My dear Blanco,

I thank you for your book, as an individual and a friend: I thank you for it, also, as an Englishman and a Protestant. You have rendered, and at a very critical time, a most essential service to these kingdoms and to the Christian cause. No mind that is, I will not say open to conviction, but that is capable of reasoning, can read that book without secretly acknowledging its force; no heart that has any human feeling can read it without feeling its truth. I have never been more affected than by parts of this volume—never more satisfied than by the whole of it.

The book reached me yesterday evening, and you will not be displeased to hear that Wordsworth, who is with me, is impressed by it just as I have been.

And now let calumny do its worst. You have done your duty religiously and faithfully, and there is a satisfaction in that thought which will compensate for every thing. God bless you.

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

27th. Received a Letter from Allen, which I answered.

Letter from John Allen, Esq.

May 26th, 1825.

Dear Blanco,

Since we last parted, I have read your book with very great pain, and no small degree of mortification. I was grieved you should have written a book, the tendency of which was to defeat an object to which so many of your friends have devoted their lives and sacrificed every worldly prospect, and I was surprised and mortified, after so many years' acquaintance, to discover, for the first time, that you were an enemy to Catholic Emancipation. Notwithstand-

ing your hatred of the Church of Rome, I believed you a sincere friend of religious liberty; but I now find that, after all your efforts to divest yourself of the rags of Popery, the mantle of Father Torquemada still cleaves to you like the shirt of Nessus. I have not the vanity to suppose I can disrobe you, and as our last conversation might lead you to imagine that I would make the attempt, I write chiefly for the purpose of assuring you that, after reading your book, I have no thoughts of reviewing it, nor of recommending to any other person to review it, hostilely, or at all.

Yours,

——— J. ALLEN.

To John Allen, Esq.

7, Paradise Row, Chelsea,
May 27th, 1825.

Dear Allen,

Since my work on Catholicism has failed to convince you that I approve of no intolerance except against *intolerance* itself, and you can still impute to me the spirit of an Inquisitor, (though the taunt, calculated as it is to wound my feelings, implies your knowledge of my abhorrence of bigotry,) I shall not attempt to repel the charge in the small compass of a letter. My friends, without a single exception, have repeatedly heard my settled conviction, that if religious tenets *alone* were to be considered, emancipation could not be granted to the Roman Catholics with safety to religious liberty. But they have also heard, and my book does not contradict it, that I do not feel competent to form a decided opinion upon the *expediency* of granting them seats in Parliament, notwithstanding the danger which the spirit of their religion portends. I do not take upon myself to say whether the circumstances of the British empire demand or not the running this hazard. But since the nature and extent of it have been misrepresented by writers of the Roman Catholic persuasion, it would be a dereliction of duty in me to be silent, and allow the Legislature to act

upon garbled evidence, which it was in my power to contradict and expose. How far political friendships should be entitled to restrain the liberty of forming and publishing opinions, it does not concern me to know. That friendship which I have enjoyed among the honourable individuals to whom you allude as aggrieved by the course I have taken, cannot, I feel assured, bind me to any thing but the full return of feelings of the highest respect and esteem which I shall always preserve towards them.

I knew that the generosity of your heart would not allow you to pursue the method which you threatened for the review of my work. To a fair examination of my arguments I am most willing to submit; and should I find them answered to my satisfaction, I trust that the same love of truth which has impelled me to publish them, would induce me to recant my present opinion.

Yours, J. B. W.

July 11th. My birthday. Entered my fiftieth year: writing for *the Poor*.

July 13th.

Letter from Coleridge.

Grove, Highgate, Tuesday,
July 13, 1825.

Dear Sir,

Twice have arrangements been made at my request, by my kind and most respected friend and neighbour, Mr. Chance, for my introduction to you—add a third, when I was to have had the pleasure of meeting you at his house. But each time some accident intervened. I mention this, to show you that I was beforehand with you in my wish to be personally known to you, from the esteem I attached to your character and motives, and the high value I set on your services. I cannot say that in the pursuit of Truth I have no interest, but my conscience bears me witness, that I am aware of no other but the interest of Truth itself. And

this is no idle play on words. For the rest, I am so rarely from home, that it would be ill luck indeed if you should come and not find me. I regret that your distance (though we could procure you a comfortable bed) and health forbid me to anticipate the pleasure I should have in introducing you to a few choice literary Friends, who generally pass their Thursday evenings here—particularly my friend, Edward Irving, who is more earnest in his love of truth, and more fervent in his assurance that what is *truth must* be Christianity, and more out of all risk of the apostolic Anathema Maranatha, than almost any man I have met with—and with fewer prejudices, national or sectarian. I would he had been of our Church, which, however, he has learnt to love and reverence, even by contrast with his experience of our present Dissenting Clergy—most degenerate successors of the Baxters and Calamies of old.—Any time after eleven o'clock, A.M. to the same hour, P.M., I shall be most happy to assure you, *viva voce*, that I am, with unfeigned respect and regard,

Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

July 14th. Spent from three till nine with Mr. Coleridge at Highgate. Met there Mr. Edward Irving, the famous Scotch preacher.

July 16th. Correcting a translation into Spanish, of the Thirty-nine Articles, for the Prayer Book and Homily Society.

Letter from Coleridge.

July 20, 1825.

My dear Sir,

I set off to-morrow evening, with my little *Protege*, Henry Gillman, for Eton; and shall return, D. V., on Wednesday next. I cannot, however, without risking a quarrel with my own feelings, defer to so long a time my acknowledgment of your Practical and Internal Evidence, and the very

kind note that accompanied it. I am on the point of putting to the press a small work on the Church, in its twofold sense, viz. as an Institution of Christ, and as a State Institution; in the latter part of which I come on the same ground with you, and though I cannot ascribe to the perusal of your work what had been written before its publication, I shall feel myself induced by prudence, as well as constrained by justice, to express my sense of its worth and value, and the delight I have received from the unexpected confirmation of my own convictions, in fuller terms than I may address to yourself. It is, indeed, delightful to me, on so many points, to find myself, head, heart, and spirit, in sympathy with such an intellect and such a spirit as yours. The inclosed may perhaps amuse you on this score, though on a comparatively trifling subject. But, my dear Sir, much, very much I have to *say* to you, for which not worldly but Christian discretion requires *fit* auditor and competent. First, I thank you for the manliness with which you have opposed that current illiberal dogma, that infidelity always arises from vice or corrupt affections. *Sunt quibus non credidisse honor est et fidei futuræ pignus.* One of the best men, and *now* most assured Christian I know, had been made an infidel in consequence of reading Paley's Evidences. Secondly, I venture to confess my persuasion, that the pernicious Idol of delegated Infallibility has its *base* on a yet deeper error, common to Romish and Reformed; and I would fain show you a series of Letters, which have for more than a year been in my publisher's hands, on the right and superstitious use and veneration of the Sacred Scriptures. God knows! if all the books in the world were in one scale, and the Bible in the other, the former would strike the beam, in my serious judgment. But still an infallibility wholly *objective*, and without any correspondent *subjective*, (call it grace, spiritual experience, or what you will,) is *an absurdity*—a substanceless Idol—to which *sensations* may be attached, but which cannot be the

subject of distinct conception, much less of a clear Idea.—But I must break off.

With fervent prayers for the strengthening of your bodily health, and for all that, by adding to your happiness, will extend your utility—with no every-day feeling, though in every-day phrases,

I remain, my dear Sir,
With affectionate esteem and respect,
Your sincere friend,
S. T. Coleridge.

August 20th. Chelsea. Finished the Poor Man's Preservative against Popery, which was begun on the 27th of July.

Letter from Southey.

Keswick, 22nd Aug. 1825.

My dear Blanco,

I return your little note book, which ought not to have been detained so long, but the delay has been rather accidental than intentional. A mark is set against the extracts which I have transcribed; this, however, must not prevent you from using them. Whenever I may make use of them I shall acknowledge myself obliged to you for the communication. There is no reason why we should not both employ the same weapon.

Thank you for pointing out an injurious error of the press which had escaped me, and also for your pleasant addition to my notes. Note-making is a sort of idle occupation in which I am fond of indulging. It is a way of stringing together the odds and ends of one's knowledge, and throwing loose facts in the way of those who may know how to employ them better. I am not certain that a common practice in England has not originated in a similar feeling to that which rendered the existence of such persons as your Despenadora possible. Nurses used to pluck the pillow and bolster from under the head of persons in the act of death,

under a notion that the sufferer could not die if there were any pigeons' feathers in them. Perhaps what they did under this persuasion, was first done to cut short the struggles of death; and the notion originally imagined to afford an excuse for it. It is said of Dr. Heberden, that he ordered his own son to be bled when the agony began, saying, "he will now die easier." For obvious reasons this practice can never be allowed, but I wish it were thought unlawful to torment the dying with applications which cannot avail to any other end than that of prolonging their sufferings, and keeping them from their rest.

I continued a prisoner on the sofa from the time you saw me till the day before my departure from London, and though not the worse for the journey, have only been out of doors twice since my return home. The foot, though healed, requires to be kept up, and I continually feel that there is something amiss there. Perhaps this is only what erysipelas leaves behind, but that ugly affection shows every now and then a disposition to return, and this tendency is not easily subdued. However, confinement to the house is no privation to me. My habits and inclinations are sedentary, and I have but to lift my eyes to the window,—and a scene which hundreds come hundreds of miles to see, is before me.

My Vindiciæ will be found very unpalatable by those Romanists who venture to look into the book. I have treated Milner as a fellow who has neither honesty nor manners deserves to be treated. The chapter which I am about to begin will develope the system of what I call Saint Errantry, which in the best age of Benedictinism, and a little earlier, entered as much into the business of Europe as knight errantry soon afterwards. Here I shall show what the Monasteries were at that time, and many are the curious facts noted in my books which I shall bring forward upon this interesting subject. The men with whom we have to deal are almost as ill-informed as they are unfaithful. But

the more I myself read, the more sensible I am of the necessity of reading more, and pursuing my inquiries further. And perhaps the most uncomfortable feeling that the decline of life brings with it to me is, the sense that so little time is left when there is so much to do. Can I afford time for these—is a question which I never used to ask myself at the sight of three or four folios, and I have not yet learnt to answer, so as always to employ myself to the best advantage.—God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Sept. 9th. Mr. Munoz Sotomayor, a Spanish clergyman, who has turned Protestant, came to see me. I gave him my translation of Paley's Evidences, that he may publish it for his own benefit.

Oct. 7. Murray requested my calling upon him at his house: talked to me about Ricci's Life, and a review of that book; and told me that all the copies of the *Evidences against Catholicism* were sold.

Dec. 6th. Dined at the Bishop of Durham's with Dr. Philpotts, Dr. Buckland, Mr. Gilly, and Mr. J. T. Coleridge.

Letter from Coleridge.

Grove, Highgate, Dec. 12, 1825.

My dear Sir,

On my return from my two months' *Maritimate* at Ramsgate, I found Doblado, the Poor Man's Preservative, and your very kind and interesting letter. For all three receive my cordial thanks. The first I had never read, though often heard of. I began it an hour before dinner, resumed it after tea, i. e. seven o'clock, and when I heard the clock strike two, thought it was time to undress, and did so, save and except my drawers and dressing-gown, but could not

lay the book down till I had finished the last page, just as it struck three. I need not say it was a delightful work, but I should be ungrateful if I did not avow that, both directly and by suggestion, it has been a most instructive one to me. The Poor Man's Preservative—to repeat the words I used in a note to my nephew—had all the charm of novelty for me. I am not certain that it did not please me even more than the original larger volume. But, probably, the constant lively sense of the great present utility of the Preservative, and the excellent management of the dialogue, bribed my judgment a little. The fashionable *French* modesty has for many years supplied a subject of indignant contempt and complaint with me. To-morrow I purpose to send a small parcel to you, with Hurwitz's "Vindiciæ Hebraicæ," a work which passed under my hands, and of which the author (the person spoken of in my Aids to Reflection, p. 205,) respectfully entreats your acceptance. In a passage that I have marked by a slip of paper, (and which Mr. Hurwitz has introduced with a compliment that shows him to have contemplated my character through the famous "*amici* reflecting-microscope," that is said to magnify a million times,) you will find the echo of your sentiments. But for this and other topics I must refer you to the letter which I shall enclose in the parcel. For the proper and immediate purpose of the present scrawl is to say, that my nephew, the Rev. E. Coleridge, of Eton, a most sincere lover and admirer of yours, is, with his brother Henry, (who accompanied his cousin, the Bishop, to Barbadoes,) to spend the day with us on Thursday next. They both anxiously wish for a personal introduction to you, and though my knowledge of your ill-health, and that you are, not without good cause, weather-daunted, make my hopes burn very dim, yet I cannot help *trying*—so far as to assure you in my own name, my nephew's, and Mr. and Mrs. Gillman's, that you would confer an especial delight on us all, if you would join the party. We shall dine at an early hour, about

four, and a well-aired bed and bedroom, with a fire in it, will be prepared for you. Oblige me with a single line by the return of post, and let it be—Yes! if *that* be possible with *safety*. But if you are convinced that you could not come, but at a hazard, I retract my request; and though the *wish* will survive, yet it shall be swallowed up in a larger, as Jonas in the whale, to be cast on shore again, *sub dio*, in a more genial season.—I shall miss the post if I do not hasten to repeat that, with unmixed esteem and cordial regard,

I am, my dear Sir,
Your obliged Friend,
S. T. COLERIDGE.

1826.

January 6th. In bed for a week.

14th. Correcting Spanish Tracts for the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

15th. To Church—Assisted to administer the Sacrament.

Letters from Southey.

Keswick, 14th Feb. 1826.

My dear Blanco,

I thank you, by anticipation, for your book,* of which I am in daily expectance. You will receive mine in the course of a week or ten days, and though but half of what was intended is done, the man who resists its evidence must be proof against all facts, all logic, and all sense of truth. Mr. Butler will probably complain that I have used too much vinegar, as you and I complain that he has used too much oil; but I am more apprehensive of having sinned at the outset in being too courteous, than in speaking

[* The Letter to Butler in reply to his animadversions on the Evidences against Catholicism.]

plain truth in emphatic words as I advanced into the subject.

I am now proceeding vigorously with the Peninsular war, the second volume of which will be ready in May. Just now I am coming to a part upon which you can probably give me more information in a few sentences than I can find among all my documents, for in the private papers which have been communicated to me, there is a chasm just at that period. I want to know in what degree of danger the Central Junta were at the close of their reign, and what the schemes were which were laid for overthrowing them, in which Montijo and Francisco Palafox are said to have been concerned. Was there any member of the Junta who went over to Joseph's party? I think not. What became of Areizaga? He is lost sight of as soon as the French attack the passes, and is never heard of more.

But interested as I am in these questions, I have one thing more to ask in which I am much more interested. It is that you would muster up resolution enough to visit me this summer. If you mean to undertake the Decameron, there is no place in England where you could have more plentiful materials at hand. There is a great deal to be seen here in the way of natural beauties, and the mountain air is, of all things, most likely to refresh and invigorate you. Sixteen years ago Bedford was sent here by his physician that he might die at a distance from home; in six weeks I sent him back a sound man; and from that time he has had no return of the affection of his liver, which had he not come here would have carried him in that time to his grave. I shall have returned from my prescribed travels by the first week in July, and the sooner you can come after that time, and the longer you can remain with us, the better pleased I shall be. We might then take counsel together against the common enemy, against whom we have done good service, and shall yet I trust do more.

Lockhart has a paper from me for his Spring number

upon Sister Nativity's Life and Revelations. The affair is as impious and as impudent as that of Maria de Agreda; it was got up by an emigrant Abbé here in England, during the Revolution, the scene lying in France, and his work was approved by the heads of all the English Roman Catholic Clergy, Milner among them. I found the book by mere chance at Bruges last year, and never could any exposure be better timed. No better service can be done than by bringing their impieties and impostures to light, and holding them up to scorn as well as indignation. There is a great deal which may be planned and executed if you will come here in the summer.

God bless you, my dear Blanco,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

From the Same.

[Without date.]

My dear Blanco,

Your letter would deeply grieve me, if I did not believe that you will soon learn to treat such attacks as those of the British Catholic Association with the contempt which they deserve. Every slander which is vented against you is a proof of the effect which you have produced, and of the good which you are doing. But all slander should be left unnoticed, or at the utmost a cursory and incidental notice is all which should be taken of it. It is on the *offensive* that we have to act, and we may let our lives and characters speak for themselves. Thank God, they can and will do so. Our books and our memories will live, and we shall do more against this accursed system of superstition and wickedness than has been done in any generation since that of Martin Luther. This thought is worth more than all that the world could give us.

I am quite confident that it is not prudent to enter into any vindication against a set of miscreants, who have recourse to slander, only because they have not the use of

fire and faggot. Let it pass! An answer would show that of the two objects which they have had in view, one has been effected, that of giving you pain. In the other, which is that of injuring you in public feeling, they have completely failed. This is J. Coleridge's* opinion as well as my own, for I had an opportunity of talking with him yesterday evening upon the subject.

A visit to the mountains will allay all irritation of this kind, and give you a more comfortable sense of healthful existence than is to be found in these lower regions.

I would come to you and talk this matter, if I were able, but unhappily I am beset with engagements, and, what is worse, incapable of walking at this time. The infirmity which thus cripples me I have good reason to hope will be got rid of, for a time, by the benefit I shall derive from travelling.

God bless you, my dear Blanco,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

March 1st. To Ufton, without inconvenience or fatigue.

3rd. Sixteenth anniversary of my arrival in England.

Sunday, March 5th. Ufton. Preached my first Sermon in England, after an interval of twenty years, during which I never was in a pulpit. I humbly thank God for having allowed me to preach his word as a Clergyman of the Church of England.

12th. Preached in the morning.

26th. I preached on the Resurrection.

[* The present Mr. Justice Coleridge.]

Letter from Southey.

Keswick, 30th March, 1826.

My dear Blanco,

Thank you for the Spanish communication, and for the extract from Condé, whose work I have not seen, except in a French *rifacimento* which I had not read, as knowing how little such arbitrary versions are to be trusted. Old as the Moorish legend must be, for the reason which you have indicated, I should think the fable has been borrowed from Bede, unless (as is not unlikely) it is indigenous in both countries. The Mahommedans who began by rejecting all the corruptions of Christianity, as well as some of its most sacred truths, gradually resumed not a few of those corruptions,—(relics and saint-worship, for example,)—and of the miracles connected with their superstition I have some notable instances one day to bring forward, whenever I take up at large the subject of Romish miracles, which in the Vindiciæ is confined wholly to the assortment in Bede. As yet I have only chastised my assailants with whips—the scorpions are in reserve. Think what a chapter Transubstantiation will afford—what mines of relics are to be worked,—and what an exposure to be made of those Romish treasons which the present Romanists so impudently affect to deny! Among the materials of my next volume, if I pursue the subject, there will be a life of Father Parsons, and one of Fox the martyrologist, between whom the difference was as great in moral worth as in religious opinions. This volume, if I make it, will prepare the way for an historical sketch of the Monastic Orders, a work which I have had in mind ever since my last residence at Lisbon in 1801.

I cannot but assent, though reluctantly, to the fitness of your resolution concerning the Decameron. Anything should be left undone which could by possibility of perversion lessen the effect of what you have set before the world. Mr. Butler's second book is no better than his first; and in no part is it worse than where he notices yours, and talks

of what Roman Catholic mothers have suffered in England, as if there was the slightest analogy between the two cases! Supposing that there had ever been a religious persecution of the Romanists in England, (which there never was,)—supposing we had hung them for believing in transubstantiation, as they burnt us for not believing it, the answer would be (as it is with regard to the martyrdom of some poor Arians and Anabaptists,) that we had not at that time got rid of that persecuting spirit which while in union with the Church of Rome we had considered it a duty to keep up.

What you tell me of the Duke of York's reply to your application is what might have been expected from him. I hope his promise* will take effect in time for you to pass the latter summer months and the fine part of the autumn here. If your son has not read Hart's History of Gustavus Adolphus, put it into his hands, as the best manual in our language for a young soldier. Henri IV. used to say that Montluc's Commentaries should be the soldier's bible,—and if it were desirable to have such soldiers as those of Buonaparte's armies, he was right. I wanted Murray to reprint the old translation of that book, which I would have edited for him, but he feared its bulk. In its kind it is incomparably good, and there are some touches of compunction in it which might be brought forward with good effect. But the whole tendency of Hart's book is such as to make you feel that an English Clergyman was well employed in composing it. I have no doubt that Gustavus learnt the moral discipline, which made the army what it was, from that which the Jesuits introduced into the Prince of Parma's army; and that Cromwell took the lesson from him.

You are not the only person whom —— has offended by under-paying his Review. If he persists in this, it must be the ruin of his journal, which I should regret, because it would not be easy to secure a second position from whence to act upon public opinion with such effect. Like you I dislike the occupation, because it withdraws me from better things, and, like you, I find the quantity of time which it

[* To procure a commission for his son.]

requires disproportionately great in comparison with that which is more worthily, and, therefore, more willingly, bestowed. But in no other way can we possibly obtain half, or half of half, the number of readers, and the great majority of those readers come with a degree of deference to the dictates of a review, which they never feel when any other book is in their hands. This is a preposterous folly, and a great public evil. But while I let pass no opportunity of exposing it as such, I am fain to take advantage of it, and make it subservient as far as may be in my power, to good purposes. I hope that —— will represent strongly to —— the imprudence of starving his review; that a sense of his own interest will make him act as he ought in this case, and that you may yet write a commentary upon Villanueva's memoirs, which certainly no other person in this country can do. I have read the book with much interest, but with a feeling that it wants that sort of elucidation which you, and only you, can give. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

March 31st. Wrote a Sonnet on the approach of old age.

SONNET.

ON HEARING MYSELF FOR THE FIRST TIME CALLED AN OLD MAN. ÆT. 50.

Ages have rolled within my breast, though yet
Not nigh the bourn to fleeting man assigned:
Yes: old—alas how spent the struggling mind
Which, at the noon of life is fain to set!
My dawn and evening have so closely met
That men the shades of night begin to find
Darkening my brow; and heedless, not unkind,
Let the sad warning drop, without regret.
Gone Youth! had I thus missed thee, nor a hope
Were left of thy return beyond the tomb,

I could curse life :—But glorious is the scope
Of an immortal soul.—Oh Death, thy gloom,
Short, and already tinged with coming light,
Is to the Christian but a Summer's night.

April 19. Received a letter from Dr. Coplestone, telling me that the University is about to give me a Diploma of Master of Arts.

22nd. Dined at Sir Robert Inglis's with a very large party,—Lord Farnham, Lord Bexley, and the Bishop of Limerick (Jebb).

28th. To the Athenæum,—met the two Duncans, in whose presence Dr. Coplestone gave me my Diploma, with the hearty congratulations of all.

Letter to Lady Holland.

7, Paradise Row, Chelsea,
May 17th, 1826.

My dear Lady Holland,

I would not trouble you with the subject of this letter, if I did not know with regret that Lord Holland is ill, and probably not able to answer me without too much trouble. It has been published against me that I left Spain in consequence of misconduct; and I feel under the disagreeable necessity of repelling such a downright falsehood. With that object I intend to name, with their consent, a number of English and Spanish individuals, resident in England, who know that the assertion of my enemies is without foundation. The fact of Lord Holland's having invited me to superintend the education of his son, is an evident proof that he knows I bore an honourable character in my country. But I will not take the liberty of referring to him without his leave; while, on the other hand, to omit his name might appear a want of respect towards Lord H. on my part, or imply a consciousness of something which might

prevent his vouching for the truth of what I have to assert. If, however, there should exist the least reluctance on your part to have your names brought forward on a personal question, I beg you will tell me so; for, thank God, I am not in want of proofs of never having forfeited my claims to respectability of character, though it is very humiliating to have to prove what no man has a right to doubt.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for the presents of game which were sent to me from Ampthill during the season. Believe me, my dear Lady Holland,

Yours ever faithfully,

J. Blanco White.

Letter from Lord Holland.

Paris, 21st May, 1826.

Certainly, my dear Blanco, you are quite welcome, as you are most justly entitled, to quote my name as fully satisfied of the honour and integrity of your conduct both in Spain and England, and as one who has incurred and avows many obligations to you. In short, both from knowledge of your conduct and character, and from inclination, my feelings of friendship and respect for you have been invariable, and are as strong as ever. I certainly differ with you in the inference you draw or at least sanction against the admission of English Catholics to their rights, from your very natural repugnance to popish doctrines and popish practices in Spain; perhaps, in point of judgment and prudence, I should, as a friend, have advised you, if you had thought it necessary to consult me, not to publish or urge such opinions—but I am quite satisfied of your sincerity in holding them, and of the honourable motives which induce you to avow them. Having done so, I should advise you not to be too susceptible to attacks, however coarse, virulent, and unjust, for there is no meddling with the brambles

of controversy on any side without exposing one's self to be scratched by the thorns with which they are beset.

Henry, who is here, and will soon be in England, begs me to add his testimony of respect and esteem. Thank you for your enquiry about my gout; it is better, and I purpose setting out upon my return on Wednesday next. Lady H. and Allen join in best respects.

Yours truly,

VASSALL HOLLAND.

June 12th, 1826. I have this day devoted myself anew to my Ministry, by repeating upon my knees those parts of the Ordination Service in which the Church of England mainly differs from that of the Church of Rome. They are chiefly relating to the Holy Scriptures; the study of which with prayer, I intend, with God's blessing, to prosecute more assiduously than my harassing occupations have allowed me of late. I was induced to do this by reading the Memoir of Mr. Henry Martyn. May God, by his all-powerful grace, bless my feeble endeavours.

Letter from Southey.

Harley Street, 2nd July, 1826.

My dear Blanco,

Thank you for your book.* I have read it with emotion, but with satisfaction also,—grieved at thinking you should have been pained by such an attack, but satisfied and pleased by the becoming and dignified manner in which you have noticed it. Would that I could impart to you a portion of my own impenetrability. But if I cannot do this, I can at least promise you the soothing, healing, and tran-

[* Letter to Charles Butler, Esq.]

quillising effects of a healthy air, and a situation removed from the stir and the turmoil of a troubled world, if you will realize the hope you have held out, of visiting me this summer. By God's blessing I shall reach home on Friday morning next, and the sooner I see you there, the more glad I shall be, because the longer I may hope to keep you.

It can hardly be necessary to tell you, what you must have expected, that I shall not take the seat in Parliament which has been given me, without either my consent to the measure, or knowledge of it, by a person to whom I am an utter stranger, solely on account of the Book of the Church. The circumstance, however, gratifies my friends so much, that on that account I am gratified by it myself.

As Mr. Butler has not been pleased with Sister Nativity, I have found a Sister Providence, whom I must introduce to him in the next Review. The book was written about a hundred years ago, by a Jesuit, but is just now published for the first time, and is one of a series of religious books for the edification of the French people.

I have a great deal to show you, and to say to you at Keswick, where we may take counsel together against our common enemies. A greater struggle is at hand than has taken place since the first age of the Reformation. In Ireland it will be decided by fire and sword; here, thank God, the warfare will be of a different kind;—but you and I must be in the front of the battle, and smite them we will, as that good Christian,—that perfect one with the shaven crown, the Bishop Don Hieronymo, did the Moors,—for the love of charity, and with a hearty good will.

God bless you, my dear Blanco,

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

July 25th. Looking at Zulueta's translation (Spanish) of Dr. Channing's Discourse on the Evidences of Christianity, which I sent to Mr. Daniel Wilson.

Letter from Mrs. Hemans.

Rhyllon, St. Asaph, Aug. 10, 1826.

Dear Sir,

Will you allow me, in thanking you for the kind present of your last publication, to express to you something of the sincere respect and sympathy with which I have read it? Every volume of yours deepens the strong impression made upon me some years ago by the perusal of what I believe to have been the first, (the letters of Doblado,) and must, I should think, bear the fulness and the might of *Truth* at once to every unprejudiced heart.

Am I presuming too much in favour of the deep interest with which your history and writings have so long inspired me, when I make the request that you would sometimes allow me the gratification of hearing from you, and give me the privilege of consulting you on subjects connected with Spanish literature? If this would be encroaching too much upon time, of whose value I am well aware, yet believe me not the less, dear Sir, with unfeigned esteem,

Your obliged,

FELICIA HEMANS.

Aug. 14th. To Oxford.

16th. To see lodgings. Dined at New College with the Warden and a large party in the Hall.

23rd. London. Sat for three hours to Mrs. Solly for my portrait.

27th. Preached, and administered the Sacrament, at Park-street Chapel.

Sept. 10th. With the Miss Calverts in their carriage to Park-street Chapel, where I preached.

24th. Preached a Charity Sermon at the New Church, Chelsea.

Oct. 3rd. Oxford. Arranging things in my lodgings.

8th. Wore my Master's gown for the first time.

17th. My name has been entered at Oriel. Dined in the Common Room, as a Member of the College, to meet the Provost.

Oct. 19th. To the Convocation. Took the Regency Oath and was admitted, after which I took the Bodleian Oath, and sat to make a house during the conferring of Dr. Bishop's Degree of M.D.

Nov. 26th. Preached at Denchworth morning and evening.

Dec. 17th. Heard Hawkins in the afternoon and evening. The Provost (Copleston) called with his Jubilee Sermon, on which he had written a very handsome inscription to me.

24th. Preached at Cuddesden and administered the Sacrament.

25th. Preached at Cuddesden, and assisted in the administration of the Sacrament.

If abstract argument could so bewilder me as to lead my understanding to deny a Creator, I should still kneel before Christ, as the true God of the Moral World.

I believe that this sentiment, which has seized my heart on reading Hazlitt's Character of Christ, is true—though it sounds rash and strange.

1827.—Ætat. 52.

Oxford, Sunday, Jan. 7, 1827.

To St. Mary's. Preached there at two o'clock.

Letter from Mrs. Hemans.

Rhyllon House, St. Asaph,

My dear Sir, Feb. 1, 1827.

I fear you must have thought me very ungrateful for the kind attention of both your former and more recent letter, my neglect of which must have appeared wholly inconsistent with the respect and interest which I had done myself the pleasure of expressing towards you, and that with perfect sincerity. But I can offer too true and too mournful an apology, to doubt for a moment of your entire forgiveness. The earlier part of this year has passed with me in suspense and anxiety; its close, in the heaviest sorrow which I have yet been called upon to sustain. I have been engaged in a long attendance upon the sick-bed, and very recently, the *dying* hours of my best and tenderest friend; to *you* I need hardly say—my mother. Under her roof had all my Children been born, and from her I had experienced an unremitting tenderness perhaps hardly good for me, since it is now taken away, and I am left to feel that this world has no affection which can fill its place. Still I sorrow not as having no hope; her Life and Death have bequeathed me too many holy recollections for this, and will I trust assist in guiding me to that better Country whence she cannot return to me, though I may go thither to her.—I almost blame myself for dwelling upon this subject to you, but my heart is very full of it, and the deep and true feelings I have found in your works, have almost taught me to consider you, though personally unknown, as a friend.—I hear with sincere pleasure of the comfort attending your establishment at Oxford, and offer you my best wishes for its long continuance and increase.—I am truly grateful for the literary suggestions contained in your very kind letter; my mind is at present too much depressed to engage in any fresh undertaking; but I look to Him who has chastened it, for the revival of its energies, and shall then hope to give the project you recommend the consideration it deserves.

Notwithstanding my past negligence, let me still hope

for the pleasure of hearing from you occasionally. I should be most happy in any opportunity of personally assuring you with how much esteem I am,

My dear Sir,

Your truly obliged,

FELICIA HEMANS.

Feb. 12th. A walk with Dr. Whately: a long conversation about one of his Sermons.

18th. Taken ill and confined to the house the whole day. Newman drank tea with me.

28th. A great part of the morning reading the sketch of a Sermon to Dr. Whately.

March 3. Seventeenth Anniversary of my arrival in England. God be praised for that most signal of his mercies to me. Walked with Whately, and heard two of his Sermons, on which he wished to have my opinion. Dined with a large party at New College.

11th. A walk with Whately and Newman.

25th. Sunday. Preached to the University at St. Peter's.

June 27th. To the Commemoration. De Beriot breakfasted with me. To the Concert by myself.

July 2nd. Whately called to propose to me a pupil. He called again with Mr. Daniell of Balliol, whom he had intended to introduce to me in that character.

22nd. Sunday. Read prayers at St. Mary's morning and evening, and preached in the evening.

Oct. 18th. A very long walk to Shotover Hill. Employed the morning in preparing a form for

admitting Roman Catholic Priests to the Church of England.

31st. Called on Pusey, who walked with me. Pusey, Wilberforce, and Froude came in the evening to learn the order of the R. C. Service of the Breviary.

Nov. 6th. An early walk with Whately. Mr. Daniell* called; settled that he should ask the consent of his College tutors to read with me.

7th. Mr. Daniell came to tell me the tutors had no objection.

8th. Began reading two hours with Mr. Daniell.

Letter from Coleridge.

Grove, Highgate, 28th Nov. 1827.

My dear Sir,

It would be a waste of your time and feelings to enter into any detail of the sorrows, sicknesses and perplexities, in my own person, and from the misfortunes τῶν ἀμφ' ἔμε, which after all would but palliate my unthankful silence and apparent neglect. I have now before me two fragments of Letters *begun*, the one in acknowledgment of the finest and most grandly conceived Sonnet† in our Language,—(at least, it is only in Milton's and in Wordsworth's Sonnets that I recollect any rival,—and this is not my judgment alone, but that of the man κατ' ἐξοχην φιλοκαλου, John Hookham Frere,) the second on the receipt of your "Letter to Charles Butler," with the verses written on the blank page of Butler's Book of the Church, with the motto, *Indignatio fecit*, as composed in the first Heat of my Feelings on read-

[* The late Rev. E. T. Daniell.]

[† Supposed to be the Sonnet on Night and Death, which will be found under date of Oct. 16, 1838.]

ing the latter part of your Letter, from page 80. They were to have been published in the Souvenir, with a long note declarative of my sense of your character, and of the nature and amount of your services to the Church of England, to Protestantism, and above all to the Faith in Christ. But Alaric Watts, the Editor, was afterwards advised, that it would probably expose his book to a persecution by the Catholics and Liberals—mislayed the copy, and afterwards applied for another copy, entreating permission to have the Lines inserted in the first Number of a Paper, undertaken on Protestant Principles. This was, as I afterwards found, the STANDARD, to my no small annoyance—first and least, because it was misprinted, and by the confusion of the *Persons* of the Dialogue, rendered unintelligible; but secondly and chiefly, from the *vampire* attacks and malignant Personalities on Mr. Canning, with which the Paper infamized itself. The Poem appeared likewise in the St. James's Chronicle. If you have not seen it, I will transmit a correct copy to you. It may serve to assure you, that I have *felt* as became one who loved and honoured you, though I have failed in my duty, as an obliged Correspondent. You have probably not heard, that by Lord Liverpool's (or rather the Nation's) calamity I was deprived of a provision, to which he had declared his intention of appointing me, as he had indeed engaged his word to Mr. J. H. Frere—and which would have enabled me to devote the scanty remainder of my breathing-time to the completion and bringing out of the two Works, on which I have laboured for thirty years past, and which it will be hard for me to effect under my present necessity of scribbling what the Public *like*, instead of giving what the mind of the country *wants*. God's will be done! One of the books is now transcribing for the Press; of the other, the materials are all collected, and the first part, and half of the second, composed, and fit for the Press—and when I say, that this amounts to three large volumes, and that the whole work, which, however, is capable of being pub-

lished as three several Works, will consist of six, containing my system of Philosophy and Faith, as the result of all my researches and reflections concerning God, Nature and Man, you will not wonder that I name it my OPUS MAXIMUM, the Harvesting of my Life's Labours. Yet as I awoke last night, or rather with the poor relic of Volition breaking the Enchanter's Talisman, succeeded at length in awakening myself out of a terrific fantastic Dream, which would have required tenfold the imagination of a Dante* to have constructed in the waking state, I could not but thank God on my knees for the lesson of Humility I had received, exclaiming, O vanity! I have but a few hours back announced myself to my friend, as the author of a SYSTEM of Philosophy on Nature, History, Reason, Revelation; on the Eternal, and on the Generations of the Heaven and the Earth, and I am unable to solve the problem of my own Dreams! After many years' watchful notice of the phænomena of the somnial state, and an elaborate classification of its *characteristic* distinctions, I remain incapable of explaining any one Figure of all the numberless Personages of this shadowy world—and have only attained to an insight into the utter shallowness and impertinency of all the pretended Theories hitherto advanced—and to look even on the *Visa et Audita* of Swedenborg, with his *spiritus* κοπροφιλοι, with more respect than on the Lucubrations of Locke and Hartley! Well for me if these vexations of the Night increase the dread of being suffered to fall back upon the wild activities and restless chaos of my own corrupt Nature! Well, if they increase the fervency with which I pray, *Thy* kingdom come! in the world within me!

I have scarcely confidence to entreat you to re-commence your correspondence with me, but if you will favour me

* A large part of the imagery of the Divina Comedia was in fact supplied by the Trances of a Monk, and it is certain that the monkish ἀσκῆσις may produce the magnetic sleep. [Vid. Tertull. *de Animâ*. c. 9.]

with a letter, or let me know how you are "in mind, body and estate," and what you are doing, I dare give you my word that I will try to merit your forgiveness. For I have much and of much interest to say to you, arising in great part out of your own writings. You shall not again have reason to complain of me.

This Letter will be delivered to you by James Gillman, a Freshman and Probationary Fellow of St. John's, from Merchant Tailors' School, which he left as Head Boy. He is the eldest of the two children of my excellent friends and dear house-mates, Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, a youth of thoroughly honest feelings and principles, of fair abilities and respectable scholarship. He has in all his letters from Oxford renewed his entreaties to be introduced to you by me, as one who from his childhood has been accustomed to regard me as a second father. I am assured that he will not discredit any notice with which you should be so good as to honour him. I feel an interest on this point, because I know enough of my young friend to be convinced that the desire of winning and retaining *your* esteem and approbation, will operate as a strong motive with him to persevere in his studies, and closely linked with this, and of still more importance, in his Temperance and Purity of Life. May the Almighty bless you, my dear Sir! I am, with most sincere respect and with affectionate regard,

Your obliged friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Letter from Coleridge.

My dear Sir, [Without date.]

James must not return to Oxford without bearing from me the expression of my thanks, and of my thankfulness for your very kind and to me most comfortable letter. But first of your Sonnet. On reading the sentences in your letter respecting it, I stood staring vacantly on the paper in a state of feeling not unlike that which I have too often experienced in a dream, when I have found myself in

chains, or in rags, shunned or passed by, with looks of horror blended with sadness, by friends and acquaintance, and convinced that in some alienation of mind I must have perpetrated some crime, which I strove in vain to recollect. I then ran down to Mrs. Gillman, to learn whether she or Mr. Gillman could throw any light on the subject (though on reading your letter her heart was so full of joy and thankfulness to you for your kind words about her son, that it was some time before I could bring her back to the point on which I came to question her). Neither Mr. nor Mrs. G. could account for it. I have *repeated* the sonnet often; but to the best of my recollection never either gave a copy to any one, or permitted any one to transcribe it,—and as to publishing it without your consent, you must allow me to say the truth,—I had felt myself so much flattered by your having addressed it to me, that I should have been half suspicious that it really might be, and half afraid that it would appear to be, asking to have my own vanity tickled, if I had thought of applying to you for permission to publish it. Where and when did it appear? If you will be so good as to inform me, I may perhaps trace it out: for it annoys me to imagine myself capable of such a breach at once of confidence and of delicacy.*——

My dear Sir, I pray you, do not consider this as any answer to your letter. You will hear from me before James returns to us, i. e. in about ten days. I mean this merely as a *skimming* of my mind, that I may have nothing of this petty, personal gossip in my thoughts, to interfere with matter of far deeper interest.

You will hear from me in a few days, and then I shall dare hope a continuance of your correspondence; for believe me, few indeed are they to whom, with the same depth and entireness of regard and respect, I can subscribe myself the obliged and affectionate Friend,

S. T. Coleridge.

CHAPTER II.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

[1828—1833.]

1828.—Ætat. 53.

Oxford, April 14, 1828.

My dear J——,

YOUR letter followed me into a very retired village fourteen miles from Oxford, where I went to assist a friend of mine on Good Friday and Easter Day. The change of air did me some good. I have been strongly recommended to go next summer to Tunbridge Wells, and, though reluctantly on account of the trouble of moving about, I intend to spend two or three weeks there. I mean to pass a week in London on my way. But by that time you will be far away. I hope, however, to hear from you, and to learn that your usual spirits have revived. Indeed, as you may well suppose, I cannot hear of your being an invalid without sincere concern.

It is now very near two years since I heard from my brother. From Ferdinand [his son] I hope to have a letter ere long, for it is now about a year since he left us. I should be glad to hear that he was to proceed, soon after his arrival, to India, where in all probability he has to reside many years. My great anxiety, after all, is, whether the climate will agree with his constitution. But I must leave all this to that Providence which, in so very extraordinary a manner, has conducted him hitherto to places and situations the most unlikely in his circumstances.

Letter to the Rev. George Armstrong.[*]

Oxford, April 21st, 1828.

Sir,

I have lately received your very obliging letter of February last, and a copy of your work on the Roman Catholic controversy. I have to thank you for both, which I do most sincerely. Your argument, both against the Popery of Rome, and what may be called Protestant Popery, is most ably managed, and your last letter is affectingly eloquent. I find that we differ on some very important points of Christian Divinity, but I perfectly agree with you as to the spirit in which Christians should consider such differences. *Involuntary* error cannot be punishable by Divine justice; while to distinguish between wilful error, and that which entirely depends on the understanding, is only possible to God. We should therefore take the words, "he that believeth not shall be damned," under the necessary qualification which the immutable principles of justice force upon them. Let us therefore not judge one another; and when we condemn error, (i. e. what we conscientiously believe to be error,) let us do it in Christian charity, "speaking the truth in love."

If any expression in my works has induced you to think that I ever intended to meddle with the *practical* question of what is called Emancipation, I must have failed in the attempt to convey my meaning. I am, indeed, fully convinced, that a true Roman Catholic must be an unsafe legislator in a Protestant country; but whether, in the relative present circumstances of England and Ireland, it would be *expedient* to grant legislative power to Roman Catholics, is a question far above my knowledge, and in which it would ill become *me* to take a part. A man, indeed, who has been at the point of death by Arsenic, will not be very anxious to measure and qualify his language when opposing

[* Then a clergyman of the Church of England, now Minister of a Congregation of English Presbyterians at Bristol.]

any one who would persuade people that there is no harm in that mineral. But it would not thence follow that he wished to interfere with the practice of Medicine, or positively deny that taking a small dose of Arsenic may, in some diseases, contribute to the recovery of the patient.

I am, with sincere respect, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

J. Blanco White.

Hastings, July 11, 1828.

My dear J——,

The welcome you intended for my return to Oxford, greeted me about a fortnight ago on the beautiful beach of Hastings. The air of Tunbridge Wells disagreed with me so decidedly, that Dr. Mayo, (a former Fellow of Oriel College,) whom I consulted, urged me to remove to the sea side. This, indeed, had been my original plan for this summer, in consequence of having an offer from a young friend to spend the long vacation with me, reading for his examination. My pupil, who was already at Tunbridge Wells, readily acquiesced in this change of plan, and I have already spent a month on this delightful coast, rather better for warm air and warm bathing. I need not assure you by many protestations how much more pleasantly I should pass this season with you; indeed, the invitation you have detailed with so much force and kindness from my excellent old friend, would not fail to draw me to Scotland, were it in my power to undertake such a long trip. I am, however, in hopes that, though I am growing old faster and faster as I go down on the wrong side of age, I shall be able to pay you a visit before I am *sans teeth, sans eyes*, &c. I think this a most appropriate topic in a letter written, as this is, on my birthday. This day I complete my fifty-third year. It is, indeed, a great delight to me, that though I must spend this anniversary of my birth away from every one I love dearly, I have it in my power to address myself to one of them in my affectionate friend J——.

Alas, for absence, and separations, and losses! Yesterday I had the melancholy task of answering a letter, in which my friend, Mr. Christie, communicated to me the death of Clara, his youngest daughter. I saw her on her death-bed when I passed through town on my way to Tunbridge Wells. I knew that she could not recover, yet her father's letter gave me a pang which revives with almost every thought, however remote from the subject.——

Of Ferdinand I am still without any account. It is probable he has had to proceed to India without delay, as his regiment was gone before he could arrive at New South Wales.

Believe me, my dear J——,
Ever yours affectionately.

P.S. I intend to continue here till October.

On Sunday, 27th July, 1828, Dr. Mayo,—who came to see Senior and myself from Tunbridge Wells to Hastings, where I was for the benefit of my health in company with Mr. E. T. Daniell, of Balliol College, Oxford, who had engaged to spend the summer with me, reading for his degree—made me the proposal of editing a new Review. The project of this quarterly publication had originated with Senior, who, having engaged the support of Dr. Whately and many others, had now only to procure an editor. Dr. Mayo urged me to accept the offer, both as a literary friend and as my medical adviser; assuring me that, in his opinion, such an occupation would raise my spirits and afford me the means of employing my old age usefully and satisfactorily to myself. This offer was made at a time when a long residence at a watering

Place, in the amusements of which I could not share, both from want of health and inclination, had reduced me to a state of dejection. The unexpected opening thus made for useful occupation, and the chance of a better provision for my old age than I could make by taking pupils at Oxford, roused me into all the energy of revived hope. I accepted the charge with alacrity. Mr. Senior soon after returned to town, in order to treat with the publishers. As it was difficult to carry on this negotiation at a distance, I proposed to remove to Kensington, whither Mr. Daniell, my pupil, agreed to follow me.

On the 20th of August we proceeded to London.

Whately, Senior and myself talked at first of a *Prospectus*, as of a thing of course. It was proposed that each of us should write one, and the best of the three should be published—perhaps one might be compiled out of the three. I went accordingly to work at the leisure moments which reading with Daniell and other business left me. But when I had nearly finished my sketch, I perceived at once the uselessness, if not the danger, of a Prospectus, in our circumstances. Were a Review something new, a Prospectus would be required to make the public acquainted with the nature of the work. But a Review is well known to be a collection of essays and criticisms by different authors. What then is the use of a Prospectus? Professions and generalities are little heeded. Whatever might be said would probably be made a subject of cavil by our enemies;—our friends

do not require pledges.—I was glad to find that my best and most intelligent friends agreed with me. Both Senior and Whately acquiesced in my views, or rather approved them.

London, Oct. 18, 1828.

My dear J——,

You have heard, of course, the new and unexpected turn which has been given to my pursuits. I seem to be doomed never to take root any where. Oxford appeared to me a permanent residence offered to my old age by Providence; yet I must leave it for a while, in order to try the result of this new work of which I am to be the Editor. I know your father's probable answer—Why did he take such a difficult and hazardous task upon him? My answer is addressed to *you*, for you are more likely to enter into my motives than my good old friend. I accepted this charge because the offer found me sick of Hastings, sick of teaching Latin and Greek, sick of growing old in very limited circumstances, and sick of perceiving the growing demands which old age makes for comforts, and having no prospect of means to satisfy those demands. Should the Review succeed, I shall have a quiet occupation, not above my probable strength, together with the means of cheering up that little strength by something like a permanent place of abode, out of the grasp of landlords, and landladies, those noisy, greedy, heartless keepers of lodgings all over England. But here I am rather too hard upon that class; those I live with at Oxford are excellent.—I am not, however, to give up my *establishment* at Oxford. My books, and whatever I possess, (not a large store,) shall remain there till the fate of the London Review is known. You will find me at No. 22, Cork-street, Burlington-street, when you come to town. This is, indeed, *clear gain* in the transaction, for I shall have the pleasure of seeing you frequently.

I am in distress about Ferdinand. The ship in which he went is known to have arrived safe, but I have not heard from my boy. May God preserve him from illness and misfortunes!——

I have a pupil with me who has been reading under my direction during the long vacation. We are going to Oxford on the 1st of November.

God bless you, my dear J——.

Letter from Southey.

Keswick, 11th Nov. 1828.

My dear Blanco,

If I had not been overdone with business when your letter arrived, it should not have been left unanswered.

Be of good heart in your new undertaking, and it cannot fail. My advice is, that you should have always a considerable proportion of attractive matter,—for which current literature may always supply abundant subjects. You know very well I do not mean that sort of flippancy which has so often disgraced the Quarterly, for good and sound information may be conveyed in a cheerful form. A good journal I know you will make it; get for it the character of an entertaining one, and you will have hit your own mark as well as the publishers';—theirs, because the journal will sell widely; yours, because readers will be tempted to read what they may be the better for reading.

One thing more: if you could so *time* your publication as to come out between the regular times of the Quarterly, it would (I think) be favourable for your sale, and it would (this I am sure of) have a friendly appearance. Rely upon this, that you have my best word, my best wishes, and shall not want my best aid, when I can with propriety give it. The two Journals will promote the same cause,—and may very well at no distant time assist each other.

What you say of Oxford tallies but too well with what I hear from other quarters. The Protestant cause was first betrayed by compromising ministers, and is likely now to be

abandoned by timid ones. Peel has broken down under a reputation as well as a responsibility which he had not sinews to sustain. The Duke wants the religious feeling on which alone there can be a firm foundation. He will break down in body. Very possibly the government may again be at the feet of the Whigs, by destitution, as it was in 1811, and upon Perceval's death. But the same Providence that saved us then, will save us still. *Exoriatur aliquis!* Be that as it may, you and I must continue to cast our bread upon the waters: it will be found after many days.—God bless you, my dear friend!

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

From the same.

Keswick, Nov. 26th, 1828.

My dear Blanco,

The root of the evil is in our schools. If it be possible to get the Madras system established in the school which is to form one part of the New King's College, Westminster, Eton, &c. must very soon adopt it in their own defence, and boys will then learn thoroughly at school all that is taught there. I am very earnest about this, which in its immediate effects would abolish half the tyranny now practised in the great schools, and send all youths from thence to the University properly qualified to improve their time there.

Thank you for the Bulls, which I am glad to have at hand.

If any of your friends are concerned in the direction of the Clarendon Press, recommend them to print Carte's Life of Ormond, and Jackson's works,—the old Master of Corpus. Carte's book, inferior as it is in many respects, ought always to accompany Clarendon's: and Jackson is among the very best of our Divines. We want to make young men better acquainted with history and theology:

and, therefore, the best and soundest works in both should be made accessible.—I am as much assured as it is possible to be on such a subject that if certain books had been put into my hands when I was young, they would have saved me from all the errors of my youth. Through God's mercy I am at this time both a wiser, and (I trust) a better, man than I should have been if I had not fallen into those errors: but this is only through God's mercy. I know therefore, feelingly, of what infinite importance it is that men, as far as is possible, should be made wise *in time*.

God bless you, my dear friend, and prosper you in all your undertakings.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

1829.—Ætat. 54.

London, Feb. 15th.

A letter which I received yesterday from the Chairman of the Oxford Committee for the re-election of Mr. Peel, backed by the recommendations of the Provost of Oriel, and Mr. Pusey, Canon of Christ Church, and Hebrew Professor in the University, induced me to offer my vote for that object.

My views on the abstract question whether Roman Catholics can be entrusted with legislative power without danger to the Church of England, are still the same as before;—I am fully persuaded they cannot. This, I believe, is also the opinion of Mr. Peel, notwithstanding the political measure he is now supporting. Most certainly his conduct does not necessarily imply a change of views on the abstract question itself. The fair inference from his adoption of the Cabinet measure now in progress is, that he con-

siders the *eventual* danger to the Church is an evil, the chance of which should be preferred to the only method now left of avoiding it, namely, a *civil war*. With this view I perfectly concur.

But the alternative is questioned. It is said that the Irish Catholics may be kept from taking arms. On this (which is a matter to be settled by correct information as to the real state of Ireland) I have no reason to mistrust the decided and unanimous opinion of Government.

Suppose, however, that all those who have recommended the measure to the King are mistaken. What human power can correct the effects of that mistake at this moment? To disappoint the fervent expectation not only of the Catholics, but of their Protestant friends, both in England and Ireland, would raise a flame in both countries, to quench which, even the talents of a Pitt would be inadequate. The stopping of the intended Bill would of necessity produce a dissolution of the Ministry. Where are the anti-catholic materials of which another could be formed? Such consequences are to me perfectly appalling.

Now, with respect to the University,—the opposition to Mr. Peel's re-election involves the appointment of a Member who should oppose the plans of the present Ministry, and, consequently, has a direct tendency to produce the consequences I have just mentioned.

But why should I vote at all? Because, in the first place, (if I may judge from the vehement abuse

which the Catholics have bestowed upon me,) I have had some influence in the question at a former period. Since, therefore, circumstances have so materially changed, I conceive it to be my duty not to allow people to think that, in my opinion, the remote and eventual dangers to the Church of England, which I have stated to be the probable consequences of the admission of Catholics into Parliament, should be averted by the use of the sword. Such a doctrine I abhor: it is in direct opposition to the Christian spirit.

I know that I shall be abused by those who have hitherto praised me. Let it be so, though it is most painful in my peculiar circumstances.

The Laws of this country make me a British subject in the most ample and unqualified manner. The University of Oxford has given me a vote in Convocation. To shrink from the exercise of those privileges just at the moment when conflicting opinions require that no honest and sincere man should be neutral, would be the most abject cowardice and selfishness. In the name of God, therefore, I will do my duty. May God in his mercy bless my endeavours, by giving me a clear view of what is right, and fortitude to endure whatever consequences may follow from the resolution I have taken.

This Memorandum, with a few alterations made by myself, was published by Mr. Peel's Oxford Committee, and appeared soon after in some of the Lon-

don Papers. The violent High-Church Journals, including the Age, attacked me most violently.

On February 25th, I proceeded to Oxford with Messrs. Senior and Fane, of Magdalen College. On the 26th, after a great many and unavailing efforts to get through the crowd, I succeeded in giving my vote for Mr. Peel. The Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Jones), in consideration of my ill health, allowed me to enter through the Divinity School. I was treated with the most perfect civility.

As I was on my way to the Convocation House in the afternoon, Mr. Buckley, of Merton, met me, and told me, the leading voters for Mr. Peel were desirous I should have a consultation with Mr. Joy, the lawyer on their side, as to my right of voting; which the adverse party, taking me for an alien, were intending to question. I had taken the precaution of putting in my pocket the documents which prove me to be the grandson, by my father's side, of Mr. William White, a natural born subject, a native of Waterford. On a former occasion, many years ago, I had the opinion of two lawyers who concurred in asserting that my right to all the privileges of a natural born subject could not be questioned. Mr. Senior had in the morning brought me accurate references to the Acts of Parliament upon this subject, and I was also provided with a note to this purpose.

"4 Anne, cap. 5, sect. 3.—The children of all natural born subjects, born out of the liegeance, to be deemed natural born subjects to all intents and purposes.

"4 George II., cap. 21, sect. 1.—All children born or to be born out of the liegeance whose *fathers* were or shall be natural born subjects, to be natural born subjects to all intents and purposes whatsoever.

"13 George III., cap. 21.—The children of all those who were by virtue of the previous acts made natural born subjects, to be natural born subjects to all intents and purposes as if born within this kingdom."

While I was showing to Mr. Joy this note and the documents relative to my person, a message was sent from the managers of Sir R. H. Inglis's party, acquainting us that they had relinquished all idea of disputing my vote.

Feb. 28th, 1829.

There is no hope of Mr. Peel's election. I had strong misgivings that it would be so, when I engaged my vote in his favour. I even went so far as to mention to two friends at Oxford, the reasons I had for fearing that this event would take place. Those reasons will appear superstitious to some; but such as believe in a divine Providence, which works good out of evil, will probably not despise my views.

I am sincerely attached to the Church of England, because it is the *best* Christian Church *in existence*: yet, I cannot but see that it retains too much of the *Spirit* of Popery to remain as it is. When I say that the Church of England retains too much of the *Spirit* of Popery, I do not make the slightest allusion to the grounds of objection on which the Dissenters of Puritanic descent take their stand. The popish dross

which I fear is on the point of working the ruin of the present Church Establishment of England is the spirit of *Ascendancy*—a modification of the spirit of *Exclusion*. The High Churchmen of England imagine that by allowing other denominations of Christians to exist, they have arrived at the utmost limits of forbearance and toleration.

Now the difference between this system and that of Rome is, that the latter is as politic as it is wicked: the former leads to persecution while it defeats the end for which alone persecution can be of service. The exclusionist *roots out* whatever may contend for equality with his church; the supporter of ascendancy *encourages the growth* of what he is determined always to keep in a state of inferiority. Both these systems are of "this world," but their supporters are not equally "wise in their generation."

It seems therefore a natural inference from the belief in the divine origin of Christianity that Providence will not allow the best of Christian Churches to proceed for ever on this plan—this unnatural blending of Gospel truth, with a worldly, and that a *mistaken* policy. I fear the instruments which are to work this change are already prepared for action. The strongest and most active portion of the public mind in all the civilised countries of Europe, is opposed to religion. In England, *unbelief* has made a rapid progress both among the higher and the lower classes. On the other hand, the Roman Catholics combine in their ranks the activity of religious zeal

with the unscrupulousness of infidelity. All these forces are directed against the *Ascendancy Church*, and would endanger its existence, even if "observing the signs of the times," or acting from the better principle of Christian meekness and forbearance, she was to give way in the present crisis, and endeavour to disarm her enemies by moderation. What then must be the consequence of this desperate struggle by which Churchmen are at this moment bringing this country to the brink of a revolution? What must be the indignation created by their appeal to the blindest passions of the most ignorant of the multitude? What the hatred roused by the activity of the clergy in opposing what the greatest part of the thinking men of this kingdom, what the king and his ministers unanimously consider as the only step that can preserve the nation from a civil war? This opposition may succeed—I fear it will; but I cannot help believing that it must seal the doom of the present Church of England as an establishment. From the moment of their triumph, whatever evils may press upon this kingdom will be attributed to the conduct of the clergy at this moment. They will be looked upon as the great obstacle to the union and peace of the British dominions—as the natural enemies of the progress of civilization. I do not say that these charges will be just; but they will appear with every advantage that can give them effect. How long the struggle will last I cannot at all conjecture; but I fear it will be fierce. Will the Church of Eng-

land be able to maintain the *Ascendancy*? Impossible. Will the Church be destroyed? As far as it is a really spiritual Church, I say with more confidence—Impossible. But its power to bias, and controul, and defeat the measures of any government acting in accordance with the spirit of the age, will certainly be wrested from her. Alas, what sufferings and misery must attend this change!

To the Rev. Mr. B——.

Sir,

I do not take the pen with an intention of sending you this letter, much less of making it public. I write because my heart is full, and I wish to record the painful feelings which your behaviour towards me has inflicted—feelings which though they do not excite resentment, nor stand in the way of forgiveness, perhaps will one day be known to you, and act as a check to the mistaken zeal which has wounded me.

The day after my letter on the Oxford election appeared in the papers, you addressed me in the Reading Room of the Athenæum with a tone of arrogant reproach, which had I been greatly your inferior could hardly be justified by the act for which you upbraided me. The various persons who were in the room could hardly fail to hear you stating your conviction—that I had destroyed whatever good my former works had done—that I had deprived myself of every means of future usefulness—that it did not become me, who had taken refuge in England, to meddle with English politics—and when I answered you (with more submission than most men will think consistent with a proper spirit) that had I not had some share (though certainly against my intention) in preparing the spirit of resistance which is displaying itself against the Government, I certainly would have kept silence, you broadly hinted that I was attaching

to myself too much importance. Now I beg you to imagine yourself candidly and fairly in my circumstances, and judge of the cruelty of such treatment. Fancy yourself driven by the love of intellectual freedom out of your own country—without rank, without prospects of rising in your profession,—having sacrificed the fairest hopes, and the actual possession of honourable preferment in the Church—imagine yourself after nearly twenty years of labour (labour endured with a constitution broken by the change of climate, by anxiety and mental struggles) having attained that knowledge of its language and literature which might enable you to join without much pain in the society of the country, and claim that degree of regard for your efforts towards assimilation to the natives, which would make such as were capable of sympathy, unwilling to remind you that you did not belong to them—that you were a stranger, and had not any lot or inheritance with them. Suppose that the laws of the country had invited you, on account of your ties of blood with the nation, to enjoy the same privileges as the natural born subjects, and that both from that invitation, and from a sincere affection of your heart to the country of your adoption, you had with pains which but few have experienced or can imagine, remodelled your mind and habits so that even your native language had lost its original fast hold on your ideas—without however the acquired one having become the easy and natural instrument of thought which that you had neglected had been to you. Place yourself in these circumstances and imagine the feelings of your breast, when treated by a native of the land, in the manner you addressed me — observe under what disadvantages you would be assailed; add the circumstance of your antagonist being a man you had admired, and who had by kindness of manner made you hope that his acquaintance would grow into friendship. Conceive, Sir, all the circumstances of our conditions reversed, and then you will be able to estimate

the pain, the humiliation to which you made me submit.

But complaint is not my object. When we parted I implored a blessing upon you, and though the wound has rankled in my soul, that blessing I will never recal. The only thing I propose to myself is to establish the important topic on which the conversation turned when (in some degree) you moderated your vehemence. You denied the principle upon which I had resolved to endure the abuse and persecution of an enraged party. The principle is that the Church of Christ should not be supported by violence, or even at the risk of having to use it. Now I repeat that the whole tenor of the New Testament, our Saviour's life, and the conduct of his apostles, nay, the conduct of all Christians till the Church could command the power of the state, prove that Christ taught *passive resistance* as the only means of preserving his religion in the souls of his followers. To this you answered that the Church of England was part of the Constitution, and those that rose against it should be treated as rebels. You went so far as to imprecate the blood of the Irish Catholics upon their heads if they attempted to rise. Thus to confound the *Spiritual* part of the Church with the external establishment by law is the main source of the Papal tyranny, which for ages kept Europe under the yoke of Rome. Whenever the ascendancy of the Church was supposed to be in danger, the clergy were made to alarm the people as if their *Faith* was at stake. I will not urge that if the abstract principle of maintaining religion by force be admitted, because the State has made the establishment of its favourite system of worship a part of the Constitution, there is an end to all *just* endeavours towards the propagation of the true Gospel. America alone has no constitutional religious establishment, and to America alone can we send missionaries without a manifest invasion of the principle, on which you would justify the civil war which I deprecate in this country.

You seemed, however, to allow every country the right of fighting for its own religious establishment, providing the right of doing the same with respect to the Irish Catholics was not questioned. Now, Sir, I appeal to your conscience in the presence of an all-seeing God. Tell me, would you be so eager for this right, would you contend that it is allowed by the Gospel but for your confidence that the power of England can crush the united forces of the Irish Catholics? Has not national pride warped all your Christian feelings in this case? Are you not making the worst passions of the heart, the interpreters of the doctrines of the meek, the crucified Jesus?

You are a minister of his holy religion. As such why should you come forward to rouse this nation into the most violent opposition to the King and his Government, who wish to spare the blood of a highly incensed part of the people of this realm, (for remember they are not a foreign power,) merely because you will not expose the *temporal* Church to a remote and contingent danger? The *spiritual* Church, the faith of your flock, and that of the flocks of the numerous pastors who are loudest in this war-cry, cannot be brought into jeopardy by the admission of Catholics into Parliament. On the contrary, it is probable that the supineness created by long *ascendancy* in many of the members of the Church of England will be dispelled by the turn of affairs now permitted by Providence. If you should say that you are not only a Clergyman but an Englishman, and as such must stand in defence of the Constitution, do not I pray you confound these two characters. Say not to the people that the Church (by which they will understand the *Spiritual* Church) is in danger. Do not give to that part of the Constitution for which you fear, the sacredness of the immutable laws of God. Otherwise you are acting (though you do not mean it) with the same duplicity and artifice by which every temporal advantage of the Church of Rome was represented to her members as a

necessary condition of their eternal welfare. You preclude all change and modification of mere human laws as if they emanated from God himself, and you throw insurmountable obstacles in the way of Government, which may in a short time bring ruin upon this nation, by not adapting its course to the change of circumstances brought about by the hand of Time. Let the Clergy defend the Constitution in regard to the Church in the same manner as they would defend any other of the existing laws. All I contend for is that they should not play off *religious* feeling when the question is not *religion*, but the temporal ascendancy of a particular Church.

I must repeat that I have not changed my views on the abstract question, whether sincere Roman Catholics are safe Legislators for a Protestant Church Establishment—I am persuaded they are not. But there are circumstances innumerable which may and probably will avert this danger. Not so that of shedding human blood if, in the present state of things, relief is denied to the Irish Catholics. Observe, Sir, that under the semblance of liberality and toleration, you are entailing upon this nation a series of civil wars, if it is to maintain its Church Establishment by the exclusion of Catholics from Parliament. The Church of Rome in its ferocious zeal may be said to have acted with more mercy. She at once rooted out the sects which endangered her *Establishments*. You water and cherish the suspected plant. You make it grow till it arrives at a certain height, and if, in the natural course of things, it continues rising, you call it rebellion, and draw the sword to keep it down to the measure you have prescribed it. If the exertions of the Clergy succeed in stopping the Bill now in progress, be assured you will have to pull down and destroy: the blood of your fellow men, your fellow countrymen, your fellow Christians, will be shed in torrents before you subdue Catholic Ireland. Can you be sure that their blood will be upon their head, not on yours? Can you think without

shuddering, on the inevitable necessity which you entail on your posterity, of repeating the same cruel process when the Catholics shall have recovered their spirit?

For the mercies of God, in Christ, think on this.

J. B. W.

Letter from Mrs. Hemans.

Liverpool, May 10, 1829.

It is very, very long, my dear Sir, since I have had the pleasure of any communication with you. The intervening time has, indeed, been so full of events to me, and of deep feelings, the consequences of those events, which have painfully acted upon my health, that I have scarcely had thoughts to send beyond the little sphere of my own life and trials. The parting with my only sister, and I may truly say my only *companion*, who has married, and settled far away from me—with two of my children, who are gone to their father on the Continent—and with many friends, whom my change of residence (I am now settled in the neighbourhood of Liverpool) has separated from my path of life;—these things have made the world seem to me like one scene of farewells. —But now the "troubled waters" are beginning to subside, and you are amongst those whose remembered kindness comes pleasantly back to me, and with whom I would fain hope for renewed intercourse. I fear you have never received what I had given directions for having sent to you, a copy of my last publication, the "Records of Woman;" if not, will you inform me how it is likely to be safely conveyed, and I will renew my order for its transmission. I have now been settled about six months near Liverpool, and though I meet with much kindness, and have even attached myself to some individuals whose society interests me, still *you* will understand all those undefined longings for the streams and the mountains of my childhood—sudden pictures flashing before the mind's eye—remembered sounds that come and go, and waken the heart to gushings of pain-

ful tenderness—all those *exile* feelings, in short, by which I am but too frequently visited. Such things, I suppose, must be, in all deep and *severed* hearts, until the "better country, even the heavenly," shall be reached, where there is "no variableness, neither shadow of change."

You will wonder what can be the object of the lines I enclose, which are, I believe, by a Mr. Bayly, and have been set to very popular music. I have a favour to ask you respecting them, your granting which, if in no way inconvenient to yourself, would gratify me much. Some very kind friends of mine are collecting for an annual work, in which they are much interested, translations of these lines into various European languages, with a view of comparing the different powers of each to convey ideas so common to all. They have already procured Italian, German, and French translations, and one in Latin from Archdeacon Wrangham, but are anxious for a Spanish one, and I have promised my interest with you—if I am so fortunate as to possess any—in order to obtain it. Let me not, however, my dear sir, intrude upon your leisure, if any inconvenience to yourself would attend the compliance with this request. I will only beg you kindly to inform me whether it will be in your power. My present address is Wavertree, near Liverpool, but a letter under cover to the Bishop of St. Asaph, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London, will always reach me safely. These simple lines, if you should be good enough to translate them into the noble Castilian tongue, will, I think, be very like a *fly in amber*; "how they got there" will certainly be a marvel.

In the hope that I shall soon hear from you, and that you will be able to give me a favourable account of your health, believe me,

My dear Sir,
Faithfully and respectfully yours,
FELICIA HEMANS.

Oxford, May 20th, 1829.

My dear J——,

I strongly suspected that your not writing before implied that the Oxford scheme had been abandoned. I regret it, indeed, on every account. You would have seen this place in great beauty at this time of the year. But let us hope that both your visit to Oxford and mine to ——— will be realized. As for the latter, I am sorry to say it cannot take place this summer. My compact with the evil spirit, the demon of the book-market, is almost at an end; but I must try to repair its consequences by staying here the long vacation, (that is, the summer and autumn,) during which I wish to compile a little work on Logic!! I am sick, heartily sick, of subjects involving controversy; and since I am obliged to endeavour to get up some literary wares for the market, I have turned my mind to a subject as remote from party as Aristotle is from our own times. I long for nothing but quiet and peace, after my late unfortunate undertaking.

I heartily congratulate you on ——'s return, and rejoice to find that his sojourn abroad has had the good effect of endearing his own country to him. No sound mind, no upright heart, can be insensible to the great superiority of England over the rest of the civilized world. May Heaven preserve her from the evils that threaten her internal peace, and the struggles which may be feared from the clashing interests of some of her classes. I trust to Providence and the good sense of the mass of the nation.

Upon the whole I am better, though always weak, and rather struggling with low spirits. I hope very soon to be entirely free from the nightmare of the London Review. The second number will soon be out, and if the work should still continue I will resign it into other hands.

Oxford, August 28th, 1829.

My dear J——,

Lest you should imagine that I am in danger of giving you a rival in *Logic*, I will put my Aristotle aside, and bid him have patience till I have acknowledged your last letter. I must, however, in justice to my old crabbed friend, the Stagyrite, implore you not to take Gil Blas's word on the subject of Logic, or judge of Greek from *Irish* Dialectics. It is not, however, from any decided preference to this sort of studies, that I employ myself in translating the driest work that ever was written. But whatever may be the character of my present employment, it has this great advantage, that it removes me from all party and controversy, both religious and political. I have, besides, some hope that the book I am preparing may be of service in this University. If so, I shall have my best reward in affording myself the pleasure of showing my gratitude to a Body of men who have adopted me, and given me a resting place—something like a home. I trust this circumstance will perfectly reconcile you to my present task. I am fully aware, that were I to employ my pen on the subject of Spain, I might hope to be more read, and should certainly derive more profit from the book-market than Logic will bring me. But I cannot dwell upon that subject without extreme pain. Were I to force my mind upon it, as I have frequently tried, I must either totally fail, or pay for any success at the expense of my weak health.

It gives me great pleasure to hear of ——'s arrival, and his perfect recovery. I am sure he must have liked my pupil Daniell, for there is a great similarity of character between my two young friends. Both are open, kind, and generous. ——'s proficiency in Italian must be a great inducement to you all for studying the works of Dante and Tasso. My circumstances have obliged me for many years to confine myself to Greek and English literature, but I still recollect the pleasure that Italian poetry used to give

me. Dante I never thoroughly studied; Tasso and Ariosto were my favourites. Were I now to renew my Italian studies, I would certainly devote myself to Dante. I am glad your father likes the second number of the London Review. It is some consolation to me that it will not die away unregretted; but die it must,—leaving those two numbers behind, to show the melancholy truth, that no really impartial work of that kind is as yet generally liked in England.

Oxford, January 13th, 1830.

My dear J——,

I see no chance of my visiting London till the spring, but flatter myself that I shall be there in time to meet you before you return to Scotland. The absence of any direct motive to work makes me desultory in my pursuits. I have suspended my work on Logic when it was nearly finished. The subject exhausted me as the winter deprived me of my small portion of spirits; and as I have no immediate prospect of benefit either to others or myself, the manuscript must lie by till the spring.

So Campbell is again in the heigh-day of youth. I never doubted he would marry a second wife. The expected house-warming must be preparatory to that event. But I much doubt whether at his time of life a *new* wife can make a man happy. An *old* one, I hold to be a great comfort, and it is a subject of regret to me that I have not had the pleasure of growing a sexagenarian in company. But to take up a blooming partner at fifty, or to form a partnership of rheumatism, cough, and hobbling, with a riper beauty, are follies of nearly equal absurdity.*

* [The following *jeu d'esprit*, taken from one of his Common-place Books, seems to find its natural place here.]

A Joke against the Joker.

An Advertisement.

Hymeneal Happiness.

A Gentleman in the sober age of between forty and fifty, more plea-

Oxford, Oct. 23, 1830.

My dear J——,

Your letter reached me when I was on the point of leaving Kensington for this place, where I am to be but a few days longer. I have spent seven weeks at the new town of St. Leonard's, near Hastings—a beautiful place, raised from the foundations in the space of two years. But the sea did not agree with me as it used to do formerly. The high winds, and the incessant roaring of a boisterous shore, exhausted my spirits, whilst the excessive damp of the atmosphere relaxed me. I went subsequently to my friend Mr. Senior's, near Kensington, where I intend to return on the 6th November, to stay with my little pupil till the beginning of next spring. I hope, therefore, to see you in town. I wish you were near Piccadilly, for in that case I might frequently drop in, on my way to the Royal Institution or the Athenæum.

You will be sorry to hear that my friend Wilson continues dangerously ill. I was shocked to see the state of paleness and debility to which his long illness has reduced him. I am very unhappy indeed at this state of things, for I feel very much attached to my poor friend.

I have not heard from my *Indian* Ferdinand [his son]; from my Spanish Ferdinand [his brother] I heard about

sant (at times) to converse with, than he is, generally, to look at; and whose income can cover no defects either of body or mind; of sounder principles than health, and more ready to moan than to laugh; wishes to offer himself as a candidate for any Lady who, leading as dull and forlorn a life as he does, might be disposed to season and enliven it with a small dose of domestic care, and, perhaps, now and then, a little vexation. The Gentleman is not subject to more than one bilious attack every fortnight, an occasional head-ache from reading, and about two bad colds in the winter. With the exception of these little drawbacks on matrimonial felicity, he might be considered an acquisition by any lady desirous to improve herself in Latin and Greek, to which he might add *Hebrew*, as he intends, during the courtship, to be most assiduous in the study of that Language.

two months ago. I fear the state of the Peninsula cannot fail to give him trouble, though I hope he is not likely to be involved in danger. The attempt of the Constitutionalists appears to me desperate and highly injurious to the slow progress which the country was making. If they succeed in gaining over the army, nothing can prevent a revolution; but it will be a revolution which will lead to no ultimate good. The country is incapable of much improvement at present. Could they get rid of their Priests, they might gradually learn to be free. But the Church Establishment is an insurmountable obstacle to the success of a free constitution in that unfortunate country.

Letter from John Allen, Esq.

March 6th, 1831.

Dear Blanco,

Poor Linley, 4th Fellow and Organist of Dulwich College, died this morning. Some years ago, you had thoughts of offering yourself for the situation, if it should ever become vacant, and therefore I hasten to inform you of the event, that you may announce yourself as a candidate without delay, in case you are still of the same mind.

You are aware of the nature of the office. The organist is a Fellow of the College, and the late Mr. Linley was a clergyman. The duties are to play the organ on Sundays, and instruct the children in music—twelve in number. The emoluments are at present about £160 a-year, besides apartments, commons, and wine. As the organist is completely on the same footing with the other Fellows, we wish, of course, to avoid common musicians, and to have a man of education, with the manners and feelings of a gentleman.

The election, from the mode of conducting it, is to the last moment uncertain. Two persons are chosen by the electors, who are five in number, and these two draw lots for the situation.

Let me know, if possible, by Tuesday morning, what is your determination, as we shall be overwhelmed with applications as soon as the vacancy is known.

Yours faithfully,
J. ALLEN.

To the Rev. Blanco White.

Dulwich College, March 6th, 1831.

My dear Sir,

A vacancy has occurred in the little monastery here by the death of one of its members whom I highly valued and deeply regret. But if any one circumstance more than another could furnish me with consolation, it is the prospect which the Master has held out, and which I sincerely hope you will realise, of your becoming his successor. I could not resist this hasty opportunity of telling you so, being,

My dear Sir,
Ever yours faithfully,
JOHN LINDSAY.

Oxford, March 7th, 1831.

Dear Allen,

I shall be happy to take my chance of the vacant Fellowship of Dulwich College. My only difficulty is that, at this moment, I am not able to accompany the Psalm tunes required at Church. If, however, you were to allow me for *a time* to pay a person who should play and teach the children, I trust that my knowledge of music would enable me in a few months to do the Organist's duty myself. If there is no objection to this plan, I beg you will enter my name as a candidate, and tell me what else I must do.

With many thanks for your kind remembrance of me,

I am, dear Allen,
Yours ever faithfully,
J. B. W.

From John Allen, Esq.

March 8, 1831.

Dear Blanco,

I am very glad you propose to stand, and with your knowledge of music I have no doubt you will learn to play the organ in much shorter time than you mention.

It will be necessary for you to come to town in order to wait on the electors. Poor Linley's funeral is to take place on Saturday, after which the sooner you pay your respects to them, so much the better. I have no doubt of others coming forwards as candidates before his interment, but I think it better taste not to make any personal application till afterwards, though it should not be delayed later than Sunday or Monday. As soon as we have two good candidates, we shall proceed to the election.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN ALLEN.

To John Allen, Esq.

Athenæum, March 11th, 1831.

Dear Allen,

The report about my having been bribed to write on the question between Protestants and Roman Catholics, has raised in me a feeling which does not allow me to rest contented with the verbal answer I gave you this morning. I must have the satisfaction of stating in writing the facts which I mentioned in our conversation; and it is my particular wish that you will take an opportunity of reading this statement to the electors of Dulwich College.

Upon the publication of Mr. Charles Butler's "Book of the Catholic Church," a friend suggested to me, that my peculiar circumstances demanded that I should expose that author's representations of the Roman Catholic tenets.

Upon this suggestion I undertook the "Evidence against Catholicism." Anxious, however, to have it at all times in my power to prove the absence of all interested motives in thus taking a share in the controversy between the two contending Churches, I took a solemn determination of never accepting any ecclesiastical preferment: and to bind myself the more strongly, I made this determination known to all my friends. It is known to the Bishop of Llandaff—Dr. Whately—the Provost of Oriel—the Warden of New College,—and even the Bishop of Salisbury (who, without my being previously known to him, called upon me upon the publication of my first work,) heard and applauded my resolution. When my second controversial work, "the Poor Man's Preservative," appeared, I announced on the title-page that I would not avail myself of the sale of the book for profit; and Messrs. Rivington can attest the fact, that they paid *one hundred* pounds due to me, one half to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the other half to the Commissioners for building and repairing Churches. Having these striking facts to prove the purity of my motives, I scarcely can find words in which to express my contempt of the calumny now circulated against me. A life of constant sacrifices to principle and honourable independence entitles me to that self-respect which feels it a degradation to enter into a minute refutation of such falsehood. The very fact that I am ready to stand a candidate for the situation of *organist* at your college, having relinquished a piece of preferment in my country which, at the age of eight-and-twenty, placed me among its higher clergy, may, I trust, be mentioned as a proof that I value the consciousness of honourable motives above all externals.

Grateful as I shall feel to the Electors who, convinced of the honourable character of my principles, may give me their support, I must protest against its being supposed that it is anxiety about the result of the election which prompts me to trouble you with this letter; for I would instantly

retire if I knew that even one member of the College did not give me full credit for upright principle and sincerity.*

London, July 6, 1831.

My dear J——,

You are the kindest correspondent imaginable. The landlord of the Mitre acquitted himself most faithfully, and your letter came to my hand immediately after you had changed horses. But it is the evil of not answering letters as soon as they are received, that other business comes in the way, and the answer is put off from day to day. Now, as you were not going home, I could not write directly, according to my custom. Then came a state of health worse than usual; next, a young man, to read with me for a few weeks; last of all, the Commemoration, which, not finding myself in spirits, I was resolved to avoid. Off, therefore, I went, on the 6th of June, to spend three weeks with my old friend, Mr. Bishop, at Ufton, near Reading. On the 1st of this month I performed my intended movement to Kensington, to remain with Mr. Senior's boy till the latter end of September, when I hope to return to Oxford, to remain there. My little pupil will have to spend part of the autumn and winter at Brighton, and I fear that, unless his health grows so much better as to enable him to go to Oxford, this summer will put an end to my tutorship. I regret it, because I love the child, and have a very high regard for his parents.

I was yesterday at Spagnoletti's benefit, where I heard Paganini. The room was so full at a quarter before two, (the concert was to begin at two,) that I could hardly get within the door with Mrs. Senior, whom I was escorting.

[* For the result of the election, see note to page 227. It would appear from a note appended to this letter, that it was by Lord Lowther, not Lord Roden, as stated before, Mr. White was reported to have been bought.]

For an hour and twenty minutes we had to stand in the most oppressive heat, unable to move from the crowd. But the concert was a fine selection, and two ladies having been obliged to go from one of the benches nearest to us, the support which music had given us during the first act we received more effectually, that is, more physically, from a seat during the second. Paganini is a wonderful performer —without a rival, and forming an isolated case in the history of violin playing. The difficulties he performs are not visible to those who do not know the instrument, nor are they overcome for display, but for effect. It is impossible to hear any thing more affecting than his melodies. He is the strangest-looking being I ever saw. As he appears on the platform, he gives the idea of a being, not of this world, forced to show himself by a spell, and half frightened at the novelty of the scene before him. But the tale he unfolds is most wonderful and mysterious. I was the whole evening in a state of mental intoxication—a perfect optimist, unmoved by the existence of the evils of life, and saw that all would end well.

I have left myself no room for politics, nor do I want it much, for I take no share in the present question. I believe no human power can stop the impulse of the prevalent feelings and opinions.

Letter to the Rev. George Armstrong, Dublin.

Oxford, Nov. 4th, 1831.

Dear Sir,

I will not delay my most sincere thanks for the kind interest you have taken in regard to me, and the generous manner in which you have defended me from the atrocious libels, or rather the atrocious *spirit* of the ———.* I must not, however, conceal from you the fact, that I have

[* As the attack against Mr. White, as an Anti-Catholic writer, however unjustifiable, originated in a mistake, it is thought undesirable to name the newspaper in which it appeared.]

read but little even of your ably and eloquently-written defence of myself. This fact, however, must be explained, lest you should suspect that I undervalue the service you have volunteered so kindly. Perhaps you are not aware that the person whom the Roman Catholics are wishing to hunt down by every means in their power—the man against whom they detach the worst of their ruffian forces—is a victim of habitual ill health; and that for the last eighteen years he has not enjoyed one day of tolerable existence. Such, however, is my case. In the state which I describe, and often being scarcely able to hold the pen, I have been forced by my circumstances either to teach the rudiments of Greek and Latin, or to write either in Spanish or English, in order to keep myself above want. The consequence of these exertions is, that even now, when I suffer less than I did five or six years ago, (just when I was engaged in the Popish controversy,) I cannot expose myself to any thing that agitates my mind. I beg you, however, not to suppose that I shrink from the malice of my enemies. The numbers of the ——— which you did me the favour to send me, I have this moment placed among other documents relating to myself, and have labelled them with the words, "Some of my best titles of honour." But as I do not intend to answer, I have thought it best not to place unnecessarily before my mind fresh instances of human injustice. I have seen enough of that kind of evil, and tasted more than enough its bitterness. I am ready, if it should please Providence to permit it, to fall a victim to my love of mental liberty and truth. I trust that whatever trials may be in reserve for me, I shall still *hope against hope*, and commit myself to the Author of my existence. But I do not unnecessarily pollute my mind, (the expression may appear affected, but I do not know a better for my feeling,) by a near approach to such moral exhibitions as the writer who retorts upon you seems to have made of his heart. Let him do his worst—I only pity him.

On the subject of Dr. Whately, you may easily conceive the difficulty of forming an intimate acquaintance between you and him without occasioning misconception, misrepresentation, and obloquy. A mere formal introduction would not be worth the trouble. Were all the world as truly liberal as he is, they would easily understand how two persons who differ most widely upon religious subjects might, nevertheless, meet as friends. But what would the *amiable candour* of the ————————, for instance, infer, upon seeing a person who has separated himself from the Church of England—a clergyman, too,—in frequent intercourse with the Archbishop of Dublin? I cannot but respect your motives, evinced, as they appear, by a sacrifice of temporal interest; though I sincerely lament the separation of one who, though known to me only in writing, has a claim on my respect and gratitude. But every mind has its own appropriate trial. Our theological inferences and conclusions are very different, yet our desire of following truth, and nothing but truth, I trust will excuse whichever of us may be in error.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Faithfully and gratefully yours,
J. Blanco White.

P.S. As the best acknowledgment for your defence of my character, I will tell you that when I entered the lists with the Roman Catholics I took a solemn determination, which I made known to my friends, never to accept any Church preferment.

Oxford, Nov. 6, 1831.

My dear J——,

I trust you will not be offended when I tell you, that my writing this letter at this moment is a fact intimately connected with the *cholera morbus*. Strange association, indeed! A young lady coupled in the mind of her corre-

spondent with so horrible an idea! Who could have thought the two notions compatible? Yet I believe you will not fail to trace this apparently preposterous connection to my affection for you. The truth is, that on hearing yesterday the unquestionable appearance of this new scourge in England, I seriously began to arrange a few things—very few indeed—which I should have been sorry not to have done if I found myself attacked by the disease. Full of these thoughts I went to bed, and as I lay sleepless, thinking whether I had forgotten any thing which I particularly wished not to omit, the idea of my dear friend J—— and her family started up, almost reproaching me for not having written an answer to her kind letter, and bidding me on no account to pass one day without performing that friendly duty. Uncertain, as we always are, of life, that uncertainty increases at the approach of danger. I will not therefore delay to send you a fresh assurance, that under all circumstances, favourable or adverse, I shall ever remember you in particular, and all the rest of your family, as foremost among my best English friends.

My return to Oxford was hastened by an increase of my ill health at Kensington. About the middle of September I was attacked with a severe fit of what people have agreed to call the English cholera. Whatever might be the national extraction of my enemy, it reduced me dreadfully in less than four-and-twenty hours, and left me so weak and nervous, that I could not assist my little pupil in his studies. Under these circumstances, nothing was to be done but to come away.

I do not know how the dear little fellow will do in future. For a few months he will have an excellent friend of mine as his tutor. After that period his father must try to get another person to take care of the boy.

You probably know that Dr. Whately (to whose house young Senior was to come) has been made Archbishop of

Dublin.—The whole family will leave Oxford in a few days. This is a great loss to me, for being nearly opposite door neighbours, and most intimate friends, I considered their house as part of my own.

Oxford, April 14, 1832.

I wish I could write a series of Sermons *On Evil.* I would not, of course, attempt (what revelation has not encouraged in the slightest degree) to account for the existence of the tremendous mass of evil which disturbs, and sometimes seems to confound and oppress the creation. I would only endeavour to show that the existence of *intended* and *calculated* good is undeniable. Then it would follow, that the whole moral duty of man is to assist that which is *good* to the utmost of his power, and to be ready to sacrifice even his life in *patiently* resisting evil. I would show that Christ's divine example is reduced to this: that the sublime nature and elevating tendency of Christianity arises from its object being to teach men this great lesson;—"Fear not those who kill the body," &c.—attended by all those instructions regarding forbearance, patience, fortitude, which preclude the obvious evils of fiery zeal. I would proceed to lay down the principle of Christian temperance,—the object of which is not ascetism, but prevention of the evils which arise from indulgence. I would conclude with observations on *Faith,* which is that habit of mind towards God which enables man thus to stand the struggle with Evil, which he must carry on through the whole of his life in *this wicked*

world;* concluding with the grounds which we have for this *Faith*, in the life and death of Him "who was tempted like unto us in all things"—who endured this life of temptation by his own will, and with all that unbounded knowledge of the subject of *Good* and *Evil*, which no man but He who is one with God can possess.

Oxford, April 25, 1832.

My dear J——,

I perceive that my *tragic mood* has afforded some amusement to your aunt and yourself. But *you*, gay Londoners, —— can have no notion of the light in which an Oxford recluse sees the dangers which may threaten his friends. Confined day after day to a solitary room, I have had abundance of time to dwell upon every gloomy subject, and dream of every distressing probability. My anxiety, however, has been repaid by your very kind letter, and I am glad that I have obtained it, by a visitation in the shape of a hypochondriac ghost, at C——— Place.

I promise you, as certainly as such a helpless creature as myself can promise any thing which requires exertion, to visit you at ——— before I return to England. My stay in Ireland, unless I am obliged to run for my life, will be rather long. Perhaps the best time to see you will be the autumn, which, if I remember aright, is the finest part of the Scottish year. But I have grown so despondent, that to talk of any thing which is to take place at the distance of four or five months, is to me like the probable extent of man's life.——

As we have no Members of Parliament among us, I must

* It would be proper to examine the sources of that *ludicrous* feeling which has been so generally connected with this expression; and to elucidate in a comprehensive manner what is that world, against which the Scriptures declare themselves, and which Christians renounce at their baptism.

reserve the opposite page for Mrs. ——, for fear Mr. —— should accuse me of giving an undue increase of revenue to a Whig ministry.

My dear Friend,

Being determined to spare you a double letter, I have been considering what would be the proper precedence due to *Mama*. Now, I pride myself on the uncommon acuteness which has made me choose the page which contains the direction to you. I have already told J—— what my intentions are with respect to a visit to you. I beg you to tell Mrs. ——, that it was for the sake of avoiding the appearance of an *alias* that I kept the name which had been forced upon my family in Spain. I shall have *Blanco White* upon my portmanteau, giving notice of my arrival to all the kingdom of Popery. My writings would be of some value in future times, if they were to cost me my life. My trust is in that Providence which has preserved me hitherto.

Redesdale, near Dublin, Sunday,
June 10th, 1832.

This day, a fortnight, the illness which had nearly confined me to my lodgings for the last six months became aggravated. I had shiverings, and pains in the joints. In the night I had considerable fever. As I expected Mr. Pope (Mrs. Whately's brother) on Tuesday, in order to set out for Ireland, I felt considerable anxiety in regard to the journey. I sent for Dr. Bishop, early in the morning, and under his very skilful treatment I felt much relieved in the evening of Monday (May 28th). My strength was, however, extremely reduced. Mr. Pope arrived that evening, and I feared I should not be able to proceed

on with him. On Tuesday morning, however, I got up, much better, though scarcely able to walk—so greatly was I reduced. I resolved, however, to set out the day following. Mr. Pope had kindly suggested that we might go by post-chaise to Cheltenham, and in the same manner to Bristol, whence (to avoid a long land-journey) I wished to proceed by water. Free from the restraint of a stage-coach, I soon began to enjoy the country air, and the enlivening effects of locomotion. I passed the night tolerably well at Cheltenham. In the morning, however, our plans were changed. I found that Mr. Sherlock Willis (Mrs. Whately's cousin, who happened to be there,) had advised Mr. Pope to avoid the long sea-passage from Bristol. On hearing this, I immediately proposed to continue our posting to Liverpool.

I was pleased with Tewkesbury Church (an ancient Cathedral or Abbey, I do not know which). There was a great fair at Kidderminster. The streets were full of people, whose manners and countenances gave me the idea of discontent and restlessness, not from want but growing ambition, and impatience of the higher classes. Bridgenorth is a very curious old town upon a mountain. The Severn runs at a great depth below it. What I saw of it gave me the idea of poverty, dirt and wretchedness. I saw the Wrekin with pleasure, from the accidental association which that mountain has in my mind with my friend William Bishop. He had learnt the Shropshire toast,

"All our friends round the Wrekin," from his brother Charles. There is so much *locality*, if I may say so, in this toast—it represents so clearly the feeling of country concentrated to a district by means of a remarkable natural feature, that I admire my friend's *ethical* taste for frequently proposing it to me, when we have been dining together alone under his tranquil and hospitable roof at Ufton in Berkshire. There is something amusing besides in the indefiniteness of the expression, for the whole world may be conceived to be round the Wrekin. Delphi was with equal good reason imagined to be the navel of the earth. But there is no need of continuing this analysis. Whether right or wrong, the truth is, that the memory of my excellent friend thus vividly raised in my mind was particularly interesting, when I found myself hastening to the spot where I was to quit the English coast, for the first time after more than two-and-twenty years' residence in a country which I dearly love. Since the moment indeed when I accepted the kind invitation of the Whatelys, I have not ceased to consider Ireland as a place of danger to me. The idea that a mass of hatred is actually collected against me in this country of my forefathers is exceedingly painful to my mind. The contrast, therefore, between the love of my friends in England, and the virulence of my unknown enemies in Ireland, is always present to my feelings. *Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum!* No sacrifices on my part can procure even a slight allow-

ance of candour among people maddened by the mixed feelings of religious party, and political ambition! This conviction cuts me to the heart. May God accept my inward sufferings as a proof of my love for him and his truth. May he daily purify my affections more and more, and make my sacrifices not unworthy of himself through the merits of his Son Jesus Christ.

We passed the night of the 31st at Shrewsbury. The noise of the Inn kept me awake, and I got up very exhausted. But the motion of the post-chaise revived me. The day (June 1st) was rather wet—yet some glimpses of light displayed a very pretty scenery on the side of North Wales, about Wrexham. Chester, a very curious old town. I imagined myself a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth.—Crossed the Mersey by a steam-ferry-boat, under a heavy shower of rain, which I endured on deck in preference to the smells of the cabin. Put up at the King's Arms, Liverpool. Sent a note to my excellent friend and countryman, Mr. Clement de Zulueta, who came to breakfast with us the next morning.

June 2nd. Went with him to the rail-road, on which we ran more than thirty miles in two hours. I was intoxicated with pleasure during the rapid journey. We were detained a short time by a slight accident which had happened to a train of carriages which were coming from Manchester.

Embarked at five in the afternoon for Dublin.—The servant having misunderstood our directions, was on the point of being left on shore with all our luggage. The evening was beautiful, and the Mail steamboat most comfortable. Slept tolerably well. On deck at five in the morning of Sunday, June 3rd. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the Irish coast as it rose out of the waves brightened by the early sun of an unclouded morning. Rode on an Irish car for the first time. Arrived at Redesdale at seven. Most affectionately received by the Archbishop and Mrs. Whately. Went to church with them, but being taken ill, I found myself rather distressed in my walk home.

Rested Monday and Tuesday by keeping myself quiet in the house. Wrote *Atmos* the Giant, a tale descriptive of the Rail-road, of which I gave the original and only copy to Mrs. Whately.

Mrs. Latouche and her niece Miss Boyle dined here—was very much pleased with this first specimen of Irish ladies in their own country. It would be difficult indeed to meet with more superior persons in any country.

Wednesday, June 6th. Began teaching Edward Whately.—Thursday, June 7th. Dined at the Palace. Met Dr. Wilson and Mr. Dickinson. A very pleasant and interesting party. Of the Archbishop's household we were (for I may now reckon myself one of that denomination) three,—Pope, Hinds and myself.

Redesdale, near Dublin,
July 2nd, 1832.

My dear J——,

I have delayed the account of my arrival in this country full four weeks, in order to give you some idea of the effects of the change.

It was my good fortune to have Mrs. Whately's brother for my travelling companion. We determined to go the first day to Cheltenham, intending to go to Bristol to embark on the next,—for I prefer the sea, and wished to avoid a long land-journey. I discovered however that the fear of sea-sickness made my friend rather uncomfortable, and as I had borne the first day's journey pretty well, we agreed to proceed to Liverpool. A beautiful day, and the pretty scenery which surrounded us reconciled me to the hack-chaise, and the sleepless nights which I invariably expect at the inns. At Liverpool I had the pleasure of trying the delightful motion by steam on the rail-road. The system of carriages to and from Manchester is so well arranged that you may take an airing of—as many miles as you like. I went about eighteen towards Manchester, and came back in two hours. The effect of the motion, of the scenery, which seemed to fly by enchantment and retire behind us; the contemplation of the immense power which was serving our wishes with as much precision and readiness as if some mighty Giant of Romance had engaged under a spell to be under our command; the very notion that if we omitted one single point of the agreement, the Giant would dash us to pieces—all this together gave me a higher enjoyment than I have experienced for many years. The roads, the excavations under rocks, the bridges over canals and rivers, present a stupendous scene to any mind with even a grain of poetry in it. On the evening of that day we embarked on board a beautiful post-office steam-boat, which landed us on the *Emerald Isle* at seven o'clock the next morning. The view of the Irish coast, as I stood

on deck at five in the morning to see the land of my ancestors rise out of the sea, was delightful.

The Archbishop's country house is but a few miles from the place where we landed. We can see the Bay of Dublin from the bed-rooms in the first floor; and a pretty range of mountains and sea from the upper rooms. I have been only twice in Dublin, and could pass the whole year in this place without wishing to walk out of the grounds which surround us. But in spite of all these advantages my health continues very precarious. The fatigue of the journey was too great for my strength, and the least exertion upsets me. Were my stay in Ireland to be limited to this Summer I should find it impossible to pay my promised visit to C——. But it has been settled that I am to take charge of the education of the Archbishop's only boy, now nine years old. I have therefore resolved to remove my books from Oxford and to establish myself here.

Letter to Lady Holland.

Redesdale, July 10th, 1832.

My dear Lady Holland,

An aggravation of my habitual sufferings had kept me confined to my rooms in Oxford for five months, when the Archbishop of Dublin and Mrs. Whately joined in a most pressing invitation to take up my quarters in their house. Much as I dreaded the removal, and suspected the effects of my coming so near the *Cholera* and the *Priests*, I contrived to get here a month ago. The result has hitherto been favourable to my health. I have been only three times in Dublin. Our present residence is five miles from that capital. Having very extensive grounds round the house I take as much exercise as I want without going out of the gate. I came through Liverpool, and took a drive (if that word is applicable to a whip of steam) on the rail-road. I was delighted with the motion, and felt twenty-years

younger. It was, I must add, a lovely day, which made the country appear beautiful as I flew over canals and roads, and passed through tunnels under rocks. Never in my life was my head so full of real poetry; I wish Rogers could have lent me his art and language—I should have matched his *Italy* in spite of the neighbourhood of Manchester.

I intend to settle here with my kind friends. They have a little boy whose education I may carry on with scarcely any trouble. The invitation of my friends to make their house my own was perfectly free and disinterested; but I am glad to have an opportunity of returning their kindness.

The Archbishop is liked in proportion as he is well known. The *Board of Education* has brought upon him an enormous mass of prejudice; but his firmness and openness will I trust carry him through all these minor difficulties. Unfortunately there are other dangers in the country which no single-handed man can expect fully to avert from himself. The most liberal and honest men may be sufferers in consequence of the blind and heartless fury with which parties move to their ends. Here indeed all men of moderation are between two fires.

I beg my affectionate remembrances to Lord Holland, and Mr. Allen.

Believe me, my dear Lady Holland,

Yours ever most truly,

J. Blanco White.

July 11th. My *Birth-day*, when I have completed my 57th year about the time of the day when I am writing this.

Merciful God! who hast protected me so long, and provided for my comfort and subsistence, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of my life, I humbly thank thy Providence for thy care. I thank thee, espe-

cially for the house and friends which thou hast lately afforded me. From the depths of my heart I implore thy assistance and constant grace, in order that my presence here may be a source of mutual happiness and spiritual improvement. Let not, O Lord, either my words or actions be an occasion of offence or disturbance, but let thy Holy Spirit assist me, that while I avoid concealment I may not bring forward views or opinions dangerous to others. Give me a true spirit of humility, and a manly sense of my intellectual and moral weaknesses, so that I may not be discouraged into childish acquiescence, nor elated into boldness above my mental strength. I entirely commit myself into thy keeping. Dispose of me, whether my life or my death will tend most to thy glory and the progress of thy Truth. But thou Lord Jesus, who didst die on the cross for *the Truth*, support me in whatever trials may await me, and enlighten me in case of danger, that I may act as it becomes thy servant. Bless my son, my brother, my Oxford friends, all those who have been kind to me in England (especially the Christies), and pour the treasures of thy grace on those who have adopted me into their family! Amen.

Sunday, July 22nd. Fatigued with a discussion after breakfast, about the Fathers. The effect of my declarations on this and similar points cannot produce a favourable impression either of my orthodoxy or even of my abilities, for I generally express myself ill. But useful *stings* may be left.

July 23rd. Idling, I fear, my time away, under one of the fits of weakness, which assume the shape of a vehement desire of increasing my information on every point collateral to the subject on which I am engaged.*

Aug. 5th. The Archbishop and Mrs. Whately being unwell, they could not go to Church. As a Charity Sermon had been announced last Sunday in behalf of the Parish School of Stillorgan, and it was evident that the Sermon would contain an attack on the Government system of education, I made it a point to go in the Archbishop's carriage, that it might not be imagined that party spirit ran as high in this house, as it ran against it. Mr. Green the clergyman received me with sincere politeness, and introduced me to Mr. Irving the Preacher, who treated me with great distance and a very disdainful air. I said I was glad to be introduced to him; but Mr. Irving only bowed slightly without uttering a word. I said to Mr. Green that I was charged with a message from Mrs. Whately who was sorry she could not come; I added that the Archbishop was ill, but that in spite of my being still very weak I had made it a point to come, for the purpose of contributing to the object of the Sermon. Here ended the conversation. Mr. Green was kind to the very end of my stay in the vestry,

[* He was then engaged in writing on the *Inquisition*. A portion of the intended work was published in the Letters on Heresy and Orthodoxy in 1835.]

but I augured ill of the tone of the Sermon from the manner of the preacher towards me. I believe that had I been introduced to Dr. Doyle, he could not, as a gentleman, have behaved with more distance and proud disapprobation of the person introduced.

The Sermon was what I suspected. As an orator Mr. Irving is a superior man—but as a Christian preacher I cannot praise him. If we are to judge of a sermon by the frame of mind and heart in which the audience retires, nothing could be more unchristian than Mr. Irving's *speech*. Those that received its full impression must have gone home with the strongest feelings of hatred to the Government and all those connected with the Irish system of education.

The whole invective however proceeded upon both *implied* and *explicit* misrepresentations. The preacher said, in nearly these words, "the present system is an experiment to ascertain how much of the Bible the Roman Catholics will take, and how much the Protestants will give up." This was indeed a positive mis-statement. How the preacher could justify himself in uttering it, I cannot conceive.

But what disgusted me most was the conclusion of an elaborate and eloquent picture of the disorganized state of Ireland: "The whole faculty of politicians were now anxious to apply their remedies to this unfortunate country, so that it was difficult to tell whether it was more likely that it would die of the disease which oppressed it, or of the nostrums of Political Quacks."

The effect of this sentence was a decided tittering from a considerable part of the congregation—distinctly audible in the Gallery.

This, coming from one of the *spiritual* Ministers of the Gospel in this country—and unquestionably one of the best Protestant preachers I ever heard, shocked me, and really made my heart sad! I thank God I never had the gratification of any party in view:—my sacrifices have been made to *Truth*, to *Liberty of Conscience*, to the *abolition* of Church Tyranny: else I should exclaim—"I have washed my hands in vain." I have fled from bigotry, with the loss of every thing dear in life; and here I find myself surrounded by the most violent bigotry, in a land from which my ancestors were driven. Were it not for my attachment to the Whatelys, and for the hope that I may be of essential service in the education of their boy, who is growing very much attached to me, and requires a tutor who will teach him *for love*, not for money—I would quit this country—I would fly a second time from the Popery of Protestants, as I did from that of the Spanish Romanist. *Usquequo, Domine!*

Monday, Aug. 6th. The painful impressions which I brought from Church disturbed my rest in the night. I feel very unwell this morning, and my mind looks eagerly round for some relief to these evils. There is, however, but one safe course—and that is, *patience* and *trust* in God. It grieves me, it humbles me, to perceive in what a shocking light I must have un-

awares presented myself to a great mass of respectable people, when I appeared as an auxiliary to the Protestant party, such as it exists in this country. God knows that the *lowest*, the *most imperfect* motive which I can discover in myself as having contributed to my taking the pen, was *indignation* at the intolerance of Rome. But I had not the remotest idea of helping the Protestant party to the enjoyment of any part of that *religious supremacy*, which the Roman Catholic Church claims *on the supposed ground* of *religious truth*. If ever I wished to see the Roman Catholics in these kingdoms excluded from *legislative* power, it was from the fear that they would employ it in establishing *religious tyranny*. I am indeed still convinced that a *true* and sincere Roman Catholic must feel bound in conscience to establish the supremacy of his Church, to the utmost extent of his power. But it seems there is little danger that such Catholics should get into Parliament. Let this be however as it may, the Catholics may now legislate; and since they have that privilege in common with all other subjects of this realm, it is absurd to attempt to control it, or avert the danger of their attempting the ascendancy of their church, by endeavouring to keep them, especially in Ireland, under the control of the ministers and members of the *established* Religion. Nothing can be more preposterous than the determination to compel the Government of Great Britain and Ireland, not to assist the poorer classes of Roman Catholics with *national* funds, unless they receive

education according to the religious principles of the Established Clergy—unless they submit to learn reading and writing under (what they believe to be) a constant danger of seduction from their own religious principles. The very vehemence of the established clergy against the Government system of education must alarm them, as a proof that what their opponents aim at by the system they advocate, is proselytism. But can it be expected that the Roman Catholics will submit to that method of *national* education, to which their adversaries look up as the means of destroying or weakening their Church? Or can the Protestants, on the other hand, acquit themselves of *persecution,* in trying to deprive the Roman Catholics of all national helps to education, unless those helps are made a bait to catch them? I would give anything in the world to be rightly understood on this point. If any one imagines that I have at any time supported any plan for the conversion of Roman Catholics, except that of perfectly free discussion, or that I can, or ever could, approve of any kind of *trap* for that purpose, he is thoroughly mistaken. The exclusion from legislative power I looked upon as a measure of *self-defence.* I may be mistaken in this view,—but that was not the question in which I engaged. I showed, as a matter of fact, that the Roman Catholic tenets are *essentially* intolerant. But if, from *circumstances,* (of which, I never considered myself a competent judge,) the danger of Roman Catholic legislators acting up to those prin-

ciples does not exist, I am ready to proclaim that the continuance of legislative disabilities would be *persecution.* Self-defence alone—self-defence against *intolerance* can justify political *disabilities* (and nothing else) on the ground of religious opinions. But to say to any man, "You have inferior rights to *national* benefits, because you believe not in what we choose to call *national* religion," is abominable in my view of religious liberty. The truth is, that the name of *national* religion implies persecution, and conveys a false statement. A *national* religion which is not professed by the *whole* nation is a contradiction. A *national* religion which gives maintenance and precedence to the professor of certain dogmas, may be defended on the ground of *expediency* arising from peculiar circumstances. But a *national* religion which renders any number of members of the nation of a worse condition than others, if they do not profess it, is *established persecution.*

This I have constantly believed since I disbelieved Romanism; and this I continue to believe with an increasing degree of certainty as I *approach* my end.

Tuesday, Aug. 7th. Much indisposed. I am not idle, though I do very little in the history of the Inquisition. The truth is that the subject is most harrassing to me. Church tyranny, church ambition, church craft, are constantly haunting my mind when I think upon my subject. And as all these evils exist in full activity around me, they cannot be a subject of historical contemplation. I foresee, besides,

that the early part of my history could not be published before my death without bringing upon me the whole host of bigots, both Protestants and Romanists. I must also have the use of a library, for my notes are constantly leaving me in that degree of doubt as to the individual features of facts, and the *animus* of passages, especially in the Fathers, which deprives me of confidence in writing. I must therefore wait till we go to Dublin. The education of Edward is my *work* at present. I intend to continue translating Clairaut's Geometry, which I think would be an excellent school-book for all classes, but more especially the lower. It may be of service to the Board of Education. But as the whole of the first book is done, I have begun the Algebra, which I like more. Variety seems to relieve me. The truth is, that talking to the little boy, and keeping up his attention, fatigues me for the whole day, so that nothing requiring much mental labour must be expected from me.

Tuesday, Aug. 21st. Attended the meeting of the Moravians in Dublin, for the celebration of the *centenary* of the establishment of their Missions. I had seen a letter of Mr. Grimes, the Moravian minister, to the Archbishop, enclosing the Hymn which was to be sung at the Meeting. The letter, though short, was very striking for its simplicity and feeling. I said, I wished I could attend the meeting. The Archbishop probably mentioned this in his answer to Mr. Grimes, for on Monday evening there was a note from him enclosing a ticket of admission for me. I

thought, however, that I could not attempt to go. I wished, nevertheless, to acknowledge Mr. Grimes's kindness; and I said so at breakfast. The Archbishop suggested that the best way to express my feelings was to go to the meeting. Hinds was to speak, as having witnessed the fruits of the Moravian Missions at Barbadoes; and I might go with him. Though uncommonly ill, I made up my mind to go. The carriage took me to Dr. Hinds' at half-past three, and I partook of his family dinner. At seven we went together to the Moravian Chapel. Mr. Grimes's reception was cordial and unaffected. I never saw a more quiet and Christian-like meeting. The Love-feast appeared to me not only unobjectionable, but interesting and useful. There was no confusion, no disturbance, while tea and cakes were handed about. The singing of the hymn with which the meeting had begun, went on while this simple repast took place. The effect, I repeat, was pleasing. It took away the formality of religious meetings, and brought worship in contact with common life. Mr. Grimes gave an account of the Missions, in an address of some length, but of great effect for its neatness and simplicity. At the end of this address the singing was resumed. The tunes were plain, but in good taste, and not a voice was heard out of tune. In the organ gallery there were a number of females with very sweet voices. But there was not the least attempt at display. All sat while singing: a very judicious arrangement; but which I fear would not answer in

our church service. *Here* it gave an air of *domesticity* to the whole: the singing was social; every thing, indeed, was managed so as to appear the *real* business, not the *formal* ceremony, of all there assembled.

After the Minister's address, Dr. Hinds was requested to state what he had seen of the Missions at Barbadoes; which he did in a simple, elegant, and manly speech.

Unfortunately, a gentleman who had been a Missionary in the West Indies was requested to speak; but it was evident he had nothing to say. I took him for a German, on account of his pronunciation, which to my ears was perfectly foreign. But I was afterwards told that he is an Irishman, and a clergyman of the establishment. His style and taste were bad. He flattered the Moravians. But Mr. Grimes, with the most excellent judgment, said a few words to his congregation, warning them against the praise they had received.

I may say with truth that I never received deeper impressions from any religious meeting. And yet all those impressions carried with them a character of peace and soberness. I trust that God has brought me to Ireland for good. My domestic society improves me (as I hope), and I think there are appearances both in my external circumstances and in the state of my mind, which indicate a probable improvement in my religious notions and feelings. It seems as if Providence was, in goodness, preparing me for a

truly Christian death. I ardently pray that it may be so.

Redesdale, Sept. 30th, 1832.

My dear J——,

I ought to have acknowledged your kind letter enclosing one from my brother, brought over by G——.——

G.'s visit to my brother was a subject of great pleasure to me. As to *old* Ferdinand's delight, I can easily conceive it. I know of what strong attachment he is capable. So I believe is young Ferdinand.

How does J—— get on? Is he likely to beat Sir Andrew?—I was going to call him *Aguecheek*, a name which, from the first time you mentioned him, has invariably occurred to my mind in connection with his Christian name. Does not Sir Andrew belong to the sect called Evangelical—High-fliers I believe you call them in Scotland? They abound, indeed, in this country, where I am sorry to find the greatest part of the Protestants as bigoted as the Roman Catholics. But the violence of party in Ireland is quite inconceivable. Truth and moderation are perfectly unknown to Irish party men of all kinds. I cannot form the most vague and distant conjecture of how this country may be restored to peace. Nothing indeed but a Universal Deluge could do it.

It is very probable that I shall have the pleasure of meeting you in London. The Archbishop's turn of sitting in the House of Lords is come, and it is probable we shall all go to London during the next Session.

Tuesday, Nov. 13th. I have not felt inclined to write any thing in this book [Journal] till this moment, when I have finished the translation of the whole of Clairaut's Geometry, which I have given away to the Board of Education, without even mentioning my

name. The first part is in the hands of the Printer. I have also given them a Preface. May it be productive of good!

Nov. 15th. We came to reside at the Palace.—All has gone on favourably. Edward improves visibly, in every respect. My health is as usual; but with the exception of some sleepless nights, I do not suffer distress.

Nov. 23rd. The Archbishop had seven of his brother bishops to dine here yesterday. The Primate, and the Archbishop of Cashel, were among them. It was an official dinner, and Mrs. Whately and myself were the only persons present, not *virtute officii*. I had proposed not to be of the party; but my friends urged me to be present: they thought the bishops could not consider *Blanco White* as a stranger.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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